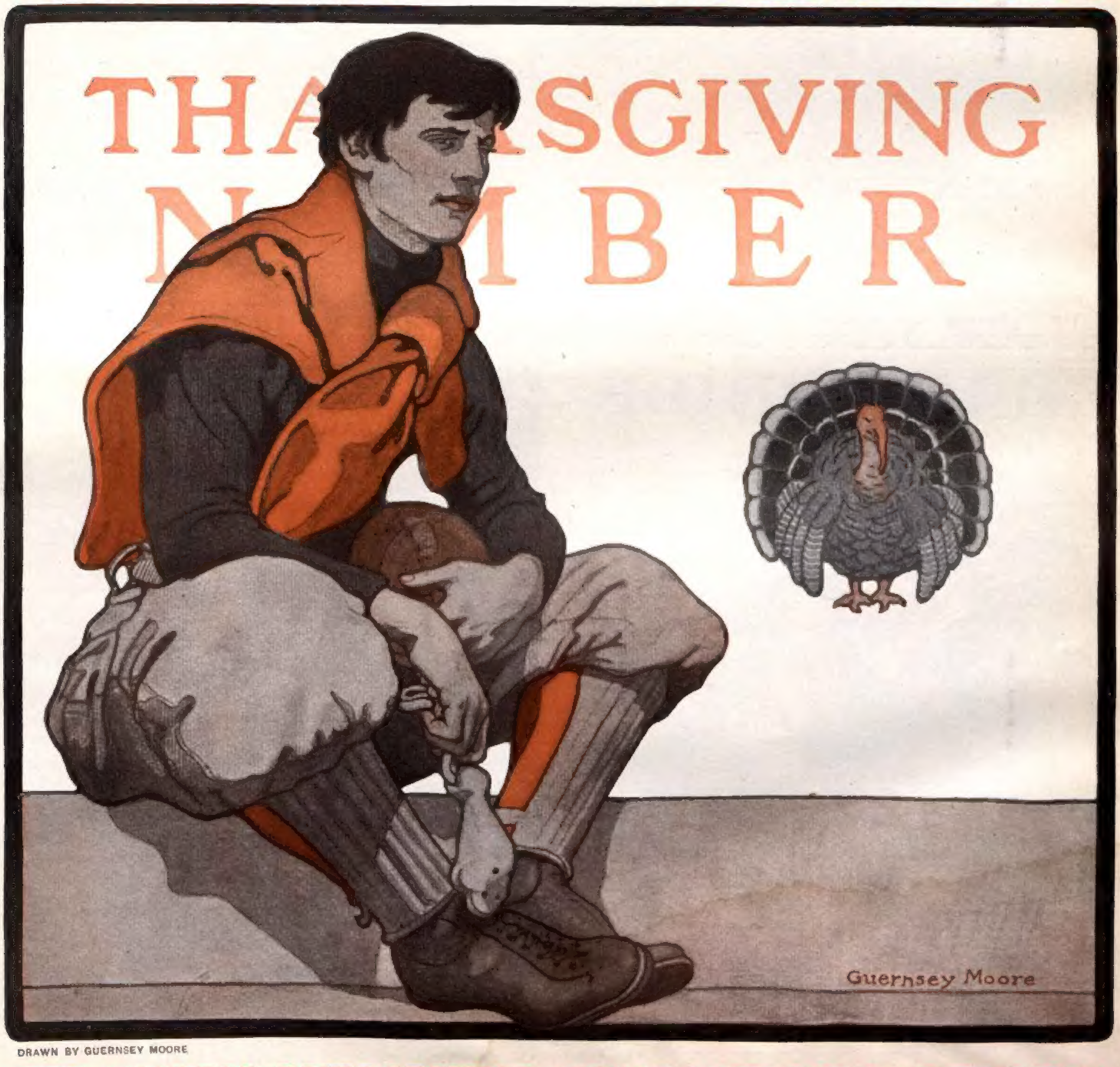
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

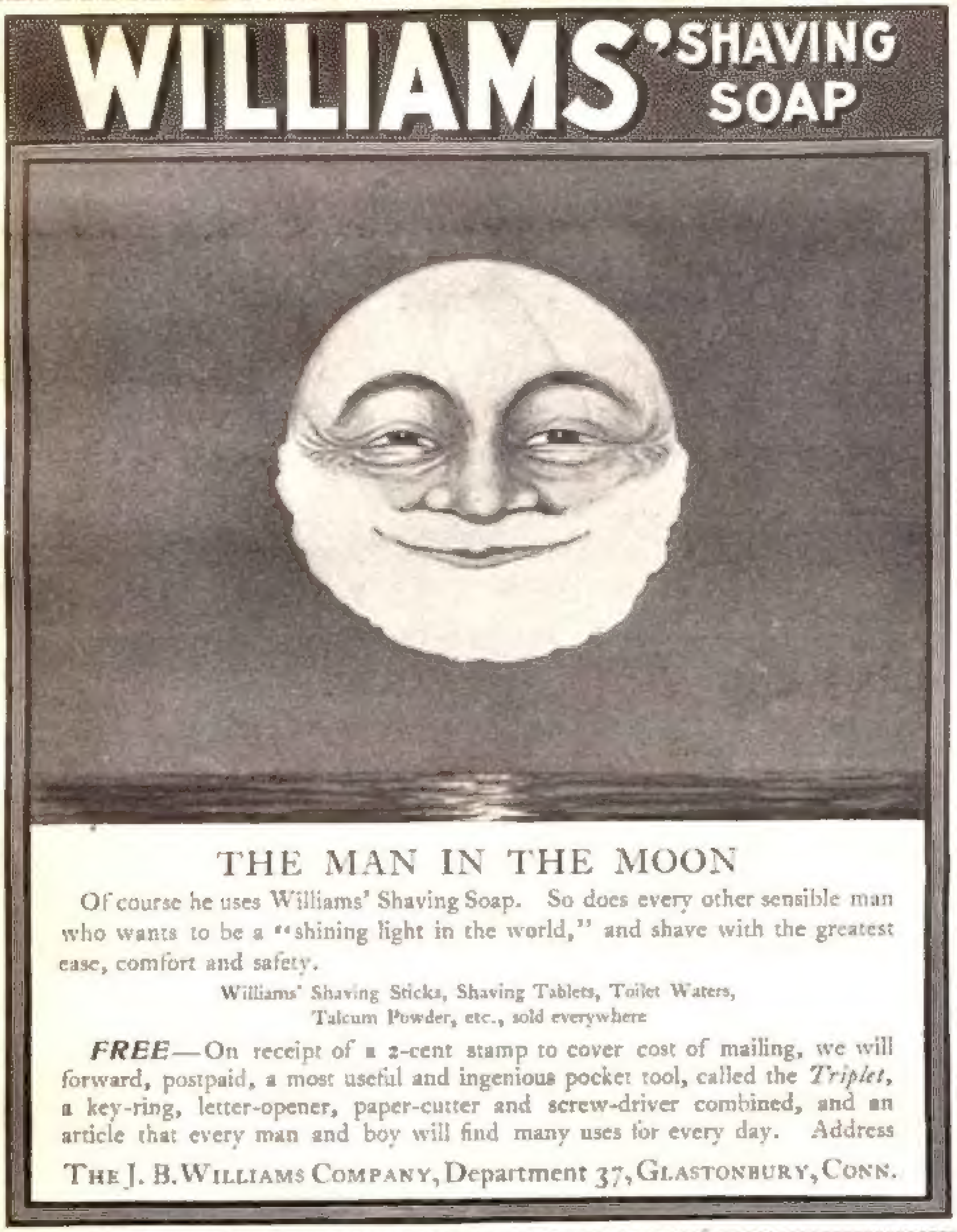
An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A.º D.ⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

NOVEMBER 19, 1904 FIVE CENTS THE COPY


THA SGIVING
N BER
Guernsey Moore

DRAWN BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA



WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

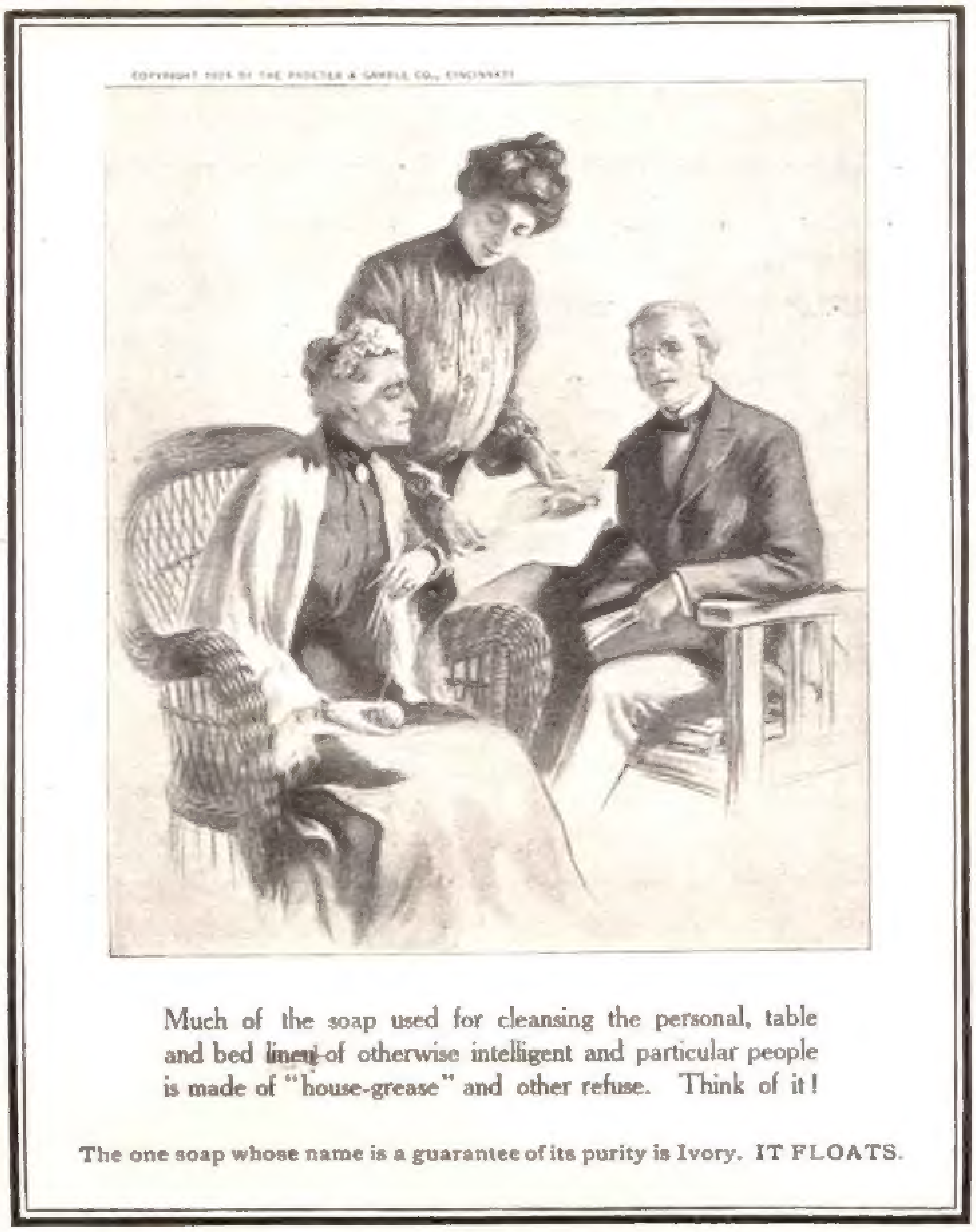
THE MAN IN THE MOON

Of course he uses Williams' Shaving Soap. So does every other sensible man who wants to be a "shining light in the world," and shave with the greatest ease, comfort and safety.

Williams' Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, Toilet Waters,
Talcum Powder, etc., sold everywhere

FREE—On receipt of a 2-cent stamp to cover cost of mailing, we will forward, postpaid, a most useful and ingenious pocket tool, called the *Triplet*, a key-ring, letter-opener, paper-cutter and screw-driver combined, and an article that every man and boy will find many uses for every day. Address

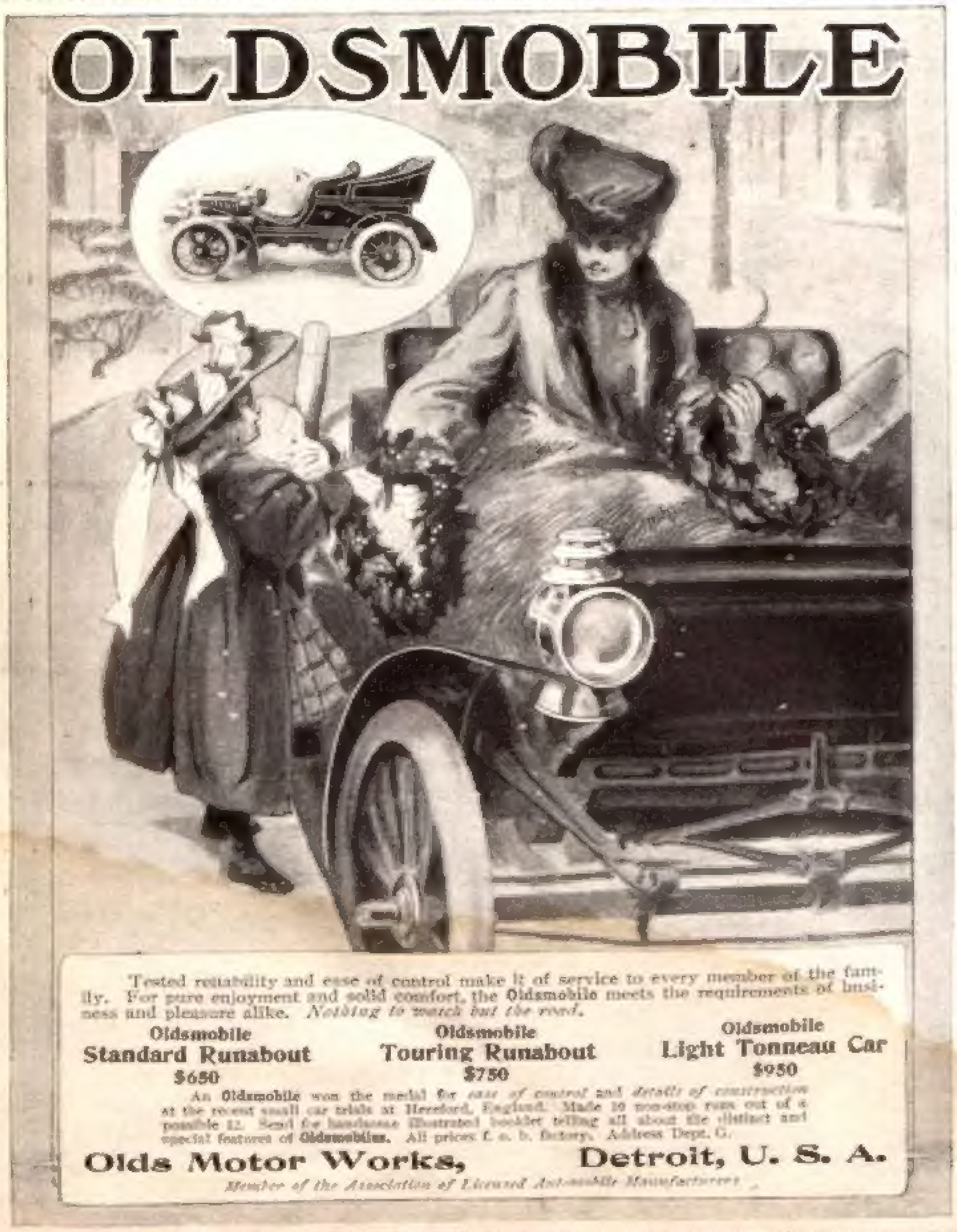
THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Department 37, GLASTONBURY, CONN.



COPYRIGHT 1904 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI

Much of the soap used for cleansing the personal, table and bed linen of otherwise intelligent and particular people is made of "house-grease" and other refuse. Think of it!

The one soap whose name is a guarantee of its purity is Ivory. IT FLOATS.



OLDSMOBILE

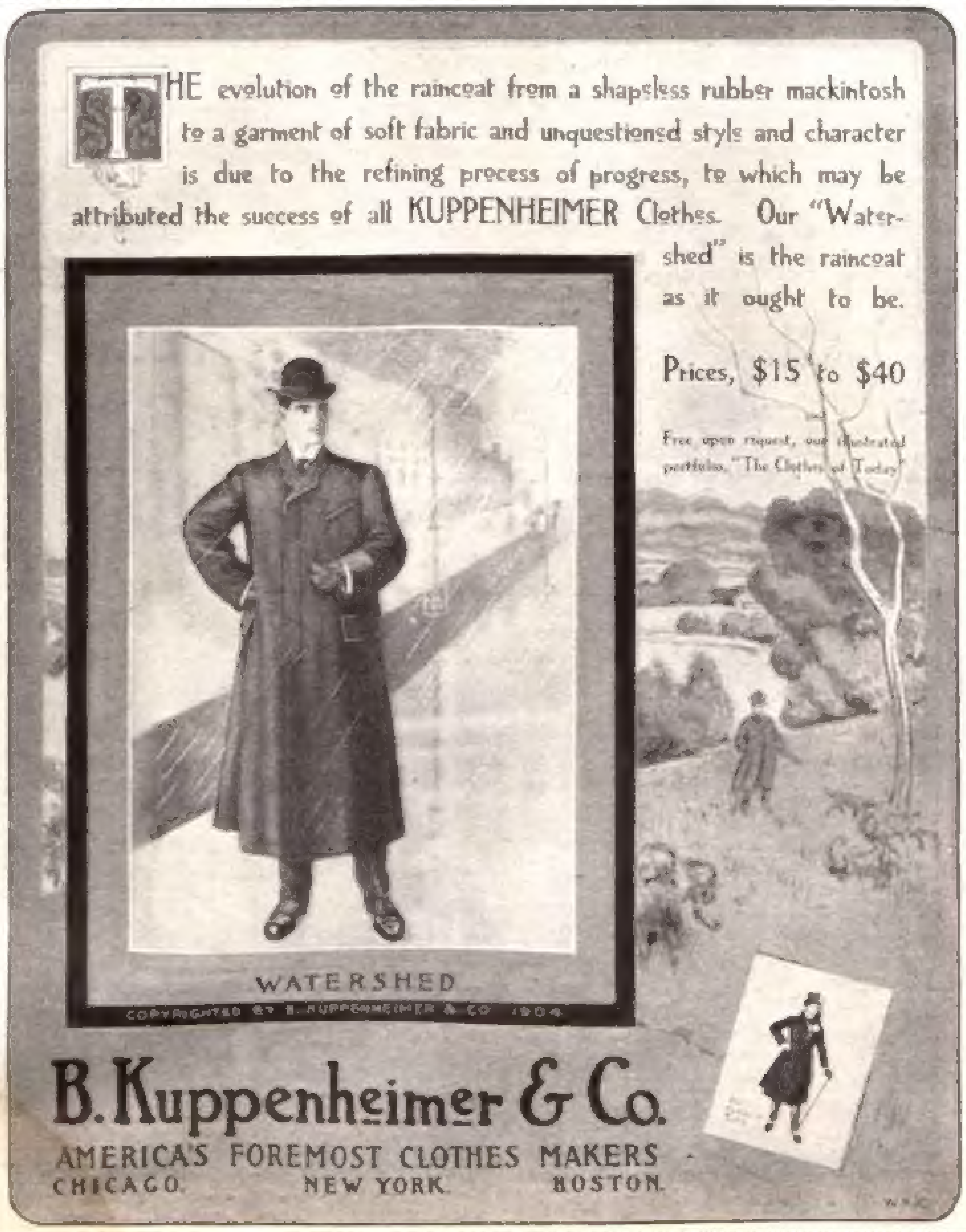
Tested reliability and ease of control make it of service to every member of the family. For pure enjoyment and solid comfort, the **Oldsmobile** meets the requirements of business and pleasure alike. *Nothing to watch but the road.*

Oldsmobile	Oldsmobile	Oldsmobile
Standard Runabout	**Touring Runabout**	**Light Tonneau Car**
$650	**$750**	**$950**

An **Oldsmobile** won the medal for *ease of control* and *details of construction* at the recent small car trials at Hereford, England. Made 10 non-stop runs out of a possible 12. Send for handsome illustrated booklet telling all about the distinct and special features of **Oldsmobiles.** All prices f. o. b. factory. Address Dept. G.

Olds Motor Works, Detroit, U. S. A.

Member of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers



THE evolution of the raincoat from a shapeless rubber mackintosh to a garment of soft fabric and unquestioned style and character is due to the refining process of progress, to which may be attributed the success of all KUPPENHEIMER Clothes. Our "Watershed" is the raincoat as it ought to be.

Prices, $15 to $40

Free upon request, our illustrated portfolio, "The Clothes of Today"

WATERSHED

COPYRIGHTED BY B. KUPPENHEIMER & CO 1904

B. Kuppenheimer & Co.

AMERICA'S FOREMOST CLOTHES MAKERS
CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Copyright, 1904, by The Curtis Publishing Company, in the United States and Great Britain.

Founded A°D¹ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

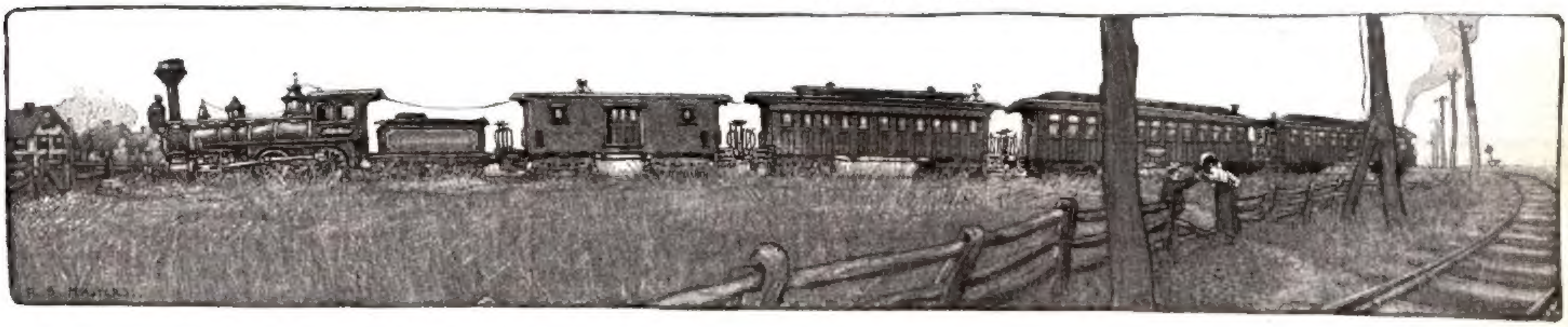
Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 177 | PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 19, 1904 | Number 21

THE SPECULATIONS OF JOHN STEELE—By Robert Barr

Copyright, 1904, by The Curtis Publishing Company. Copyright in Great Britain



I—The Station-Master

THE station-master said nonchalantly that he had nothing to do with it, and from out the telegraph office he brought a stout wooden chair which he set down in the dark strip of shade that ran along the pine platform under the eaves of the station. The back of this chair being tilted against the building, the station-master sat down in it, put his heels on the wooden round, took from his pocket a jack-knife, and began to whittle a stick, an occupation which the momentary pausing of the express seemed to have interrupted.

There was nothing of the glass of fashion or the mould of form about the station-master. He was dressed in weather-worn trousers, held to his thin frame by a pair of suspenders, quite evidently home made, which came over his shoulders, and underneath this was a coarse woolen shirt, open at the throat because the button had gone. Yet, in spite of appearances, he was a capable young man who could work a telegraph key at reasonable speed, was well up in the business pertaining to Slocum Junction, and had definite opinions regarding the manner in which the affairs of the nation should be carried on.

Indeed, at that moment he was an exemplification of the independence for which his country had fought and bled. No one knew better than he that the Greased Lightning Express would never have halted for an instant at Slocum Junction unless it was to put off a person of some importance. But that important person had begun to give his opinion of the locality in language that was painful and free the moment he realized the situation, and the station-master signified his resentment by sitting down and assuming a careless attitude which expressed his contempt for the stranger plainer than any words. For all he knew, the obstreperous person who had stepped from the express might be his chief; but the station-master made no concession to that possibility.

Opposite him, in the blazing sunlight, stood a dapper young man grasping a neat handbag. He might have posed as a tailor's model, and he offered a striking contrast to the unkempt station-master. He cast an almost despairing look at the vanishing express, now a mere dot on the horizon, with a trail of smoke, as if it were a comet that had run aground. Then he turned an exasperated face upon the complacent station-master.

"You are not responsible for the situation, eh? You don't seem to care much, either."

"Well, to tell the truth, stranger, I don't."

"You mean to tell me there's no train for two hours and a half on the branch line?"

"There isn't any branch line."

"No branch line? Why, there it is before my eyes! There's a locomotive, of a kind, and some passenger cars and a baggage car that evidently dates from the time of the deluge. Noah used that train!" cried the angry stranger.

"Well, if Noah was here he wouldn't use it for two hours and a half," said the station-master complacently.

"I don't understand what you mean. Is there, or is there not, a train in two hours and a half?"

"Of course there is."

"You said a minute ago there wasn't."

"I didn't say anything of the kind. You were talking about branch lines: I say there is no branch line. That's all."

"Then what's the meaning of those two lines of rust running to the right?"

"There's five or six thousand people," droned the station-master, "who'd like to know what that is. Leastways, they used to want to know, but lately they've given up all curiosity on the subject. They're the shareholders, who put up good money to have that road made. We call it the Farmers' Road, and it isn't a branch, but as independent as the main line."

"Or as yourself," hazarded the young man.

"Well, it's independent, anyhow," continued the station-master; "and I've nothing to do with it."

"Haven't the cursed fools who own it the sense to make it connect with anything on the main line?"

"Of course, we're all fools unless we come from Chicago."

"I didn't say that."

"No, *I* did. If your dome of thought was in working order I shouldn't need to explain these things. You stepped off the express just now owning the whole country, populated with fools, according to you. I've been station-master here for eighteen months, and I never saw that express stop before. Now, I'm not such a fool but I know that a man who steps off the Greased Lightning is one of two things: he is either a big bug with pull enough on the railway company to get them to stop the Greased Lightning for him, or else he's a tramp who can't pay his fare and so is put off."

"Oh, you've sized me up, have you? Well, which am I?"

"When you stepped off I thought you were the millionaire, but when you opened your mouth I saw you were the tramp."

Jack Steele laughed with very good-natured heartiness.

"Say, old man, that's all right! I suppose there's no place in this God-forsaken hole where on a hot day like this a man can get a cooling drink."

"Stranger, you're continually jumping at conclusions, and landing at the wrong spot. Allow me to tell you"—and here the station-master lowered his voice a bit—"that you don't raise no blush to my cheeks by anything you can say, but there's a lady in the waiting-room."

"Why didn't you tell me that before?"

"Well, you've been kind of monopolizing the conversation, and I haven't had much chance to speak up to now."

"Of course, of course," said Jack hurriedly. "Well, station-master, I apologize; and now, if you will kindly tell me what the Farmers' Road does connect with I'll be very much obliged."

"The Farmers' Road runs two trains a day," said the station-master sententiously. "The first train comes in here at nine o'clock in the morning, connecting with the local going east. It then returns to Bunkerville and reaches here in the afternoon at three o'clock, to connect with the local going west. That there little train doesn't know there are any flyers on our line: all it knows is that the eastern local comes in somewhere about nine o'clock in the morning, and the western local arrives anywhere between three and five in the afternoon. So the Chicago man can't step jauntily off the express he has managed to stop, and expect to get a train to Bunkerville whenever he chooses."

"Admirably stated," said Jack Steele; "and if you will condescend further to enlighten a beclouded intellect, would you mind explaining what the deuce the little train is doing here at this hour? If I follow your argument it should have returned to Bunkerville after the nine o'clock local came in, and should not have arrived here until just before three o'clock."

"Your befogged brain is waking up," said the station-master encouragingly. "The phenomenon to which you have called attention happens once or twice a week. If you cast your eye to the other end of the platform you will see piled there an accumulation of miscellaneous freight. The Farmers' Road has just dumped that upon us, and to do so has taken a special trip. That stuff will go east on Number Eight, which is a freight train that will stop here some time in the afternoon when it sees the signal set against it."

"I comprehend," said Jack, "and if I have followed your argument as unerringly as the farmers' train follows the Farmers' Road, his nibs the engineer must take the train back to Bunkerville so that he may return here on his regular trip to meet the three o'clock western local. If I am right, what is to prevent him from going now, taking me with him, and giving me an opportunity at Bunkerville to transact my business and catch the regular train back?"

"The reasons are as follows: His nibs, as you call him, is engineer, conductor, brakeman and freight-handler. When he came in he had to chuck that freight from his car to the platform where you see it. That takes time, even if the day were not so oppressively hot as it is. So, instead of keeping up his fire under his boiler, and burning useless coal, he banks the furnace as soon as he arrives. If he returned to Bunkerville they would give him something to do there: here he is out of reach; besides, he would have to draw his fires, and start anew about two o'clock, and that he doesn't want to do. He has therefore curled himself up in the passenger car, put a newspaper over his face to keep off the flies, and has gone to sleep. When the time comes he will stir up his fire, go to Bunkerville, and then be ready to take the return trip on the one expenditure of coal. Now do you understand?"

"Yes, thank you, I do; and this has given me an idea."

"That's a good thing, and I can easily guess what your idea is. But, before putting it into operation, I should like to mitigate a slight you have put on Slocum Junction. You

---

Editor's Note— This is the first of a series of six stories by Mr. Barr, each independent of the others, but all dealing with "The Speculations of John Steele." The second will appear in an early number.

made a sarcastic remark about cool drinks. Now I beg to inform you that the nine o'clock local from the west slides off on this here platform every morning a great big, square, cold chunk of ice. If you have anything in your hip pocket or in that natty little valise which mitigates the rigor of cold water there's no reason why you shouldn't have a refreshing drink."

"Station-master," said Jack, laughing, "you ought to be superintendent of this road instead of junction boss. You're the wisest man I've met in two years."

Saying this, he sprung the catch of the handbag, and drew forth a bulky wicker-covered, silver-topped flask.

"Now," he said, "I propose we adjourn to the telegraph office and investigate that wooden pail."

The station-master led the way with an alacrity that he had not heretofore exhibited. The result of the conference was cheerful and refreshing.

"Now," said the station-master, drawing the back of his hand across his lips, "what you want is a special train to Bunkerville. A man from the city would get that by telegraphing to the superintendent at the terminus, and paying twenty dollars. A man from the country who had some sense would go to Joe the engineer and persuade him he ought to wake up and return to Bunkerville at once."

"How much would be required to influence Joe?"

"Oh, a couple of dollars would be wealth."

"Very well, I'll go out and place 'em."

"You are forgetting your flask," said the station-master, as Mr. Steele snapped shut his valise.

"No, I'm not. That flask and its contents belong to you, as a reward for being patient and instructive when a darned fool let loose from the city happened your way."

And this showed Jack Steele to be a reader of his fellow-man, for while the engineer might accept the two dollars, the independent station-master certainly would not have done so. The glib official, however, seemed to have no particular words for this occasion, so he changed the subject and said:

"If you persuade Joe to go I wish you'd remember the lady in the waiting-room. She's a Miss Dorothy Slocum, and a powerful nice girl, that teaches school in Bunkerville. Fact is, this junction was named after her father. Used to be the principal man around these parts, but he lost his money and died, and now his girl's got to teach school."

"All right. You tell her there's a special leaving in a few minutes and that she's very welcome to ride upon it."

With that Jack Steele went out into the furnace of the sun across the dusty road, and entered the baggage car.

"Hello, Joe!" cried Steele, as he entered the car. "Don't you yearn for home and friends?"

The man was sprawling on two seats with a newspaper over his head as the station-master had predicted.

"Hello!" he echoed, sitting up and shaking away the sheet of paper. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing, except that if the spirit should move you to get over to Bunkerville with this ancient combination five dollars will be transferred from my pocket into yours."

"'Nough said!" cried Joe, rising to his feet. "It'll take me about twenty minutes to get the pot boiling again. You don't happen to have the fiver about you, I suppose? I haven't seen one for a couple of years."

"Here you are," replied Steele, drawing a crisp bill from his purse.

The engineer thrust it into the pocket of his greasy overall.

"I'll toot the whistle when I'm ready," he said.

This financial operation accomplished, John Steele returned to the station. The station-master was standing by the door of the waiting-room conversing pleasantly with some one within. Steele pushed past him, and was amazed to see so pretty a girl sitting on the bench that ran around the bare walls of the uninviting room.

"Will you introduce me?" said the city man, handing his card to the station-master.

"Miss Slocum," said the latter, "this is Mr. John Steele, of Chicago."

"Miss Slocum," said Steele, "I desire to apologize to you. I'm afraid that when I found myself stranded on the platform outside I used language which can hardly be justified, even in the circumstances. But I had no idea at the time that there was a lady within miles of us."

"I was much interested in my book," replied the girl with a smile, "and was not paying attention to what was going on outside."

She held up her book, between whose leaves her forefinger was placed.

"Well, Miss Slocum, it must have been a pretty interesting book, and I am deeply grateful to it for acting as a non-conductor between my impulsive observations and your hearing. Nothing excuses intemperate language. Still, if anything could exculpate a man I should think it would be the exasperating conduct of this Farmers' Railroad, as they call it."

"Indeed," said Miss Dorothy archly, "the book had really no right to interfere, because I am one of the owners of the railway, and so perhaps it was my duty to listen to complaints of a passenger. Not that I have anything to do with the management of the line — I have to pay my fare just like the rest."

"I should be delighted to have you accept a ride on your own road as free as if you carried a superintendent's pass."

"The station-master has just told me you were kind enough to offer a poor vagrant a lift to Bunkerville. I wished to buy a ticket, but this haughty official of the main line so despises our poor little road that he will not sell me one."

"Indeed," said the station-master, "I haven't the power, nor the tickets. They don't intrust me with any business so tremendous. Joe starts his rickety engine going, then leaves it to jog along as it likes and comes through the cars to collect the fares. They have no tickets, and perhaps that's why the road has never paid a dividend."

"Oh, you mustn't say that," protested the girl. "Poor Joe has not got rich out of his occupation, any more than the shareholders have made money on their shares. If you will permit me to pay my fare to Joe, Mr. Steele, I shall be only too happy to take this early opportunity of getting to Bunkerville."

"I couldn't think of it, Miss Slocum. In fact, I must prohibit any communication between Joe and yourself, fearing you, as an owner of the road, may learn by what corrupt practices I induced Joe to make the trip."

The girl laughed, but, before she could reply, a wheezy "toot-toot" outside announced that Joe had already got steam up.

"I'll carry your valise across," said the obliging station-master, while Miss Dorothy picked up her lighter belongings and accompanied Mr. John Steele to the shabby little passenger car. Joe was leaning out of the cab with a grin on his smeared face, which was there probably because of the five-dollar bill in his trousers pocket. The station-master placed the valise in the baggage car, and raised his tattered hat as the little train started gingerly out for the open country.

At first the girl seemed somewhat shy and embarrassed to find herself the only passenger except this gallant young business man, but he tactfully put her at her ease by pretending much interest in the history of the road, with which he soon learned she was somewhat unfortunately familiar.

"Yes," she said, "its construction was the greatest financial disaster that ever occurred in this section of the country. My father was one of its chief promoters. When the Wheat Belt Line, by which you came here from Chicago, was surveyed through this part of the State those interested in this neighborhood expected that it would run through Bunkerville, which would then become a large town. The railway people demanded a large money bonus, which Bunker County refused, because Bunkerville was in the direct line and they thought the railway must come through there whether a bonus was paid or not. In fact, the first survey passed just north of Bunkerville. But our poor little village was not so important as its inhabitants imagined, and the next line surveyed was twenty miles away. For once the farmers were too shrewd. They thought, as they put it, that the new line was a bluff, and did not realize their mistake until too late. My father had been in favor of granting the bonus, but he was outvoted. Perhaps that is why the railway people called their station Slocum instead of Bunkerville, which was twenty miles distant. The next nearest railway line was forty-five miles away, and two years after the Wheat Belt Line began operations it was proposed to organize a local company to construct a railway from Slocum, through Bunkerville, to Jamestown, on the other line. Bonuses were granted all along the route, and besides this the State Legislature gave a subsidy, and furthermore passed a bill to prevent competition, prohibiting any railway to parallel the Farmers' Road for sixty miles on either side."

"Does that law still stand on the statute-books?"

"I think so. It has never been repealed to my knowledge."

"Well, I should doubt its being constitutional. Why, that ties up more than 7000 square miles of the State into a hard knot, and prevents it from having railway communication."

"In a measure it does," said the girl. "You may run as many lines as you like north and south, but not east and west."

"It's a wonder the Wheat Belt Line didn't contest that law," said Steele.

"Well, I've been told that this law is entirely in the interests of the Wheat Belt Line, although the farmers didn't think so when they voted for the bill. You see, the Wheat Belt Line was already in operation east and west, and could not be affected by that act, and, of course, the same bill which prevented competition to the Farmers' Road also in a measure protected the Wheat Belt Line through the same district."

"By Jove!" said Steele, his eyes glistening, "this is a proposition which contains some peculiar points. Well, go on. What happened?"

"Oh, disaster happened! In spite of the legislation and bonuses the road was a complete failure, and ruined all who were deeply interested in it. The farmers subscribed stock to the amount of something like $100,000, but this money, with the sum of the legislative grant and the bonuses, was all swallowed up in building the first twenty miles, and in getting the rolling stock and equipment, such as it is. The line was never pushed through to Jamestown, and there was litigation about some of the bonuses that had been paid, and, all in all, it was a most disastrous business. The shares can now be bought for five cents on the dollar, or less."

"How much of it do you possess, Miss Slocum?"

"I have a thousand shares, and my father told me not to part with them, because some day they would be valuable."

For a few moments there was silence in the car, and the girl, glancing up at her companion, found his ardent gaze fixed upon her with an intensity that was embarrassing. She flushed slightly and turned her head to look out of the window at the familiar scenery they were passing. It would have surprised the young man could he have read the thoughts that occupied the mind of this extremely pretty and charmingly modest girl who sat opposite him. Here is practically what she said to herself:

"I am tired of this deadly dull village in which I live, and here at last is a way out. I read in his eyes the beginning of admiration. Through this lucky meeting I shall attain the city if I but play my cards rightly."

And it would have astonished the girl if she had known what was in the man's mind. The ardent gaze was not for her, as she had supposed. Although he appeared to be looking directly at her, he was in reality almost ignorant of her presence, and saw unfolded before him a scene far beyond her: the whole range of the Eastern States.

The power that enabled him to stop the fast express at Slocum Junction gave a hint of Steele's position in the railway world to the station-master, but it conveyed no meaning to the girl. It was his business to be intimately acquainted with the railway situation in Northwestern America, and that involved the knowledge of what was going on in the Eastern States. He knew that the Rockervelt system was making for somewhere near this point, and that ultimately it would have to cross the State, in spite of the opposition it must meet from the Wheat Belt Line. Whoever possessed the farmers' bankrupt road held the right-of-way across the State so far as a belt of 120 miles was concerned.

At that moment Jack Steele determined to camp across the path of the conqueror. If Napoleon accepted battle Jack was under no delusion as to the result. The name of Steele would disappear from the roll of rising young men in Chicago, and he would have to begin at the bottom of the ladder again. However, he knew that Napoleon's eye was fixed on the Pacific Coast, and that he never wasted time in a fight if a reasonable expenditure of money would cause the enemy to withdraw. Steele calculated that he could control the road for something under $3000, which would give him the majority of the stock at the price the girl had named. That was a mere bagatelle. Then he would withdraw from Rockervelt's front for anything between $300,000 and $500,000.

A sigh from the girl brought him to a realization of his neglect of social duties, and the brilliant vision of loot faded from his eyes. The train had come to a stop and Dorothy Slocum was holding out her hand shyly to bid good-by.

When she had gone the traveler asked Joe where Mr. Hazlett, the lawyer, had his office, and being directed he was speedily in the presence of the chief legal functionary that Bunkerville possessed. Steele had a considerable amount of money lent upon Bunkerville business property, and his lawyer had written him that as times were backward there was some difficulty in getting the debtors to meet the requirements of the mortgages. If the property was foreclosed and sold Hazlett did not think it would produce the money that had been borrowed upon it, and so Steele had informed him that he would drop off at Bunkerville on his way West, and see his security for himself.

The lawyer had been expecting him on the regular train, and so was not at the little station to meet him. If Hazlett had expected a visit from a hard old skinflint, resolved on having his pound of financial flesh, he must have been somewhat surprised to greet a smiling young fellow who seemed to be thinking of anything but the property in question.

"We will just walk down the street," said the lawyer, "and I'll show you the buildings."

"All right," said Steele, "if it doesn't take too long, for I must catch the three o'clock local at Slocum Junction."

During their walk together Steele paid but the scantiest interest to the edifices pointed out to him, and the lawyer soon found he was not even listening to the particulars he so circumstantially gave.

"Do you know anything about the Farmers' Railroad?" was the question Steele shot at him, in the midst of a score of reasons why it was better not to foreclose.

"I know all about it," said the lawyer. "I have done the legal business of the road from its commencement."

"Have you a list of the shareholders?"

"I have a partial list, but shares have changed hands a good deal, and sometimes no notification has been given me, which is contrary to law."

"What is the total number of shares?"

"A hundred thousand."

"Could 50,000 and an odd share be bought?"

"Do you mean to get control of the road? Yes, I suppose that could be done if you weren't in a hurry, and it was gone about quietly."

"What would it cost?"

"Anywhere between three and five thousand dollars, all depending, as I said, on the thing being done circumspectly."

"Well, I have in my mind exactly the man to do the trick with discretion, and his name is Hazlett. I will lodge in the bank here $5000 in your name, and I depend on you

(Continued on Page 37)

The Twentieth Century School

It Has Become the Social Centre of the Community

By Lawrence H. Tasker

A COOKING CLASS AT THE MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL, BROOKLYN

A NEW idea of the functions of the schoolhouse is the outgrowth of conditions in the twentieth century city. In olden days the district school confined its activities solely to the teaching of academic knowledge. The three R's held undisputed sway. "Readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic" (chiefly "figgerin'") constituted the greater part of what was taught in the little red brick school on the corner of Squire Jones' farm. By way of variation there was the bi-monthly spelling match which created a distinct local excitement, and the usual annual Christmas entertainment when the children "spoke pieces," the crowning event of the school year.

Shades of our fathers! If a school trustee of the early thirties could be suddenly transported into one of the new million-dollar schoolhouses in New York! What would astonish him most? Not, I ween, merely the beautiful and chaste architecture of the Renaissance school building; not even the immensity of an eighty-six classroom school, with accommodation under one roof for 5000 children; not merely the wonderful improvement in matters of sanitation and hygiene; but rather the "new-fangled" things that the boys and girls are learning nowadays. To him it would be a strange sight to see a class of boys setting type in a miniature printing shop; another class of boys caning chairs, and still another drawing an Indian from actual life. Here a group of girls are making hats, another group weaving baskets, still others cooking dinners and learning the art of waiting on table. In the basement gymnasiums the boys are performing on trapezes, parallel bars and flying rings; in the sub-cellar fifty or sixty at once are learning to swim in a great swimming tank, ceaselessly watched over and protected by a competent instructor. On an upper floor a class is receiving instruction in first aid to the injured, another is being taught nursing and the scientific preparation of foods, another millinery and another manual training. Boys are conducting experiments in physical and chemical laboratories; girls are playing basket-ball, and even the roof is made use of for all kinds of games.

How Children are Kept Out of Mischief

WHAT is still more surprising, the school building is not shut and locked up when the electric clock rings the bells at three. The big building has still its hospitable doors wide open. At dusk the electric lights make the rooms as bright as day, and in the school are gathered nightly not only children but parents. The uses of the school building now pass under another name—"recreation centres." By this is signified almost every activity (except mischief) which the wideawake boy or girl delights in—gymnastic exercises, basket-ball, ping-pong, manual training, cooking and sewing classes, basket weaving, scroll-saw work, Venetian ironwork, debating societies, parliamentary clubs and reading circles. For adults there are evening lectures on travel, history, science, art, literature and every department of human interest. Moreover, the big building does not cease its operations during the long, hot days of summer. As soon as the regular sessions are over, about the end of June, there begin the vacation schools, where the same activities repeat themselves with additions and variations, such as recreation piers, open-air playgrounds and roof gardens. Such is the twentieth century school of a great city. The school is not merely a place of instruction for children; it is a place of resort for the whole family. Little tots barely able to walk have the kindergarten; the boys and girls have training in useful arts as well as classical study; the parents have their men's and women's clubs, societies, reading circles and lectures—all in the school building.

The problem of education in a great centre of population is not a simple one. More than mere intellectuality must be provided for. What profits it, if for five hours a day the most highly-trained teachers instil into youthful minds the principles of morality, if from three o'clock in the afternoon till midnight the corner saloon, the cigar store, the policy shop and the five-cent dance-hall claim the interest and attention of the public school child? The majority of New York children, and of the children of every great city, have a place to sleep in but have no home. In many cases whole families live, eat, work and sleep in one room. It is small comfort or pleasure to take one's airing on the fire escape. Consequently the children live in the streets. Five layers of population in crowded districts turn out on the pavements. The asphalt is more of a home than the dingy room up four dark stairs. The necessity of caring for the growing child more hours in the day than the ordinary school session contains is very urgent. As in every other realm of human activity, necessity evokes invention, and the twentieth century school is the product of the brains of earnest sociological workers who have concern for the future of the race.

To keep the boys and girls off the streets is the problem which in New York City has been met by the establishment of vacation schools, playgrounds and evening recreation centres.

The fifty odd vacation schools are in operation during July and August. The majority of the half-million children who attend public schools in New York are not fortunate enough to be able to get away to the country or the seaside. They must remain in the great, hot streets, and during the long, wearisome summer days mischief is naturally rampant, and the police officer on the corner has all he can do to prevent wanton injury to persons and property. To meet the summer need vacation schools have been established, and their popularity has been so marked that the number has increased from fifteen to fifty-four.

The Delights of Vacation Schools

IN VACATION schools there is no requirement for regular attendance nor is there a fixed course of study. The aim of the department is to make the school so attractive that pupils will come of their own accord. Manual training is the great feature in vacation schools. The New York boy is extraordinarily anxious to "make something," and if he can make a few pennies or nickels out of the products of his dexterity so much the better. Chair caning is exceedingly popular, and at the close of the session it is generally found that all the chairs in the neighborhood have been recaned whether they needed it or not. Basketry is another profitable occupation. The children are allowed to keep what they make, and the families of the vicinity are stocked with beautiful and substantial work-baskets, paper-baskets and all the other baskets which human ingenuity can devise and nimble fingers execute. Venetian ironwork is a fascinating occupation also, and models of wonderful design have been made by tiny hands. In the office of Miss Evangeline Whitney, supervisor of vacation schools, is a model of the Brooklyn Bridge in Venetian ironwork constructed by one boy with the assistance of his comrades.

To the girls needlework and millinery are taught. The higher classes cut and make their own dresses and wear them with pardonable pride. The girls also learn to knit and crochet, and to prevent any labor, however pleasant, from becoming monotonous the girls are asked to sing at their work, and the sewing is interspersed with calisthenics and gymnastics. Domestic science is inculcated with great care. In the words of the superintendent, "The classes were called on to make contributions to their rooms. And when a bare, unfurnished room was transformed into a cheerful living-room by simply using a few yards of denim and silkaline, with here a settee, there a screen, yonder a tabouret, a candelabrum on a stand and simple decorations on the walls, the children received an object lesson not soon to be forgotten. In the same room the table would be set with faultless regularity and dainty luncheons properly served. The girls learned to preserve fruit and to prepare many nutritious dishes, and practical applications of all this teaching have entered many homes. The trained nurses also contributed much toward an increase of comfort in the overcrowded tenement rooms. The babies made sweet and clean from the bath crooned so happily that many a little mother resolved that her charge should never again suffer for so necessary a luxury."

VACATION SCHOOL, NEW YORK—AFTERNOON TEA SERVED BY PUPILS

During the summer much attention is given to nature study. Usually one room in each building is filled with growing plants, boxes for sowing seeds, birds in cages, aquariums, and as many specimens of living and growing things as can be procured. It is a perpetual delight to the children to see things grow, and many a city child gets his first knowledge of the beautiful world and of plant and animal life from seeing the sprouting seeds and the birds and fishes in the schoolroom.

When the doors of the vacation school building close at 1 P. M. the children are not of necessity turned again on the streets. There is for them now provided the vacation playground which is open from 1 P. M. to 5:30 P. M., and the roof playground from 7:30 P. M. to 10 P. M.

Vacant lots and corners of the parks are given over to the use of the Board of Education. Wagonloads of gymnastic apparatus are installed and the playground is ready for business. Under a competent instructor there are marching, drilling, calisthenics, athletics and free play. The equipment of the gymnasium consists of Indian clubs, dumb-bells and wands; parallel and horizontal bars, trapezes, ladders, swinging rings and ropes, and horse, buck and spring boards. The girls engage in the lighter gymnastics and in fancy drills. At the close of the terms a tournament is held on every ground, and the successful contestants meet at a later date in a grand contest for the city championship. At the final games the winners receive suitable prizes, and victory is just as sweet to the child of the slums as was the Olympic laurel to the fair-formed Greek 2000 years ago.

The city of New York has provided along the water front a number of great, double-decked piers which stretch far out into the cool and refreshing water. These are crowded day after day with tired mothers and sickly babies to whom the fresh, invigorating sea breeze would otherwise be denied. Two kindergartners are sent to each pier, and kindergartens are held with new members each day. Here the youngest children are looked after while the tired mothers can obtain much-needed rest. Then there are fifteen swimming-pools, where boys and girls are taught to swim by a strictly modern and scientific method. The pupil lies on a wide belt which is slightly submerged in the water while he is learning the proper stroke. Then he is allowed to try to swim without support, but if he flounders and splutters he is sent back to "pound the belt" until his nerves are restored to a condition of equanimity. Last year over 1600 pupils took the prescribed course and learned to swim.

The Making of Good Citizens

THE roof playgrounds are the happiest places in the city on the hot summer nights. Thousands of men and women, boys and girls climb the long stairs to where, in Oriental fashion, they may rest and enjoy themselves under the starry sky, with the inspiration of fresh air, cool breezes and the music of a band.

The long winter evenings bring new dangers to the city child. For the boys and young men the glittering corner saloon, the "one-cent-a-cue" billiard-rooms, the poolrooms and worse dives of every description stand invitingly open, and for the youth of both sexes the doors of the five-cent dance-halls offer questionable amusement. To offset these allurements twenty-one schools in New York are now open in the evenings under the name of "recreation centres." Yet it is a mistaken idea that these exist only for recreation. The value of play is not ignored but is made a means of teaching, and while the future citizens are finding an outlet for their surplus physical energy in drill, gymnastics, athletics and all kinds of games, their mental activities are being trained and developed under wise direction. Rough and coarse boys of the street who, if left to themselves, would naturally become members of the Cherry Hill or

VACATION PLAYGROUND AT CROTONA PARK, NEW YORK

Mulberry Street gangs, learning robbery, cruelty and the mysteries of knock-out drops and knuckles, organize themselves under the direction of the principal of the recreation centre into athletic clubs, debating societies and literary circles. The same instinct that leads them to follow, reverence and uphold a square-jawed, chin-tilted and big-cigar smoking leader, even to the doors of the Tombs, causes them to organize into clubs with constitutions and by-laws, to electioneer for office, and conduct the business of the society with as much fervor as any politician. The following is the preamble of the "Maroon Athletic Club," of Public School No. 159, on One-hundred-and-nineteenth Street near Third Avenue:

"Whereas, it is agreed that attention should be paid to the physical as well as the mental development of the body, and that same can be best accomplished by the concerted efforts of a body of persons, we, whose names are hereunto annexed, do form a society whose object shall be the physical development of the body by systematic training and exercise."

Then follow sections relating to the name, object, membership, officers, duties of officers, committees, meetings, etc., of the club, concluding with the following article relating to the punishment of any member whose conduct may be unbecoming: "Any member whose behavior is detrimental to the welfare of the club, who absents himself from four meetings consecutively without reasonable excuse, or becomes three weeks in arrears of dues, may be suspended or expelled from membership by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any regular meeting after the one at which his name shall have been referred to the executive committee."

The secretary of each club must keep the minutes with perfect accuracy, as must also the treasurer his accounts. The dues and fines collected are dispensed according to the majority vote. Usually gymnasium suits are purchased or pleasure trips provided. One instance may be related in which the club rose to the dignity of a benevolent or fraternal society. In a certain club the treasurer had seventy-five dollars of the club's money deposited in a bank. One of its members lost his position, and, having others dependent on him, was greatly distressed, but the club came to his aid, and loaned him twenty-five dollars to start business in a small way. In a short time the grateful debtor returned every dollar he had borrowed.

The number of clubs meeting at a given centre varies, but all enrolled members have access to the gymnasium, the game-rooms and the library. A large number of parents also share these privileges. They are glad to have a well-lighted and warmed place in which to meet their friends and to watch the acrobatic performances of their children. One proud father remarked, "If only we could smoke here our comfort would be complete." Smoking, however, is not allowed.

In the recreation centres drills are effective in promoting correct bearing and prompt obedience. One gymnasium is organized as a military camp, and the amateur soldiers are becoming splendid specimens of military manhood. Basket-ball is a favorite amusement, and the quiet games — chess, checkers, authors, anagrams and ping-pong — are always popular. Photography, basket-work and pyrography are also taught.

In the girls' recreation centres a large amount of literary work is done. The standard authors are read, and about once a month a dramatic entertainment is given. The girls are usually allowed to dance the last half-hour, and the stately minuets have done much to turn the romping, boisterous girl into the dignified and ladylike young woman. Many of the mothers come with their daughters and form women's clubs. They even don gymnasium suits and take part in the exercises. Nearly every play centre has a glee club and an orchestra. The reading-room is kept supplied with illustrated papers and magazines, and the library is kept well stocked with a good selection of standard books.

The yearly cost of the recreation centres, vacation schools and playgrounds is about $275,000, a small fraction of the $22,000,000 budget of the Board of Education. Yet it keeps nearly 300,000 children off the streets the greater part of the summer days, and in the winter it provides a safe place where thousands of boys and girls can spend their evenings, and the moral, mental and physical uplifting is incalculable.

One unique feature is the provision for the education of adults, commonly called "free lectures to the people." Lectures on a great variety of useful and interesting subjects, travel, history, science, literature, music, physiology, hygiene and art are given in the school-halls, usually twice weekly. At the present time 140 of these lecture centres are in operation, and last year nearly a million and a quarter people attended the free lectures. The lectures are arranged in courses, and an opportunity is given to receive continuous instruction in almost every department of study and thought. Lectures on travel and descriptive geography are illustrated by stereopticon views. To this end each lecture-hall is equipped with a double dissolving stereopticon lantern. Lectures in electricity, physics, chemistry and kindred subjects are illustrated by experiments, and lectures on music by selections on the piano or violin. A large number of university teachers are engaged as lecturers for the Board of Education, and in addition many writers, artists and scientists who have distinguished themselves by conspicuous ability in the pursuit of their special callings. Lectures to immigrants in the Yiddish and Italian languages are also given on topics of sanitation and hygiene, American history and government.

In this expansion of the public-school system to include other than elementary education, to place the means for rest, recreation and culture within the reach of parents as well as children, and to make the schoolhouse the social settlement of the district, the twentieth century school is fulfilling a new and greater mission, the term education is given a broader significance, the elements of New York's cosmopolitan population are being welded into a homogeneous unity, and the children of the native American as well as those of the foreign-born Hebrew, Slav or Teuton are being trained to the nobler duties and privileges of American citizenship.

TALES OF THE ROAD

By Charles N. Crewdson

MANY a bill of goods is sold on the road through the influence of the clerk. He is often the grease on the axle. The traveling man who overlooks this point overlooks a strong one. The clerk is the one who gets next to the goods. He checks them off when they come in; he keeps the dust off them every day; he sells them to the people; and ofttimes he does the selecting of the goods in the first place. The merchant usually buys what pleases his clerks to get them interested. He in this way puts a sort of responsibility on them. If the business man neglects his clerks they neglect his business; if the traveling man ignores his clerks they ignore him.

But the salesman must follow this trail just so far and no farther, for the moment the merchant begins to think the traveling man is influencing the clerks unduly he rebels.

I once sold a small bill of hats to a large merchant down in California. The next season when I came around I saw that my goods were on the lower shelf. I did not like this. If you want to get your goods sold get them where they are easy to reach. Clerks, and merchants, too, usually follow the line of least resistance: they sell that which is nearest to hand. If a man asks me where he should put his case for hats to make them move I tell him "Up in front."

From the base shelf I dug up a box of my goods, knocked the dust off the lid, took out a hat and began to crease it. One of the clerks came up. He was very friendly. They usually are. They like to brush up against the traveling man, for it is the ambition of nineteen clerks of every twenty to get on the road.

My young friend, seeing the hat in my hand, said: "Gee, that's a beauty. I didn't know we had a swell thing like that in the house. I wish I'd got one like that instead of this old bonnet."

With this he showed me a new stiff hat. I scarcely glanced at it before I cracked the crown out of it over my heel, handed him the hat I had taken out of the box, threw three dollars on the counter, and said: "Well, we'll swap. Take this one."

"Guess I will, all right, all right," said he.

Another of the boys who saw this incident came up with his old hat and asked, laughing: "Maybe you want to swap with me?"

Crack went another hat; down I threw another three dollars. Before I got through eight clerks had new hats, and I had thrown away twenty-four dollars.

Thrown away? No, sir. I'll give that much every day of the week to get the attention of a large dealer. Twenty-four dollars are made in a minute and a half by a traveling man when he gets to doing business with a liberal buyer.

The proprietor, Hobson, was not then in. When I dropped in that afternoon I asked him if he would see my samples.

"No, sir, I will not," he spoke up quickly. "To be plain with you, I do not like the way in which you are trying to influence my clerks."

There was the critical — the psychological — moment. Weakness would have put an end to me. But this was the moment I wanted. In fact, I have at times deliberately made men mad just to get their attention.

"Hobson," I flashed back, "you can do just as you please about looking at my goods. But I'll tell you one thing: I have no apology to offer in regard to your clerks. You bought my goods and buried them. I know they are good, and I want you to find it out. I have put them on the heads of your men because I am not ashamed to have them wear them before your face. You can now see how stylish they are; in six months you will learn how well they wear. I should feel like a sneak if I had stealthily slipped a twenty-dollar gold piece into the hand of your hat man and told him to push my goods. But I haven't done this. In fact I have given a hat to nearly every clerk you have except your hat man. He was away. Even your delivery boy has one. You owe me an apology, sir; and I demand it, and demand it right now. I have always treated you as a gentleman, sir; and you shall treat me as such." Then, softening down, I continued: "I can readily see how, at first glance, you were offended at me; but just think a minute, and I believe you will tell me you were hasty."

"Yes, I was," he answered quietly. "Got your stuff open? I'll go right down with you." After Hobson had, in a few minutes, given me a fat order he said to me: "Well, do you know, I like your pluck."

It sometimes happens that a traveling man meets with a surly clerk, or a bribed clerk who has become buyer. Then the thing to do is to go right straight to the head of the establishment. The man that I like to do business with is the man whose money pays for my goods. He is not pulled out of line by guy ropes. It is well to stand in with the clerks, but it is better to be on the right side of the boss. When it gets down to driving nails he is the one to hammer on the hardest.

I once took on the territory of another man. About this same time one of his best customers had, to some extent, retired from business activity and put on a new buyer in my department. Now, this is a risky thing always for a merchant to do unless the buyer gets an interest in the business and becomes, in truth, a merchant himself. It usually means the promotion of a clerk, who gets a swelled head. The new buyer generally feels that he must do something to show his ability, and one of the ways he does this is to switch lines.

During the absence of my predecessor another man made for him a part of his old trip. In one of the towns he made he struck the new buyer, and, of course, was turned down. Had I been there I should have received the same treatment.

My temporary predecessor, who was turned down, posted me; so when I went to the town I knew just what to do — go direct to the proprietor. I knew that my goods were right; all I needed was unprejudiced attention. Prejudice buys most of the goods sold; merit is a minor partner. Were

---

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of business articles by Mr. Crewdson, from the standpoint of the man on the road. The next will appear in an early issue.

merchandise sold strictly on merit two-thirds of the wholesale houses and factories would soon close up, and the other third would triple their business.

When I entered the store I went straight to the proprietor and told him without introducing myself—a merchant does not care what your name is—what my line of business was. It was Saturday afternoon. I would rather go out making business on Saturday than any other day, because the merchant is doing business and is in a good humor, and you can go right to the point with him. Of course you must catch him when he is not, for the moment, busy.

"Can't do anything for you, sir, I fear," said he. "Hereafter we are going to buy that line direct from factories."

I saw that the proprietor himself was prejudiced and that the one thing to do was to come straight back at him. "Where do you suppose my hats come from?" I said. "My factory is the leading one in New Jersey." I was from Chicago, although my goods, in truth, were made in Orange Valley.

"Will you be here Monday?" said he. This meant that he wished to look at my samples.

"Sorry, but I cannot," I answered; "but I'll tell you what I'll do. My line is a specialty line—only fine goods—and I'll bring in a small bunch of samples to-night about the time you close up." Merchants like to deal with a man who is strictly business when they both get to doing business. Then is the time to put friendship and joking on the shelf.

That night at ten o'clock I was back to the store with a bundle under my arm. The man who is too proud to carry a bundle once in a while would better never start on the road. The proprietor whispered a word to the hat buyer—I overheard the words, "Large Eastern factory"—and they together began to look at my samples. The new buyer went to the shelves and took out some of the goods that had come from my house to compare with my samples—which were just the same quality. But, after fingering both, he said right out to the proprietor, "There's no comparison. I've told you all along that the factory was the place to buy."

I booked my order—it was a good order, too, in solid case lots.

"Shall I ship these from Orange Valley or from Chicago?" I asked.

"Why do you say that?" said the proprietor.

"Because you have bought a bill from a firm you have dealt with for twenty years, Messrs. Blank & Co., of Chicago, whom I represent, and I do not want a customer who has favored me to pay unnecessary freight. You will pardon me, I'm sure, for not telling you the whole truth until now; but this was the only way in which I could overcome prejudice."

"Have a cigar," said the proprietor; "this is on me. Boys, you are in this, too."

How to Approach a Crank

MANY traveling men make mistakes by steering shy of cranks. The so-called crank is the easiest man to approach, if you go at it right.

I once sat at dinner with two other traveling men. They were strangers to me—as strange as one traveling man ever is to another. This is not so very strange; for the cosmopolitan life of the road—without breeding familiarity to the extent of contempt—promotes a good-fellowship and a sort of secret society friendliness among all knights of the grip. My territory being new, I made inquiries regarding the merchants of a certain town to which I intended to go.

"Don't go there," spoke up one of my table companions. "There's no one there any good but old man Smith, and he's the biggest crank on earth. He discounts his bills, but, Gee, it's a job to get near him!" Some men on the road are vulgar; but will not the same comment apply to some few of any class of men?

"My friend," said companion number two, looking straight at the one who had just spoken, "I've been on the road these many years; and, if my observation counts for anything, those we meet are, to a great extent, but reflections of ourselves. True, many call Mr. Smith (his name was really this) peculiar, but I have always got along with him without any trouble. I consider him a gentleman."

I went to the "old crank's" town. As I rode on the train, louder than the clacking of the car wheels I heard myself saying over and over again: "Those we meet are, to a great extent, but reflections of ourselves."

When I went into the old gentleman's store he was up front in his office at work on his books. I merely said, "Good-morning, sir," and went back and sat down by the stove. It's never a good thing to interrupt a merchant when he is busy. He, only, knows what is most important to do. Maybe he has an urgent bill or a sight draft to meet; perhaps he has a rush order to get off in the next mail; possibly he is figuring up his profit or loss on some transaction. Then is not the time to state your business if you wish to make your point. The traveling man must not forget that the merchant's store is a place of business; that he is on the lookout for good things and just as anxious to buy them as the salesman is to sell them; and that he will generally lend an ear, for a moment at least, to any business proposition.

After a while the old gentleman came back to the stove, and, as he approached, said to me politely, "Is there something I can do for you, suh?"

I caught at his Southern accent, and taking off my hat—for he was an old gentleman—replied: "That remains with you, sir," and I briefly stated my business, saying finally, "As this is my first time in your town, and as my house is perhaps new to you, possibly, if you can find the time to do so, you may wish to see what I have." Recalling that one of my table companions had said that he considered him a gentleman I was especially careful to be polite to the merchant. And politeness is a jewel that every traveling man should always wear in his cravat.

"I will see you at one-thirty, suh. Will you excuse me now?" With this the old gentleman returned to his office. I immediately left the store. The important thing to get a merchant to do is to consent to look at your goods. When you can get him to do this keep out of his way until he is ready to fulfill his engagement. Then, when you have done that, pack your goods and leave town. What the merchant chiefly wants with the traveling man is to do business with him. True, much visiting and odd turns are sometimes necessary to get the merchant to the point of "looking," but when you get him there leave him until he is ready to "look."

At one-twenty-nine and a half that afternoon I started for the "old crank's" store. It was just across the street from my sample-room. I met him in the middle of the street. He was a "crank" about one thing: keeping his engagements promptly. I respect a man who does this. The old gentleman looked carefully, but not tediously, at my goods, never questioning a price. In a little while he said: "I shall do some business with you, suh; your goods suit me."

I never sold an easier bill in my life and never met a more pleasant gentleman. Our business finished, he offered me a cigar and asked that he might sit and smoke while I packed my samples. Yes, offered me a cigar! And I took it. It was lots better than offering him one. He enjoyed giving me one more than he would have enjoyed smoking one of mine. You flatter a man more by accepting a favor from him than by doing one for him. Many traveling men spend two dollars a day on cigars which they give away. They are not only throwing away money but also customers. The way for the salesman on the road to handle the man he wants to sell goods to is to treat him as he does the man of whom he expects no business. When you give a thing to a man he generally asks in his own mind, "What for?"

Before I left the town of the "old crank" I met with another of his peculiarities. I was out of money. I asked him if he would cash a sight draft for me on my firm for a hundred dollars.

"No, suh," said he; "I will not. I was once swindled that way, and I now make it a rule never to do that."

Needles stuck in me all over.

"But," continued the old gentleman, "I will gladly lend you a hundred dollars or any amount you wish."

For the many years that I went to the town of the "old crank" our relationship was most cordial. I believe we became friends. More than once did he drop business and go out fishing with me. Since the first day we met I have often recalled the words of my table companion: "Those we meet are, to a great extent, but reflections of ourselves."

"All the Business or None"

A GREAT mistake that some salesmen make when they first start on the road is to "load" their customers. The experienced man will not do this, for he soon learns that he will "lose out" by it. When a storekeeper buys goods he invests money; and his heart is not far from his bank-book.

I once took on a new town. My predecessor had been getting only a share of his customer's trade; two others had divided the account with him. I made up my mind to have all of the account or none. The merchant went to my sample-room and gave me an order for a bill of hats. He bought at random. When I asked him what sizes he said: "Oh, run 'em regular." "Very well," said I; "but will it not be well to look through your stock and see just what sizes you need? Maybe you have quite a number of certain sizes on hand and it will be needless for you to get more of them. Let's go down to the store and look through your stock."

We went to his store. The first item on the order he had given me was one dozen black "Columbias." I found that he already had five dozen on hand. "Look here," said I, "don't you think I had better scratch that item off the bill?" I drew my pencil through the "one dozen Columbias."

"Now, let us go through your whole stock and see if there are not other items you have duplicated," I suggested. We worked together for four hours—until after midnight. It was the biggest mess of a stock I ever saw. When we got through I had cut down my order three-fourths.

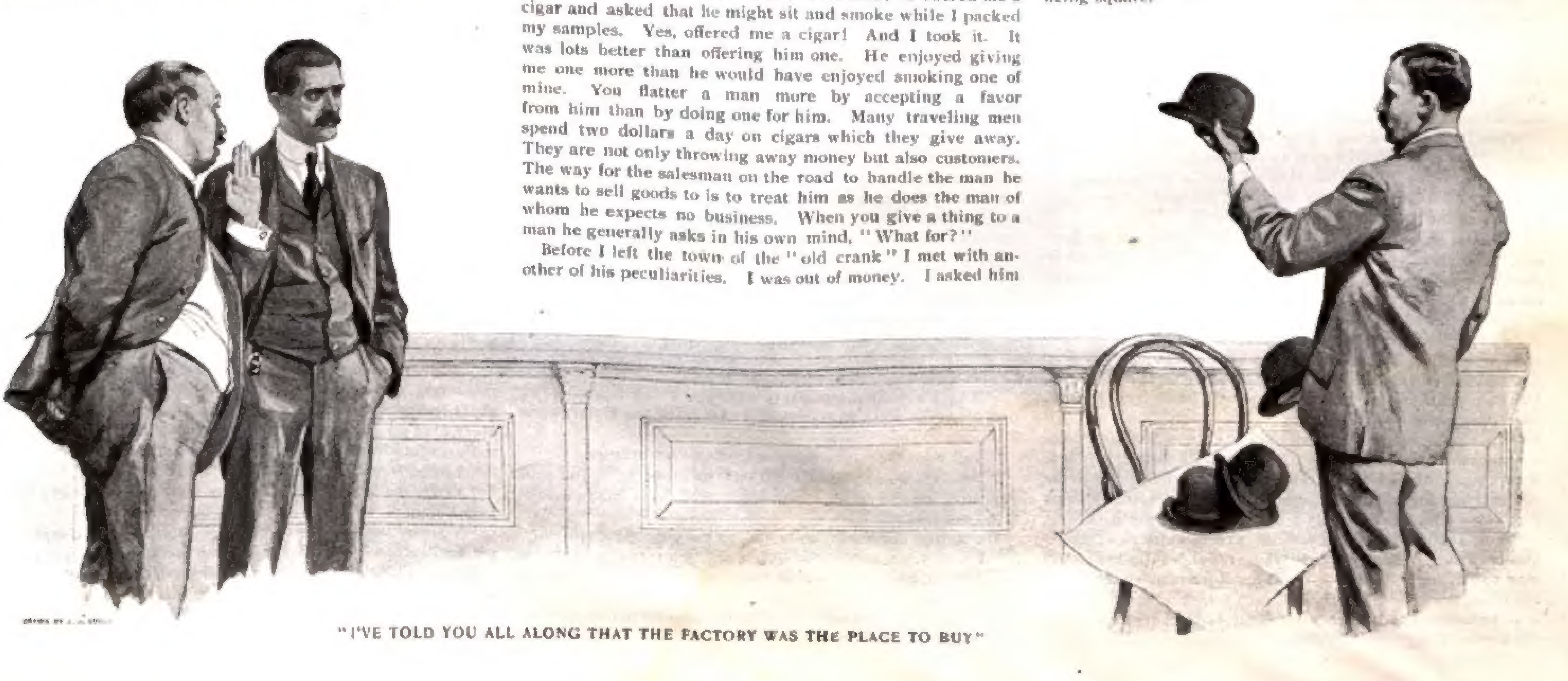
"See," said I, showing the merchant my order-book and his stock list, "you have enough of some kinds to last you three years. Others, because they have gone out of style, are worth nothing. All that you can get out of them will be clear profit; throw them out and sell them for any price.

"Do you know what has been happening to you right along? Three men—and the one from my firm is just as guilty as the rest—have been loading you. Why, if I were a judge and they were brought before me I'd sentence them to jail."

"And I guess I ought to be made to go along with them."

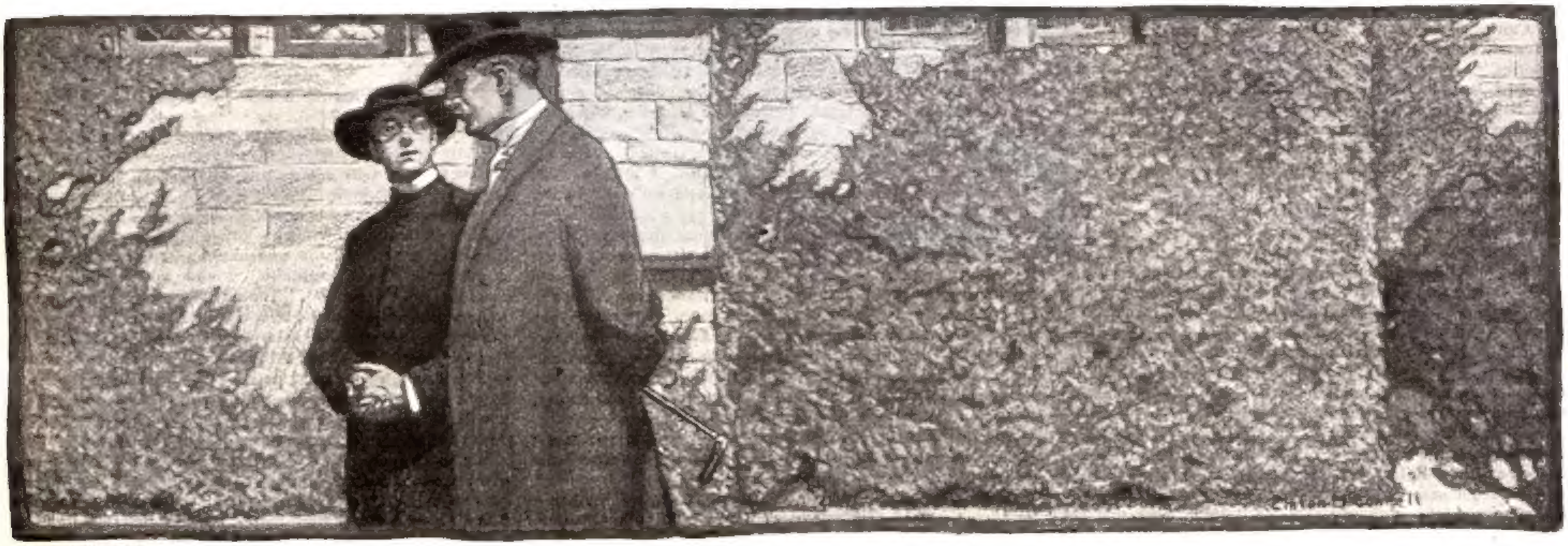
"That I will leave you to decide," said I; "but there is one thing, for sure: you will not see me back here again for a year; it would be a crime for any one to take an order from you during that time. And when I do come I want all of your business or none. You haven't enough for three or even for two. You can buy no more than you can sell to your customers—unless you go broke some day. Your interest and my interest are the same. If I treat you right and my firm does not you will follow me to another; if I treat you wrong I'll lose both your confidence and my job."

That man to-day gives me all of his business; I got him by being square.



"I'VE TOLD YOU ALL ALONG THAT THE FACTORY WAS THE PLACE TO BUY"

THE MAN WHO LAUGHED IN CHURCH—By W. A. M. Goode



DRAWN BY EMLEN MCCONNELL

The Squire and the Village Never Could Explain Him, and the Curate Never Would

"THAT it may please Thee to provide a doctor for the afflicted island of Penpharia——"

This intercession "on behalf of special missions" came with solemn earnestness from the lips of a young man reading the Litany at a simple faldstool in the village church of Woddington. Fresh from the "'Varsity," passionately anxious for the efficacy of this particular prayer, the new curate-in-charge scarcely heard the straggling response, inane and perfunctory:

"We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord."

From the end of the old church came an unmistakable laugh. All heads, save that of the young priest, rapt in his special intercessions, turned to discover the identity of the offender. Staring over a pew, beyond the worm-eaten seats where the school-children giggled, beyond the well-worn pews of Woddington's oldest inhabitants, out of sight of the cruciform—sacred to the Squire—in the midst of hobbledehoy sons of farmers waiting to creep out before the sermon, was the face of a stranger: the only strange face that Woddington had seen for many a day.

A lingering smile identified him as the offender. The startled curiosity of Woddington made the culprit suddenly conscious of the disturbance he had caused.

Among the sleek and oily heads of Sunday agriculture the face of the irreverent intruder stood out in startling contrast. This was scarcely surprising, for even in the great cities of the world people stopped to look at that face. Years of exposure to tropical suns, to privations and hardships, had left it still unusually handsome; even success had not robbed it of extraordinary fascination.

When the service was over the man who had laughed strolled round the church as if to view its ancient buttresses. Once safe from the prying eyes of rustics he retraced his steps, knocked at the vestry door and entered. The young priest was nearly ready to leave the church.

"Excuse me," said the intruder, "but I owe you an apology. I'm afraid I laughed while you read the—the Litany. And, do you know, I hadn't the faintest intention of laughing *aloud*."

The Reverend Eugene Fairfax looked puzzled; then, seeing so much kindly humor in the eyes of this middle-aged man, who stood, apologetic, like some small boy extenuating his misbehavior in church, the curate-in-charge smiled the frank grin that is common to young men fresh from Oxford, even though they be priests.

"I'm afraid," he said, "I couldn't have been listening to the congregation, because I didn't hear anybody laugh." Then, with a touch of seriousness, and not without deference to the age and bearing of this visitor: "Besides, I'd scarcely think that you would intentionally make a scene—I mean——"

"Yes, I know what you mean. You're quite right and—you're wrong. But, you see, your reference to Penpharia was so killingly funny——" The elder man chuckled at the thought.

In an instant the diffidence of the curate-in-charge vanished. He was no longer the "'Varsity" graduate, talking to a man of the world. He was the priest, in full exercise of sacerdotal function.

"You have no right to speak so of solemn intercession, especially here, in the church itself." Then he added, for his vanity as well as his principles was hurt:

"I do not know who you are, and if I did I should not allow you to come here to insult gratuitously the service of the church."

Quite suddenly the stranger put both his hands on the shoulders of the curate-in-charge. There was an intuitive movement of escape, but the grip of the elder man held the priest motionless. The man who had laughed in church looked down into the clean-cut face of the man whom he had heard pray; and he found it very good to look upon.

"Never mind who I am," he said; "I'm not so earnest and not so good a man as you are, though I probably was just as enthusiastic—once. But you've got too much latent humor and decency in this face of yours not to see how—how—well, I don't want to hurt your feelings—how *odd* it was to run in an appeal for a doctor at Penpharia on a congregation which didn't contain one single, solitary soul—present company excepted—who knew where or what Penpharia is. The villagers of Woddington taking an intelligent interest in Penpharia! Think of it, man, think of it! Now, admit it, Mesopotamia or the Garden of Eden would have meant more to them, wouldn't it?"

The grip was released and the stranger gave himself up to unconstrained laughter. In that second the Reverend Eugene Fairfax came uncommonly near hitting him. But they were still in the vestry, and, after all, the laugh was not satirical or sardonic: just the loud, infectious mirth that only big men have. The intruder was an unusually big man. And before he knew it, the Reverend Eugene Fairfax was laughing, too.

"Mind you," and the big man relapsed into seriousness, "I appreciated *your* earnestness, though, for the life of me, I can't see why a country curate should take liberties with the Litany on account of Penpharia."

The Reverend Eugene Fairfax bitterly regretted that he had laughed the moment before. In acid tones he remarked:

"Why I should discuss this with you I fail to see. You doubtless do not know of the existence of the Universities Missions."

"Tell me——" But the young curate interrupted.

"Really, I do not think I can tell you anything. You said you came here to make an apology. You have made everything but that."

He started toward the door.

"I beg your pardon." The elder man caught his arm with a grip, and a twinkle in his eye that belied the apologetic tones.

"I see," he went on; "I'm so confoundedly awkward or frank in my expresions that I can't appeal to your sense of humor without hurting your feelings and your sense of propriety. Let *me* be sentimental for a moment, and tell you that it's twenty-five years since I was in this church, yet I was christened here and spent many Sundays of boyhood—oh, such weary Sundays—in those old pews. It's the first time I've been back and—oh, well—can't you see how delightfully different you were to me from the droning old days of my childhood and—how—how—how—*extraordinary* it was to hear you appeal for the prayers of the doddering Woddingtonites on behalf of an island which none of 'em had ever heard of?"

The indignation of the curate-in-charge gave place to keen interest, not untinged with curiosity.

"Won't you please tell me your name?" he asked with sudden earnestness.

"To put in your 'Book of Parishioners'?" The elder man laughed aloud.

"Do be serious for a moment." The Rev. Eugene Fairfax said this with almost comic pathos. Then, again remembering where he was, he added:

"Let's talk outside and—perhaps you'll come and have luncheon"—with a smile—"as you really do belong here. Then I might be able to explain to you why a man may be keen on the Universities Mission and—*not* ashamed to pray, even in Woddington Church, for the help they need."

So the man who laughed in church and the new curate-in-charge walked down the little village street together. The curate talked constantly of the excellent work that his beloved mission was doing, of the men who devoted their lives and incomes to its service and faced all kinds of dangers for the sake of spreading Christianity. They were all such a "good sort"; many had got their "Blues"; all had taken part in Oxford life, in one way or another, apart from its religious phases. None received any money for his work. The curate-in-charge said this with conscious pride; yet in the next breath he admitted that he bewailed his own poverty, which compelled him to stay at home and, on the much-needed stipend of curate-in-charge, eat out his heart's desire in prayer for the richer friends whose means enabled them to do missionary work in foreign lands. Especially did he dilate on his desire to go to the plague-stricken island of Penpharia, now shunned by Europeans.

The chop, eaten to much talking in the rooms of the curate-in-charge, was almost finished before the host, somewhat shyly, reverted to a desire to know his guest's name. The older man pulled a card from his pocket and passed it over to the curate-in-charge. On it was engraved:

"Lionel Black, M. D., F. R. S."

The curate looked up. Dismay and doubt struggled for expression.

"You're not—not—*the* Doctor Black—the celebrated Doctor Black, who has discovered the bacillus of the plague?"

Lionel Black lay back and laughed, for the Reverend Fairfax had risen from his seat, and, much as he might have stood before his own bishop, was now standing before his guest stammering out apologies and explanations.

"Sit down and finish your chop," laughed Black. "Remember I'm one of your parishioners—or might have been—and I must keep respect for my parish *padre*."

"But"—and the young man could scarcely more than stammer—"you've *been* to Penpharia. Ah, now I understand why you couldn't help laughing. All our missionaries say you've done infinitely more for the good of the natives than they have ever been able to do."

The tribute of religion to science was made almost reluctantly. Then the curate-in-charge impulsively held out his hand.

"Forgive me, won't you, sir? You see, living in a village makes one—well—a bit narrow. And I couldn't have known who you were—could I? If I'd been able to go out abroad, like the other chaps, I probably shouldn't have made such an ass of myself."

At that moment Lionel Black felt almost guilty of deception in not having revealed his identity earlier. As a matter of fact it had never occurred to him that the curate would even know his name. This sudden hero-worship made him feel all the more embarrassed. His insistent demand for another chop alone saved him from being obliged to give minute description of all the plague colonies he had ever lived in or ever visited. The curate-in-charge covertly informed the landlady of the identity of his guest. As she had just read that the great Doctor Black had declined a title from the King she quickly formed the opinion that the curate had wonderful but eccentric friends. This was quite an inaccurate conclusion.

As a matter of fact, the curate-in-charge had, from one of his most intimate friends, the latest information regarding the spread of plague at Penpharia. This intensely interested Doctor Black, who had not been to that island for several years and had not been able to procure satisfactory details of the scourge which had now attacked even the majority of the white population. The curate-in-charge was in the seventh heaven of delight at being able to give the famous specialist any new information. Keenly the doctor read every recent letter Fairfax had received.

"By thunder!" he said at last; "it's almost interesting enough to go out there, especially in view of what your friend says about those exceptional symptoms. *That's* quite new and very important. If one could only give up one's lectures and hadn't got a huge laboratory to superintend——"

Something in the curate's look stopped him. The young priest's eyes had lighted up with an almost weird expression, half prayer, half expectation. Lionel Black instinctively felt that the curate was saying to himself: "That it may please Thee to send a doctor——"

"No." Doctor Black spoke sharply, answering the other man's unspoken thoughts. "No." Then, almost unkindly: "I don't go much on the efficacy of prayer. It would be perfect madness for me to go there—it's utterly impossible, my boy—I have to be in half a dozen capitals in the next three months and I have promised the Government to attend several conferences. Don't, *please*, think that I was dreaming of giving you a sudden answer to your prayer. Indeed, I'd be little good there, even if I could go."

To console the curate for the hope of prayer fulfilled, so unintentionally kindled, so promptly shattered, Doctor Black promised that when he returned to London he would keep the idea in mind and suggest it to "any young fool who wanted to throw his life away."

The rare touch of frankness, knowledge and sympathy which had come into the curate's life with the sudden and brief appearance of Lionel Black was growing more and more of a memory—treasured, though in mental perspective, like the page of some complex book, read centuries before—when, one morning, there came a letter addressed to the Reverend Eugene Fairfax. This was what Lionel Black wrote:

> *My dear Chap:* Don't mind my calling you that, because I'm accustomed to like or dislike people on sight, and if I like them I *must* be familiar, regardless of their age or calling. I am going to Penpharia——

The curate-in-charge gasped; for a few seconds he could scarcely see the writing, though it was clear and bold enough. He read on:

> But please do not deceive yourself that this is due to the efficacy of the prayer you put into the Litany the day I met you. I hate fictitiousness myself, and I cannot stand men I like attributing wrong motives for my actions—so I undeceive you, at the risk not only of hurting your feelings, but of profaning all those quite nice religious attributes which, upon people less hardened and hopeless than myself, might doubtless have strong and beneficial effect. To be strictly honest, I should probably have decided to go to Penpharia if I had never met you, though being, thank Heaven, a creature of impulse I can never *quite* accurately forecast my actions. My desertion of everything in England will be described as utterly mad by people who know me, and as heroic by the outside world. As a matter of fact, it is neither, for the plague situation at Penpharia has recently grown to such extremes that I am eaten up with curiosity to see things as they are for myself. My chief motive in leaving all my work and breaking all my engagements—you will probably see some stupid announcement in the papers after I've gone—is to investigate a curious phase of the disease which, judging from what your friend at Penpharia wrote, may prove my original analysis incorrect and necessitate a serious modification of my serum, which in other localities has proved fairly successful.
>
> But enough of that. The quaintness—forgive me if I am too frank—of your prayer, and my sudden departure—no one knows it except yourself—form a present coincidence much too alarming to go unexplained. And you are far too good a fellow to be allowed to harbor any stupid hallucination. 'Tis now nearly two months since I saw you, but I shall always think of our meeting with pleasure—some young persons would have been fearfully severe with me—and when I'm out in Penpharia the recollection of your inexplicable enthusiasm for the inhabitants of that island—supremely uninteresting except from the point of view of a medical monomaniac—will often be a source of amused gratification to
>
> Yours very sincerely,
>
> LIONEL BLACK.

A few minutes after his letter had been read the curate-in-charge was kneeling before the altar in the old parish church.

"When I was in trouble," he softly repeated to himself, "I called upon the Lord"—then, rapturously—"and He heard me."

The sophistries and the explanations of the great specialist in plague were utterly unheeded in the glow of great faith which pervaded this young man's soul. All he knew was that his prayer had been answered.

"Laudate Dominum." The deserted church echoed and reëchoed with the ecstatic, lonely chant of praise and thanks to God.

. . . .

It was such a curious service that the people of Woddington have never quite been able to find out what it was all about. The curate, who never refers to it, announced it as a requiem service; but the village take the Squire's word for it that it was no such thing, because there were nothing but psalms and hymns of praise and victory. As Andrew Craig, the parish clerk, says, "It was Benedictus, Benedicite and Laudate Dominum without end, which have nowt to do with funerals." When the curate finally asked every one to pray for the peace of the gloriously martyred soul of Lionel Black, and started to intone, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these——" he broke down, and the service came to an abrupt and painful end.

That good churchman, the Squire, has never been able to get any satisfactory explanation, and frankly declares that he can't for the life of him understand these innovations of the curate. And the village of Woddington agrees.

THE POPE'S HOUSEHOLD

By William Armstrong

THE household of the Vatican is the most picturesque in Europe. Though the tastes of the present Pope are less inclined to ceremonial and display than those of his predecessor, Leo XIII, every branch of the guards, *gens d'armes*, footmen and attendants, with their varied uniforms and liveries, are retained.

The scene within the palace is mediæval. The absence of military rigidity that freezes men into atoms of mechanism gives a series of pictures instead of the conventional clockwork display surrounding royalty. Anywhere else the red, yellow and black striped uniform of the Swiss Guards, designed by Michael Angelo, would be glaring; but the halls of the Vatican, with their lofty arches and sweeping stairways, the great windows set in masses of black, cool shadow cut with sunlight, temper the effect.

Against this background the guards lounge on oak benches, stand at the great main entrance or at the foot of dim-lit stairways. The halberds of those resting are stacked against the wall; those standing slip their right hands well up toward the shining blades surmounting the staves and ease their attitudes. The militarism of Europe stops at the doorway of the Vatican.

THE POPE'S SUMMER HOUSE

When the Swiss Guards march in state processions they hold their own with any king's troops, but there is a freedom and swing about them that suggests the mediæval man-at-arms and not the machine-bred infantryman. They number one hundred, with the right as Swiss to take military service in any country that they will. The pay is four francs (eighty cents) a day, as against the two cents a day given the Continental soldier. At the end of four or five years' service this is slightly increased. Corporals and sergeants receive more. They buy their own uniforms, an outlay necessary only every other year. At the barracks each man has free quarters, pays for his own food and has it prepared by the division cook. These barracks, high above the street, are built on a solid mass of masonry. Between them and the walls of the palace are the dwellings of some of the attendants, each with its little garden that spreads out in neat, maplike precision viewed from the windows of the Vatican towering above it.

The Swiss Guard has an easy time of it—six hours of service daily. That ended he is free to go out into the town, after exchanging his uniform for civilian's clothes. To go beyond the palace boundaries dressed otherwise would mean his arrest.

In the courtyard facing the old Papal Mint is a row of broad flagstones intersected by a fountain. On the side next the Vatican the Swiss Guards patrol; on the opposite one the police of Rome do duty. Each comes up to the dividing line but never crosses it. At the main entrance of the palace the guards stand on the threshold, the Roman police patrol up to the steps leading to it; but the two bodies never clash.

Over one hundred *gens d'armes* watch at the Vatican. Tall, fine-appearing Italians, their state dress is black coat, white doeskin knee-breeches, top-boots and shako. They are on duty in the halls and courts, at the doors of the anterooms and galleries, and in the Pope's private garden. Their pay is two francs and a half a day, with a pension at the end of twenty years of service.

Yet another branch of the household are twenty men in waiting, some of whom serve for the honor of the position. Among their duties is the reception and direction of those given audience in the Pontiff's private apartments. Their dress is of red brocade silk, long, full coat and knee-breeches, red silk stockings and red cap.

The sediari, or chair-bearers of the Pope, make yet another branch—big, strong men, ten in all, with a uniform of black, trimmed with lace. They are seldom called upon, the state functions, when they are needed to carry the heavy weight of the great Papal chair in processions, being at infrequent intervals.

The Guardia Nobile, which comes first in the Pope's military entourage, varies in number from sixty to one hundred, and is made up of nobles, corresponding in a way with the

IN THE VATICAN GARDEN

gentlemen in waiting at royal courts. They assist on the occasion of visits to the Vatican by kings and high personages, and in the great processions in St. Peter's. Of fine physique and bearing, they make a splendid showing in uniforms of white and scarlet and gold, with gold helmets and cavalry boots.

This is but a small part of the personnel connected with the conduct of life at the Vatican. The custodians in charge of the treasures of the library and galleries number seventy-five, twenty of these alone being on duty in the gallery of sculpture. The custodians on general duty live outside the walls, but those liable to be called upon at any moment, among them the ones detailed for service in the Sistine Chapel, where the Pope may wish to visit or hold audiences, live with their families in the palace.

The Vatican incloses a little city, the congregation of its dwellers attending one chapel numbering five hundred. Tradition has it that the great, rambling mass of buildings, begun in the year 498, and added to by each Pontiff in succession, has from twelve to thirteen thousand rooms. The actual number of halls, chapels and salons appears to be one thousand, a computation that would still leave it the largest palace in Europe. Only a small part of it, approached by the stairway of Pius IX, is set aside for the use of the Pope.

The domestics variously employed, following the Italian application of the proverb that many hands make light work, constitute a legion. For the galleries and courts 150 sweeping women are required, a service allotted in the Pontiff's apartments to men. There are twelve coachmen, gardeners and assistants. In the kitchen, directed by a chef who served the Pope for many years in Venice, many servants are employed. Twenty minutes before the meal is served the Marquis Sterbini makes an inspection and tastes the food. The menu of Pius X is exceedingly simple. At an early hour he has coffee, at one breakfast, and at six or seven o'clock dinner. Sometimes Cardinal Merry del Val sits down with him, but as a rule the Pontiff is alone.

That he misses his long walks in the neighborhood of Venice there can be no doubt, for during his life there he was accustomed to sturdy outdoor exercise. All that he now gets is confined to the garden of the Vatican which is high above the street level, perched on solid walls, and planted with palm and orange trees. But the fresh, salt air, and the free sweep of green fields to which he was used on the borders of the Adriatic, are missing.

The Daily Round at the Vatican

AT ONE end of these gardens is the Pope's summer house, where he gets a yearly change of residence, if not of air, and about its limit he takes his afternoon drive in a closed carriage with two footmen and a coachman in attendance. Then *gens d'armes* are placed at every twenty paces to prevent interruption of this slight recreation by people who would take the opportunity to present petitions.

Life at the Vatican begins at six o'clock in the morning. Half an hour later the churches are opened, and at nine the galleries. The hum of servants in the early day is succeeded by a steady flow of visitors, sightseers, monks, bishops, pilgrims, priests and cardinals. The place is a gallery of moving pictures, in groups and single stately figures. Everywhere there is a glow of color against a grave background of brown or black clad ecclesiastics—cardinals in scarlet silk, with all the movements in their full, long draperies that Tintoretto painted; Swiss Guards in their gay uniform; *gens d'armes;* red-clad footmen. The colors and groupings fascinate the eye as they range themselves against the shadow of the walls and tapestries. Guards are everywhere, but the impression is always a friendly one. Life at the Vatican is flexible and human.

The military part of the entourage was mentioned first, because it is the most striking feature at the palace; but there is another which, if less striking, reaches in its wonderful organization to every corner of the world, and that is the small army of secretaries under command of Monsignor Calgiano de Azendo, major-domo to the Pope.

The Maestro de Camera is Cardinal de Bisletti, who has charge of the Consistory of Cardinals, and the reception of royalties, bishops and distinguished personages. Lesser matters in this branch and the arrangement of general audiences are left to various ecclesiastics under the direction of the Abbé Bressin.

My own audience with the Pope was set for five o'clock in the afternoon. Thirty minutes before the hour I arrived at the Vatican in the regulation dress of the occasion: evening clothes, with white tie, and without gloves. Swiss Guards were on duty in the entrance hall. On the stairway of Pius IX *gens d'armes* saluted. More stood in the courtyard which I had to cross to reach a second staircase leading directly to the private apartments. Here more guards, saluting like the rest, were stationed.

A storm had broken over Rome an hour before, and the anteroom that I entered was almost in darkness. Swiss Guards stood about in groups that Meissonier would have turned into so many pictures. The gleam of their halberds was the only touch of light in the apartment. The red and yellow of their uniforms had grown dull and indistinct in the dark. Two men-in-waiting, in red brocade, ushered me into an adjoining salon. Tables with clocks and vases on them stood against the frescoes; on the wall was a nobly-carved crucifix. Ten minutes later I was shown into a second room. There the groined ceiling was of wood, heavily gilded. The spaces between and the side walls were frescoed. The floor was of varicolored marbles, so highly polished that the mass of color above it was reflected as in a pool.

The hands of a clock stood at five minutes to five when a man in waiting took me into a third salon hung with splendid tapestries by Audran, bearing the fleur-de-lis of the Papal arms. To the extreme right, against the dull flame of one of these tapestries, stood two sisters of charity, the radiance of many prayers reflected in their faces; next came two missionaries, monks in black, to my left a gentleman and his wife: seven of us in all who were to be presented.

An Audience with the Pope

AS THE master of ceremonies entered every one knelt. At that instant the Pope appeared in the doorway. The wind blowing aside the long white curtain of the window next him, left him standing in a shaft of light. It has chanced that I have seen a good many kings, but I have never seen a dignity that approaches that of Pius X. He is of good height, but not so tall as his photographs suggest. He carried his finely-developed figure with a commanding erectness.

There seems small foundation for the repeated newspaper reports that the Pope is failing. He appears of sturdy physique, there is a good pink color in his cheeks, and his bearing is that of a man in the prime of life.

He wore a cassock of cream-colored cloth with a cape of the same. Across the upper part of the sleeves were bands of white moiré silk, and a broad sash of it was about his waist. His shoes were red, embroidered with crosses.

All these details of dress a photograph will give you, but no photograph will convey the expression of his face and its coloring. That expression is one of strength and of self-abnegation, but yet of capability of immense tenderness. His eyes are of a clear blue-gray, his long lashes and eyebrows black, and his heavy hair snow-white.

He was attended by a single ecclesiastic. There was complete absence of display. The profound impression that he aroused had no need of it.

It is the convincing goodness of the man, his invincible faith in the authority of the office that he holds, and yet his absolute humanity, that strike you.

When he spoke his tone was one of friendly fellowship and sympathy. Then the tension snapped, and every one drew a long breath. But the import of the situation remained.

"A Brother to Mankind"

HIS main traits seem absolute sincerity, unalterable firmness once a decision is reached, and a high sense of justice. To me there is not a trace in his face of ambition or desire for worldly power, and I studied him hard and long that afternoon. He seems rather one who has sacrificed all his own emotions to the office he represents, but as one having retained, in the face of it, the broader humanity that makes him a brother to mankind.

That he misses his old associations and friends there is no doubt. When a message was given to him from one of them that afternoon he said gently, "Dear Venice, dear Venice!" For just an instant he was lost in thought. It was of Venice that he was thinking, with its blue sky and palaces, where vines sweep over broken marble balustrades to dip in canals black with the shadow of ilexes. Venice knew his boyhood and his manhood. In leaving it he left behind him every chapter of his life up to the day that he entered unsought and unexpectedly upon the office to which he was called. It was only an instant that he gave to recollections that the message must have aroused. After some conversation with each one he blessed us, and we followed him into the second salon that I had entered. There a few more were given audience, and after blessing them in turn he passed into a long gallery where crowds of pilgrims stood waiting for his benediction.

The whole affair was patriarchal in its simplicity, but I noticed that no one spoke as we passed down the stairs together, the *gens d'armes* saluting as we went.

ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN

The First Power of the Pacific

By Samuel E. Moffet

THERE is much ingenious speculation in Europe concerning the future mastery of the Pacific Ocean. The London Spectator thinks that if Japan should organize Chinese resources she would unquestionably become the dominating power of the North Pacific. Others say that if Russia should win this war that position would be hers.

It is curious that these able thinkers cannot perceive the obvious fact that the question they are discussing is not a question at all.

The predominating power of the Pacific not only will be, but is, the United States. The United States is the only great power except Japan, and the only white power without exception, that actually fronts on the Pacific. Though Russia's territory is continuous, her thickly-settled Pacific coast is so far from her centres of population that it is practically a remote colony. All the European powers that have territory on the Pacific at all are represented by distant dependencies.

The United States has a longer and better coast line on the Pacific than any other country in the world. Russia would gladly exchange all Eastern Siberia and Manchuria for a single harbor like the Bay of San Francisco or Puget Sound. We hold part of the Isthmus of Panama near the equator and own the whole eastern shore of the ocean, from the Mexican line to the Arctic, with a single little break in British Columbia. In the Philippines we have an outpost more extensive than the entire United Kingdom. This country is the only power that has large possessions on both sides of the Pacific, with convenient stepping-stones between.

The United States is the only country that ever built a battleship on the Pacific. Three of the finest battleships in the American navy were built at Pacific yards, and we have at least three establishments on the Western coast capable of building others like them.

The United States is the only power that has primary naval bases of the first rank on the Pacific. Hongkong, Port Arthur and Vladivostok are all secondary bases, dependent upon supplies from distant sources. Japan has primary bases that are in the way of becoming first class, but none of them has yet developed its independence to the point of turning out a battleship of its own.

The United States is the only power that can command a future water gateway between the Atlantic and the Pacific. When the Panama Canal is finished, it, and it alone, will be able to concentrate its whole naval force at will in either ocean. Russia has been worsted at sea by an enemy of one-third her nominal strength because the various parts of her navy have been scattered beyond supporting distance. The United States can send a fleet by way of the Panama Canal from New York to the Philippines without having to ask any foreign power for the favor of a pound of coal or a night's shelter on the way.

Finally, and most important of all, the position of the United States on the Pacific insures it that industrial and commercial predominance without which military and naval power is only a hollow shell. There are more miles of railroad in the Pacific States and Territories of the Union alone than there are in the Pacific possessions of all the other countries of the world combined. The trade of Russia with the countries of the Pacific must be carried on by one single-track railway; that of all the other European nations by ocean voyages half around the world. The United States alone is on the spot

The Passing of "Third Floor Back"

The Adventures of a Boarder Not the Usual Sort

BY JEROME K. JEROME

Copyright, 1904, by Jerome K. Jerome   Copyright in Great Britain

THE neighborhood of Bloomsbury Square toward four o'clock of a November afternoon is not so crowded as to secure to the stranger, of appearance anything out of the common, immunity from observation. Tibb's boy, screaming at the top of his voice that she was his honey, stopped suddenly, stepped backward on to the toes of a voluble young lady wheeling a perambulator, remained deaf, apparently, to the somewhat personal remarks of the voluble young lady. Not until he had reached the next corner—and then more as a soliloquy than as information to the street—did Tibb's boy recover sufficient interest in his own affairs to remark that he was her bee. The voluble young lady herself, following some half a dozen yards behind, forgot her wrongs in contemplation of the stranger's back. There was this that was peculiar about the stranger's back: that instead of being flat it presented a decided curve. "It ain't a 'ump, and it don't look like kervitcher of the spine," observed the voluble young lady to herself. "Blimy if I don't believe 'e's taking 'ome 'is washing up 'is back."

The constable at the corner, trying to seem busy doing nothing, noticed the stranger's approach with gathering interest. "That's an odd sort of a walk of yours, young man," thought the constable; "you take care you don't fall down and tumble over yourself."

"Thought he was a young man," murmured the constable, the stranger having passed him. "He had a young face, right enough."

The daylight was fading. The stranger, finding it impossible to read the name of the street upon the corner house, turned back.

"Why, 'tis a young man," the constable told himself, "a mere boy."

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger, "but would you mind telling me my way to Bloomsbury Square."

"This is Bloomsbury Square," explained the constable, "leastways, round the corner is. What number might you be wanting?"

The stranger took from the ticket pocket of his tightly-buttoned overcoat a piece of paper, unfolded it and read it out: "Mrs. Pennycherry. Number forty-eight."

"Round to the left," instructed him the constable; "fourth house. Been recommended there?"

"By—by a friend," replied the stranger. "Thank you very much."

"A-ha," muttered the constable to himself; "guess you won't be calling him that by the end of the week, young man."

"Funny," added the constable, gazing after the retreating figure of the stranger. "Seen plenty of the other sex as looked young behind and old in front. This cove looks young in front and old behind. Guess he'll look old all round if he stops long at Mother Pennycherry's: stingy old cat."

Constables whose beat included Bloomsbury Square had their reasons for not liking Mrs. Pennycherry. Indeed, it might have been difficult to discover any human being with reasons for liking that sharp-featured lady. Maybe the keeping of second-rate boarding-houses in the neighborhood of Bloomsbury does not tend to develop the virtues of generosity and amiability.

Meanwhile the stranger, proceeding upon his way, had rung the bell of number forty-eight. Mrs. Pennycherry, peeping from the area and catching a glimpse, above the railings, of a handsome, if somewhat effeminate, masculine face, hastened to readjust her widow's cap before the looking-glass while directing Mary Jane to show the stranger, should he prove a problematical boarder, into the dining-room, and to light the gas.

"And don't stop gossiping, and don't you take it upon yourself to answer questions. Say I'll be up in a minute," were Mrs. Pennycherry's further instructions; "and mind you hide your hands as much as you can."

"What are you grinning at?" demanded Mrs. Pennycherry a couple of minutes later of the dingy Mary Jane.

"Wasn't grinning," explained the meek Mary Jane; "was only smiling to myself."

"What at?"

"Dunno," admitted Mary Jane. But still she went on smiling.

"What's he like, then?" demanded Mrs. Pennycherry.

"'E ain't the usual sort," was Mary Jane's opinion.

"Praise be for that!" ejaculated Mrs. Pennycherry piously.

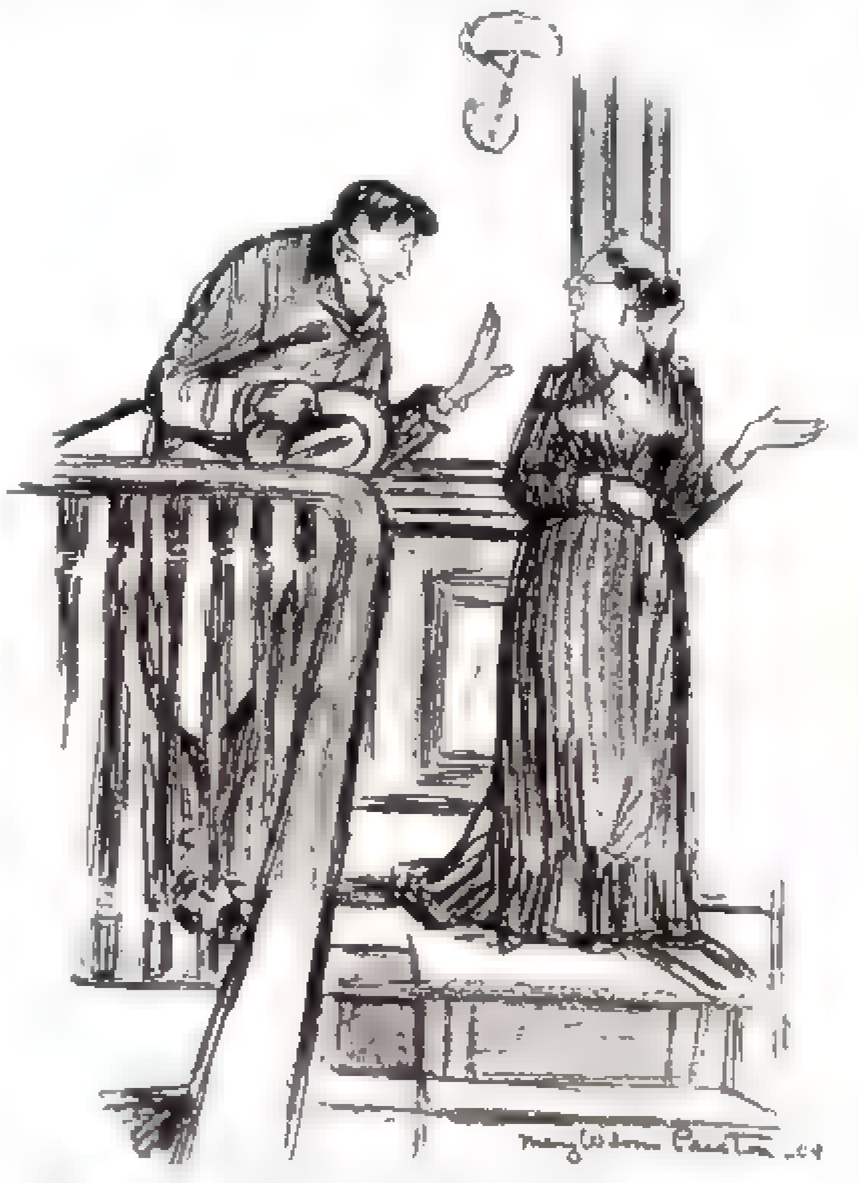
"Says 'e's been recommended by a friend."

"By whom?"

"By a friend. 'E didn't say no more."

Mrs. Pennycherry pondered. "He's not the funny sort, is he?"

Not that sort at all. Mary Jane was sure of it.



"FOR THIS ROOM," STATED MRS. PENNYCHERRY,
"TOGETHER WITH FULL BOARD,
CONSISTING OF ——"

Mrs. Pennycherry ascended the stairs still pondering. As she entered the room the stranger rose and bowed. Nothing could have been simpler than the stranger's bow, yet there came with it to Mrs. Pennycherry a rush of old sensations long forgotten. For one brief moment Mrs. Pennycherry saw herself an amiable, well-bred lady, widow of a solicitor; a visitor had called to see her. It was but a momentary fancy. The next instant reality reasserted itself. Mrs. Pennycherry, a lodging-house keeper, existing precariously upon a daily round of petty meannesses, was prepared for contest with a possible new boarder, who, fortunately, looked an inexperienced young gentleman.

"Some one has recommended me to you," began Mrs. Pennycherry. "May I ask who?"

But the stranger waved the question aside as immaterial.

"You might not remember him," he smiled. "He thought that I should do well to pass here the few months I am given to be in London. You can take me in?"

Mrs. Pennycherry thought that she should be able to take the stranger in.

"A room to sleep in," explained the stranger; "any room with food and drink sufficient for a man is all that I require."

"For breakfast," began Mrs. Pennycherry, "I give——"

"What is right and proper, I am convinced," interrupted the stranger. "Pray, do not trouble to go into detail, Mrs. Pennycherry. With whatever it is I shall be content."

Mrs. Pennycherry, puzzled, shot a quick glance at the stranger, but his face, though the gentle eyes were smiling, was frank and serious.

"At all events, you will see the room," suggested Mrs. Pennycherry, "before we discuss terms."

"Certainly," agreed the stranger. "I am a little tired and shall be glad to rest there."

Mrs. Pennycherry led the way upward, on the landing of the third floor paused for a moment undecided, then opened the door of the back bedroom.

"It is very comfortable," commented the stranger.

"For this room," stated Mrs. Pennycherry, "together with full board, consisting of——"

"Of everything needful. It goes without saying," again interrupted the stranger, with his quiet, grave smile.

"I have generally asked," continued Mrs. Pennycherry, "four pounds a week. To you"—Mrs. Pennycherry's voice, unknown to her, took to itself the note of aggressive generosity—"seeing you have been recommended here, say three pound ten."

"Dear lady," said the stranger, "that is kind of you. As you have divined, I am not a rich man. If it be not imposing upon you I accept your reduction with gratitude."

Again Mrs. Pennycherry, familiar with the satirical method, shot a suspicious glance upon the stranger, but not a line was there upon that smooth, fair face to which a sneer could for a moment have clung. Clearly he was as simple as he looked.

"Gas, of course, extra."

"Of course," agreed the stranger.

"Coals——"

"We shall not quarrel," for the third time the stranger interrupted. "You have been very considerate to me as it is. I feel, Mrs. Pennycherry, I can leave myself entirely in your hands."

The stranger appeared anxious to be alone. Mrs. Pennycherry, having put a match to the stranger's fire, turned to depart. And at this point it was that Mrs. Pennycherry, the holder hitherto of an unbroken record for sanity, behaved in a manner she herself, five minutes earlier in her career, would have deemed impossible—that no living soul who had ever known her would have believed, even had Mrs. Pennycherry gone down upon her knees and sworn it to them.

"Did I say three pound ten?" demanded Mrs. Pennycherry of the stranger, her hand upon the door. She spoke crossly. She was feeling cross, with the stranger, with herself—particularly with herself.

"You were kind enough to reduce it to that amount," replied the stranger; "but if upon reflection you find yourself unable——"

"I was making a mistake," said Mrs. Pennycherry, "it should have been two pound ten."

"I cannot—I will not accept such sacrifice," exclaimed the stranger; "the three pound ten I can well afford."

"Two pound ten are my terms," snapped Mrs. Pennycherry. "If you are bent on paying more you can go elsewhere. You'll find plenty to oblige you."

Her vehemence must have impressed the stranger. "We will not contend further," he smiled. "I was merely afraid that in the goodness of your heart——"

"Oh, it isn't as good as all that," growled Mrs. Pennycherry.

"I am not so sure," returned the stranger. "I am somewhat suspicious of you. But willful woman must, I suppose, have her way."

The stranger held out his hand, and to Mrs. Pennycherry, at that moment, it seemed the most natural thing in the world to take it as if it had been the hand of an old friend, and to end the interview with a pleasant laugh—though laughing was an exercise not often indulged in by Mrs. Pennycherry.

Mary Jane was standing by the window, her hands folded in front of her, when Mrs. Pennycherry reentered the kitchen. By standing close to the window one caught a glimpse of the trees in Bloomsbury Square, and through their bare branches of the sky beyond.

"There's nothing much to do for the next half-hour till cook comes back. I'll see to the door if you'd like a run out," suggested Mrs. Pennycherry.

"It would be nice," agreed the girl, so soon as she had recovered power of speech; "it's just the time of day I like."

"Don't be longer than the half-hour," added Mrs. Pennycherry.

Forty-eight Bloomsbury Square, assembled after dinner in the drawing room, discussed the stranger with that freedom and frankness characteristic of forty-eight Bloomsbury Square toward the absent.

"Not what I call a smart young man," was the opinion of Augustus Longcord, who was something in the city.

"Thpeaking for mythelf," commented his partner Isidore, "hav'n'th any uthe for the thmart young man. Too many of him ath it ith."

"Must be pretty smart if he's one too many for you," laughed his partner. There was this to be said for the repartee of forty-eight Bloomsbury Square: it was simple of construction and easy of comprehension.

"Well, it made me feel good just looking at him," declared Miss Kite, the highly colored. "It was his clothes, I suppose—made me think of Noah and the ark."

"It would be clothes that would make you think—if anything," drawled the languid Miss Devine. She was a tall, handsome girl, engaged at the moment in futile efforts to recline with elegance and comfort combined upon a horsehair sofa. Miss Kite, by reason of having secured the only easy chair, was unpopular that evening; so that Miss Devine's remark received from the rest of the company more approbation than perhaps it merited.

"Is that intended to be clever, dear, or only rude?" Miss Kite requested to be informed.

"Both," claimed Miss Devine.

"Myself, I must confess," shouted the tall young lady's father, commonly called the Colonel, "I found him a fool."

"I noticed you seemed to be getting on very well together," purred his wife, a plump, smiling little lady.

"Possibly we were," retorted the Colonel; "Fate has accustomed me to the society of fools."

"Isn't it a pity to start quarreling immediately after dinner, you two," suggested their thoughtful daughter from the sofa. "You'll have nothing left to amuse you for the rest of the evening."

"He didn't strike me as a conversationalist," said the lady who was cousin to a baronet; "but he did pass the vegetables before he helped himself. A little thing like that shows breeding."

"Or that he didn't know you, and thought maybe you'd leave him half a spoonful," laughed Augustus the wit.

"What I can't make out about him," shouted the Colonel —— The stranger entered the room.

The Colonel, securing the evening paper, retired into a corner. The highly-colored Kite, reaching down from the mantelpiece a paper fan, held it coyly before her face. Miss Devine sat upright on the horsehair sofa and rearranged her skirts.

"Know anything?" demanded Augustus of the stranger, breaking the somewhat remarkable silence.

The stranger evidently did not understand. It was necessary for Augustus, the witty, to advance further into that odd silence.

"What's going to pull off the Lincoln Handicap? Tell me and I'll go out straight and put my shirt upon it."

"I think you would act unwisely," smiled the stranger, "I am not an authority upon the subject."

"Not! Why, they told me you were Captain Spy, of the Sporting Life, in disguise."

It would have been difficult for a joke to fall more flat. Nobody laughed, though why Mr. Augustus Longcord could not understand, and maybe none of his audience could have told him, for at forty-eight Bloomsbury Square Mr. Augustus Longcord passed as a humorist. The stranger himself appeared unaware that he was being made fun of.

"You have been misinformed," assured him the stranger.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Augustus Longcord.

"It is nothing," replied the stranger in his sweet, low voice, and passed on.

"Well, what about this theatre," demanded Mr. Longcord of his friend and partner; "do you want to go, or don't you?" Mr. Longcord was feeling irritable.

"Got the ticketh — may ath well," thought Isidore.

"D——n stupid piece, I'm told."

"Motht of them thupid, more or leth. Pity to wathte the ticketh," argued Isidore, and the pair went out.

"Are you staying long in London?" asked Miss Kite, raising her practiced eyes toward the stranger.

"Not long," answered the stranger. "At least, I do not know. It depends."

An unusual quiet had invaded the drawing-room of forty-eight Bloomsbury Square, generally noisy with strident voices about this hour. The Colonel remained engrossed in his paper. Mrs. Devine sat with her plump, white hands folded on her lap, whether asleep or not it was impossible to say. The lady who was cousin to a baronet had shifted her chair beneath the gasolier, her eyes bent on her everlasting crochet work. The languid Miss Devine had crossed to the piano, where she sat fingering softly the tuneless keys, her back to the cold, barely-furnished room.

"Sit down," commanded saucily Miss Kite, indicating with her fan the vacant seat beside her. "Tell me about yourself. You interest me." Miss Kite adopted a pretty, authoritative air toward all youthful-looking members of the opposite sex. It harmonized with the peach complexion and the golden hair, and fitted her about as well.

"I am glad of that," answered the stranger, taking the chair suggested. "I so wish to interest you."

"You're a very bold boy." Miss Kite lowered her fan for the purpose of glancing archly over the edge of it, and for the first time encountered the eyes of the stranger looking into hers. And then it was that Miss Kite experienced precisely the same curious sensation that an hour or so ago had troubled Mrs. Pennycherry when the stranger had first bowed to her. It seemed to Miss Kite that she was no longer the Miss Kite that, had she risen and looked into it, the fly-blown cheval glass over the marble mantelpiece would, she knew, have presented to her view: but quite another Miss Kite — a cheerful, bright-eyed lady, verging on middle age, yet still good-looking in spite of her faded complexion and somewhat thin brown locks. Miss Kite felt a pang of jealousy shoot through her; this middle-aged Miss Kite seemed, on the whole, a more attractive lady. There was a wholesomeness, a broad-mindedness about her that instinctively drew one toward her. Not hampered, as Miss Kite herself was, by the necessity of appearing to be somewhere between eighteen and twenty-two, this other Miss Kite could talk sensibly, even brilliantly — one felt it. A thoroughly "nice" woman this other Miss Kite; the real Miss Kite, though envious, was bound to admit it. Miss Kite wished to goodness she had never seen the woman. The glimpse of her had rendered Miss Kite dissatisfied with herself.

"I am not a boy," explained the stranger, "and I had no intention of being bold."

"I know," replied Miss Kite. "It was a silly remark. Whatever induced me to make it I can't think. Getting foolish in my old age, I suppose."

The stranger laughed. "Surely, you are not old."

"I'm thirty-nine," snapped out Miss Kite. "You don't call it young?"

"I think it a beautiful age," insisted the stranger, "young enough not to have lost the strength of youth, old enough to have learned sympathy."

"Oh, I dare say," returned Miss Kite, "any age you'd think beautiful. I'm going to bed." Miss Kite rose. The paper fan had, somehow, got itself broken. She threw the fragments into the fire.

"It is early yet," pleaded the stranger. "I was looking forward to a talk with you."

"Well, you'll be able to look forward to it," retorted Miss Kite. "Good-night."

The truth was, Miss Kite was impatient to have a look at herself in the glass, in her own room, with the door shut. The vision of that other Miss Kite — the clean-looking lady of the pale face and the brown hair — had been so vivid Miss Kite wondered whether temporary forgetfulness might not have fallen upon her while dressing for dinner that evening.

The stranger, left to his own devices, strolled toward the loo-table, seeking something to read.

"You seem to have frightened away Miss Kite," remarked the lady who was cousin to a baronet.

"It seems so," admitted the stranger.

"My cousin, Sir William Bosster," observed the crocheting lady, "who married old Lord Egham's niece — you never met the Eghams?"

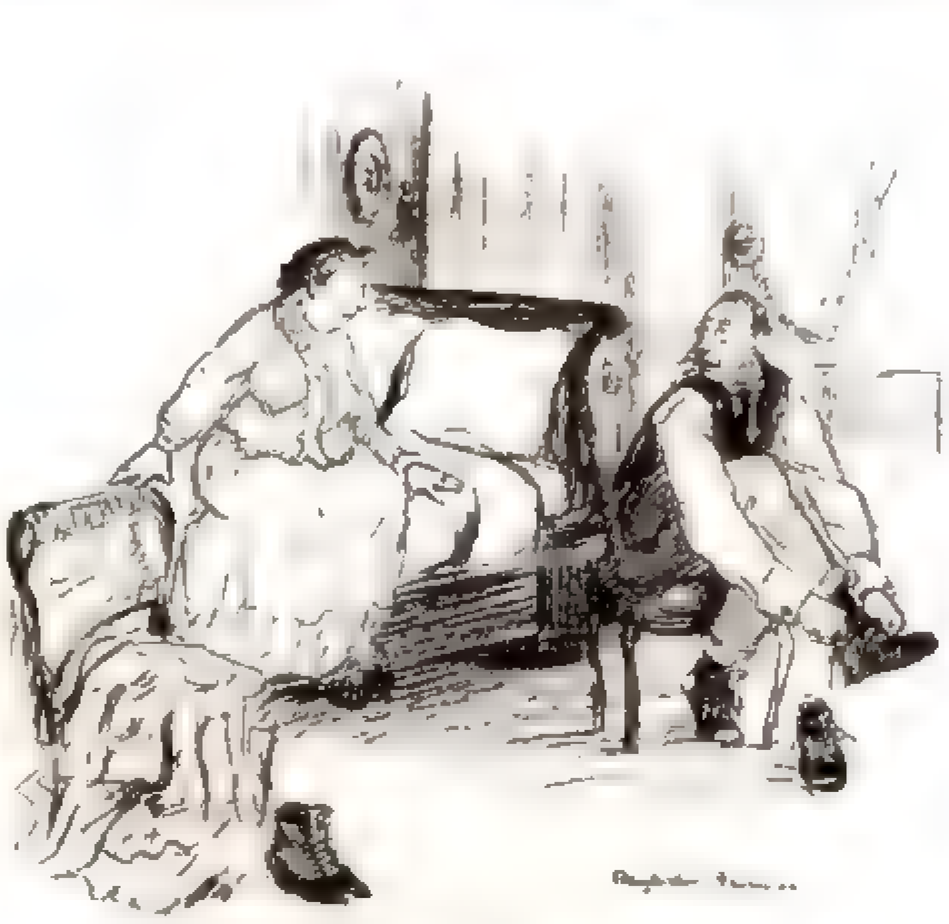
"Hitherto," replied the stranger, "I have not had that pleasure."

"A charming family. Cannot understand — my cousin, Sir William, I mean, cannot understand my remaining here. 'My dear Emily' — he says the same thing every time he sees me — 'My dear Emily, how can you exist among the sort of people one meets with in a boarding-house?' But they amuse me."

"A sense of humor," agreed the stranger, "was always of advantage."

"Our family on my mother's side," continued Sir William's cousin in her placid monotone, "was connected with the Tatton-Joneses, who, when King George the Fourth ——" Sir William's cousin, needing another reel of cotton, glanced up, and met the stranger's gaze.

"I'm sure I don't know why I'm telling you all this," she said in an irritable tone. "It can't possibly interest you."



IN THE PRIVACY OF THEIR OWN APARTMENT THEY CONDOLED WITH ONE ANOTHER

"Everything connected with you interests me," gravely the stranger assured her.

"It is very kind of you to say so," sighed Sir William's cousin, but without conviction. "I am afraid sometimes I bore people."

The polite stranger refrained from contradiction.

"You see," continued the poor lady, "I really am of good family."

"Dear lady," said the stranger, "your gentle face, your gentle voice, your gentle bearing, all proclaim it."

She looked without flinching into the stranger's eyes, and gradually a smile banished the reigning dullness of her features.

"How foolish of me." She spoke rather to herself than to the stranger. "Why, of course, people — people whose opinion is worth troubling about — judge of you by what you are, not by what you go about saying you are."

The stranger remained silent.

"I am the widow of a provincial doctor, with an income of just £230 per annum," she argued. "The sensible thing for me to do is to make the best of it, and to worry myself about those high and mighty relations of mine as little as they have ever worried themselves about me."

The stranger appeared unable to think of anything worth saying.

"I have other connections," remembered Sir William's cousin; "those of my poor husband, to whom, instead of being the 'poor relation,' I could be the fairy god-mamma. They are my people — or would be," added Sir William's cousin tartly, "if I wasn't a vulgar snob."

She flushed the instant she had said the words, and, rising, commenced preparations for a hurried departure.

"Now, it seems I am driving you away," sighed the stranger.

"Having been called a 'vulgar snob'," retorted the lady with some heat, "I think it about time I went."

"The words were your own," the stranger reminded her.

"Whatever I may have thought," remarked the indignant dame, "no lady — least of all, in the presence of a total stranger — would have called herself——" The poor dame paused bewildered. "There is something very curious the matter with me this evening that I cannot understand," she explained. "I seem quite unable to avoid insulting myself."

Still surrounded by bewilderment, she wished the stranger good-night, hoping that when next they met she would be more herself. The stranger, hoping so, also, opened the door and closed it again behind her.

"Tell me," laughed Miss Devine, who, by sheer force of talent, was contriving to wring harmony from the reluctant piano. "How did you manage to do it?"

"How did I do what?" inquired the stranger.

"Contrive to get rid so quickly of those two old frumps?"

"How well you play!" observed the stranger. "I knew you had genius for music the moment I saw you."

"How could you tell?"

"It is written so clearly in your face."

The girl laughed, well pleased. "You seem to have lost no time in studying my face."

"It is a beautiful and interesting face," observed the stranger.

She swung round sharply on the stool and their eyes met.

"You can read faces?"

"Yes."

"Tell me, what else do you read in mine?"

"Frankness, courage, tenderness."

"Ah, yes, all the virtues. Perhaps. We will take them for granted." It was odd how serious the girl had suddenly become. "Tell me the reverse side."

"I see no reverse side," replied the stranger. "I see but a fair girl bursting into noble womanhood."

"And nothing else? You read no trace of greed, of vanity, of sordidness, of——" An angry laugh escaped her lips. "And you are a reader of faces!"

"A reader of faces." The stranger smiled. "Do you know what is written upon yours at this very moment? A love of truth that is almost fierce, scorn of lies, scorn of hypocrisy, the desire for all things pure, contempt of all things that are contemptible — especially of such things as are contemptible in woman. Tell me, do I not read aright?"

I wonder, thought the girl, is that why those two others both hurried from the room? Does every one feel ashamed of the littleness that is in them when looked at by those clear, believing eyes of yours?

The idea occurred to her: "Papa seemed to have a good deal to say to you during dinner. Tell me, what were you talking about?"

"The military-looking gentleman upon my left? We talked about your mother principally."

"I am sorry," returned the girl, wishful now she had not asked the question. "I was hoping he might have chosen another topic for the first evening!"

"He did try one or two," admitted the stranger, "but I have been about the world so little. I was glad when he talked to me about himself. I feel we shall be friends. He spoke so nicely, too, about Mrs. Devine."

"Indeed," commented the girl.

"He told me he had been married for twenty years and had never regretted it but once!"

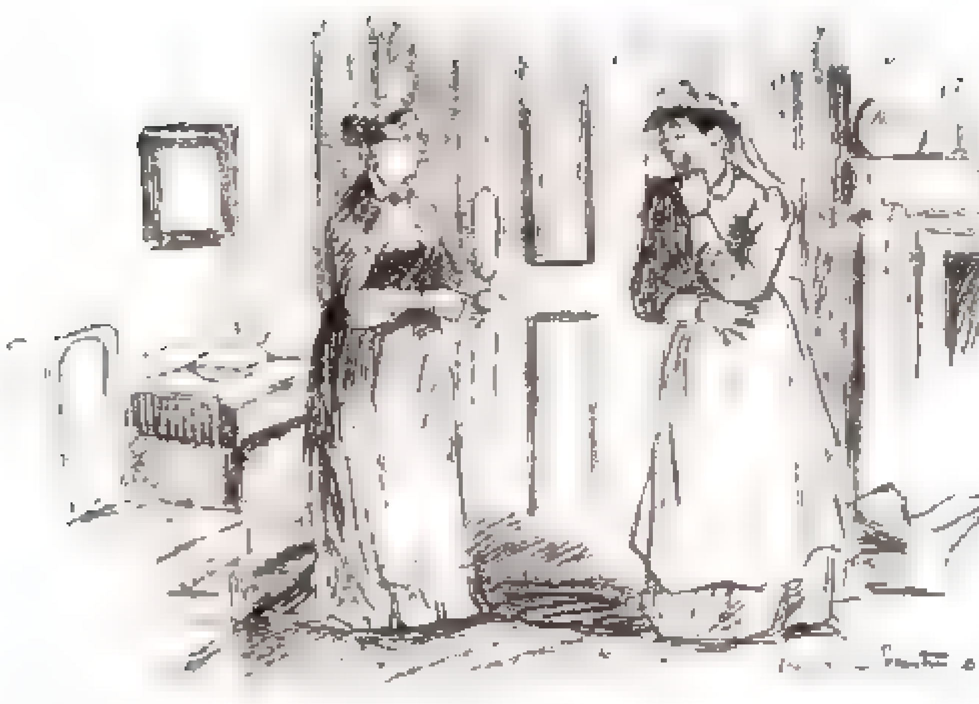
Her black eyes flashed upon him, but, meeting his, the suspicion died from them. She turned aside to hide her smile.

"So he regretted it once?"

"Only once," explained the stranger; "a passing irritable mood. It was so frank of him to admit it. He told me — I think he has taken a liking to me. Indeed, he hinted as much. He said he did not often get an opportunity of talking to a man like myself. He told me that he and your mother, when they travel together, are always mistaken for a honeymoon couple. Some of the experiences he related to me were really quite amusing." The stranger laughed at recollection of them. "That even here, in this place, they are generally referred to as 'Darby and Joan.'"

"Yes," said the girl, "that is true. Mr. Longcord gave them that name the second evening after our arrival. It was considered clever — but rather obvious, I thought myself."

"Nothing, so it seems to me," said the stranger, "is more beautiful than the love that has weathered the storms of



"WHAT ARE YOU GRINNING AT?" DEMANDED MRS. PENNYCHERRY

life. The sweet, tender blossom that flowers in the heart of the young—in hearts such as yours—that, too, is beautiful. The love of the young for the young, that is the beginning of life. But the love of the old for the old, that is the beginning of—of things longer."

"You seem to find all things beautiful," the girl grumbled.

"But are not all things beautiful?" demanded the stranger.

The Colonel had finished his paper. "You two are engaged in a very absorbing conversation," observed the Colonel, approaching them.

"We were discussing Darbies and Joans," explained his daughter. "How beautiful is the love that has weathered the storms of life!"

"Ah!" smiled the Colonel, "that is hardly fair. My friend has been repeating to cynical youth the confessions of an amorous husband's affection for his middle-aged and somewhat——" The Colonel in playful mood laid his hand upon the stranger's shoulder, an action that necessitated his looking straight into the stranger's eyes. The Colonel drew himself up stiffly and turned scarlet.

Somebody was calling the Colonel a cad. Not only that, but was explaining quite clearly, so that the Colonel could see it for himself, why he was a cad.

"That you and your wife lead a cat-and-dog existence is a disgrace to both of you. At least, you might have the decency to try to hide it from the world, not make a jest of your shame to every passing stranger. You are a cad, sir: a cad!"

Who was daring to say these things? Not the stranger: his lips had not moved. Besides, it was not his voice. Indeed, it sounded much more like the voice of the Colonel himself. The Colonel looked from the stranger to his daughter, from his daughter back to the stranger. Clearly, they had not heard the voice—a mere hallucination. The Colonel breathed again.

Yet the impression remaining was not to be shaken off. Undoubtedly it was bad taste to have joked to the stranger upon such a subject. No gentleman would have done so.

But, then, no gentleman would have permitted such a jest to be possible. No gentleman would be forever wrangling with his wife—certainly never in public. However irritating the woman, a gentleman would have exercised self-control.

Mrs. Devine had risen, was coming slowly across the room. Fear laid hold of the Colonel. She was going to address some exasperating remark to him—he could see it in her eye—which would irritate him into savage retort. Even this prize idiot of a stranger would understand why boarding-house wits had dubbed them "Darby and Joan," would grasp the fact that the gallant Colonel had thought it amusing, in conversation with a table acquaintance, to hold his own wife up to ridicule.

"My dear," cried the Colonel, hurrying to speak first, "does not this room strike you as cold? Let me fetch you a shawl."

It was useless: the Colonel felt it. It had been too long the custom of both of them to preface with politeness their deadliest insults to each other. She came on, thinking of a suitable reply: suitable from her point of view, that is. In another moment the truth would be out. A wild, fantastic possibility flashed through the Colonel's brain. If to him, why not to her?

"Letitia," cried the Colonel—and the tone of his voice surprised her into silence—"I want you to look closely at our friend. Does he not remind you of some one? Look hard."

Mrs. Devine, so urged, looked at the stranger long and hard. "Yes," she murmured, turning to her husband, "he does. Who is it?"

"I cannot fix it," replied the Colonel. "I thought that maybe you would remember."

"It will come to me," mused Mrs. Devine. "It is some one—years ago, when I was a girl—in Devonshire. Thank you, if it isn't troubling you, Harry. I left it in the dining-room."

It was, as Mr. Augustus Longcord explained to his partner Isidore, the colossal foolishness of the stranger that was the cause of all the trouble. "Give me a man who can take care of himself—or thinks he can," declared Augustus Longcord, "and I am prepared to give a good account of myself. But when a helpless baby refuses even to look at what you call your figures, tells you that your mere word is sufficient for him, and hands you over his check-book to fill up for yourself—well, it isn't playing the game."

"Auguthuth," was the curt comment of his partner, "you're a fool."

"All right, my boy, you try," suggested Augustus.

"Jutht what I mean to do," asserted his partner.

"Well," demanded Augustus, one evening later, meeting Isidore ascending the stairs after a long talk with the stranger in the dining room with the door shut.

"Oh, don't arth me," retorted Isidore; "thilly ath, thath what he ith."

"What did he say?"

"What did he thay! Talked about the Jewth: what a grand rathe they were—how people mithjudged them: all that thort of rot. Thaid thome of the motht honorable men he had ever met had been Jewth. Thought I wath one of 'em!"

"Well, did you get anything out of him?"

"Get anything out of him! Of courthe not. Couldn't very well thell the whole rathe, ath it were, for a couple of hundred poundth, after that. Didn't theem worth it."

There were many things Bloomsbury Square came gradually to the conclusion were not worth the doing—snatching at the gravy, pouncing out of one's turn upon the vegetables and helping one's self to more than one's fair share; maneuvring for the easy chair; sitting on the evening paper, while pretending not to have seen it—all suchlike tiresome bits of business. For the little one made out of it, really, it was not worth the bother. Grumbling everlastingly at one's food; grumbling everlastingly at most things; abusing Pennycherry behind her back; abusing, for a change, one's fellow-boarders; squabbling with one's fellow-boarders about nothing in particular; sneering at one's fellow-boarders; talking scandal of one's fellow-boarders; making senseless jokes about one's fellow-boarders; talking big about one's self, nobody believing one—all suchlike vulgarities. Other boarding houses might indulge in them; forty-eight Bloomsbury Square had its dignity to consider.

The truth is, forty-eight Bloomsbury Square was coming to a very good opinion of itself; for the which not Bloomsbury Square so much as the stranger must be blamed. The stranger had arrived at forty-eight Bloomsbury Square with the preconceived idea—where obtained from Heaven knows—that its seemingly commonplace, mean minded, coarse-fibred occupants were in reality ladies and gentlemen of the first water; and time and observation had apparently only strengthened this absurd idea. The natural result was, forty-eight Bloomsbury Square was coming round to the stranger's opinion of itself.

Mrs. Pennycherry the stranger would persist in regarding as a lady born and bred, compelled by circumstances over which she had no control to fill an arduous but honorable position in middle-class society—a sort of foster mother, to whom was due the thanks and gratitude of her promiscuous family; and this view of herself Mrs. Pennycherry now clung to with obstinate conviction. There were disadvantages attaching, but these Mrs. Pennycherry appeared prepared to suffer cheerfully. A lady born and bred cannot charge other ladies and gentlemen for coals and candles they have never burned; a foster mother cannot palm off upon her children New Zealand mutton for Southdown. A mere lodging-house keeper can play these tricks and pocket the profits. But a lady feels she cannot: Mrs. Pennycherry felt she could not.

To the stranger Miss Kite was a witty and delightful conversationalist of most attractive personality. Miss Kite had one failing: it was lack of vanity. She was unaware of her own delicate and refined beauty. If Miss Kite could only see herself with his, the stranger's, eyes, the modesty that rendered her distrustful of her natural charms would fall from her. The stranger was so sure of it Miss Kite determined to put it to the test. One evening, an hour before dinner, there entered the drawing-room, when the stranger only was there, and before the gas was lighted, a pleasant, good-looking lady, somewhat pale, with neatly-arranged brown hair, who demanded of the stranger if he knew her. All her body was trembling, and her voice seemed inclined to run away from her and become a sob. But when the stranger, looking straight into her eyes, told her that from the likeness he thought she must be Miss Kite's younger sister, but much prettier, it became a laugh instead; and that evening the golden-haired Miss Kite disappeared, never to show her highly-colored face again; and what, perhaps, more than all else, might have impressed some former habitué of forty-eight Bloomsbury Square with awe was that no one in the house made even a passing inquiry concerning her.

Sir William's cousin the stranger thought an acquisition to any boarding-house. A lady of high-class family, there was nothing outward or visible, perhaps, to tell you that she was of high-class family. She herself, naturally, would not mention the fact, yet somehow you felt it. Unconsciously, she set a high-class tone, diffused an atmosphere of gentle manners. Not that the stranger had said this in so many words: Sir William's cousin gathered that he thought it, and felt herself in agreement with him.

For Mr. Longcord and his partner, as representatives of the best type of business men, the stranger had a great respect: with what unfortunate results to themselves has been noted. The curious thing is that the firm appeared content with the price they had paid for the stranger's good opinion—had even, it was rumored, acquired a taste for honest men's respect that in the long run was likely to cost them dear. But we all have our pet extravagances.

The Colonel and Mrs. Devine both suffered a good deal at first from the necessity imposed upon them of learning, somewhat late in life, new tricks. In the privacy of their own apartment they condoled with one another.

"Tomfool nonsense," grumbled the Colonel, "you and I starting billing and cooing at our age!"

"What I object to," said Mrs. Devine, "is the feeling that somehow I am being made to do it."

"The idea that a man and his wife cannot have their little joke together for fear of what some impertinent jackanapes may think of them; it's ridiculous!" the Colonel exploded.

"Even when he isn't there," said Mrs. Devine, "I seem to see him looking at me with those vexing eyes of his. Really, the man quite haunts me."

"I have met him somewhere," mused the Colonel; "I'll swear I've met him somewhere. I wish to goodness he would go."

A hundred things a day the Colonel wanted to say to Mrs. Devine, a hundred things a day Mrs. Devine would have liked to observe to the Colonel. But by the time the opportunity occurred—when nobody else was by to hear—all interest in saying them was gone.

"Women will be women," was the sentiment with which the Colonel consoled himself. "A man must bear with them—must never forget that he is a gentleman."

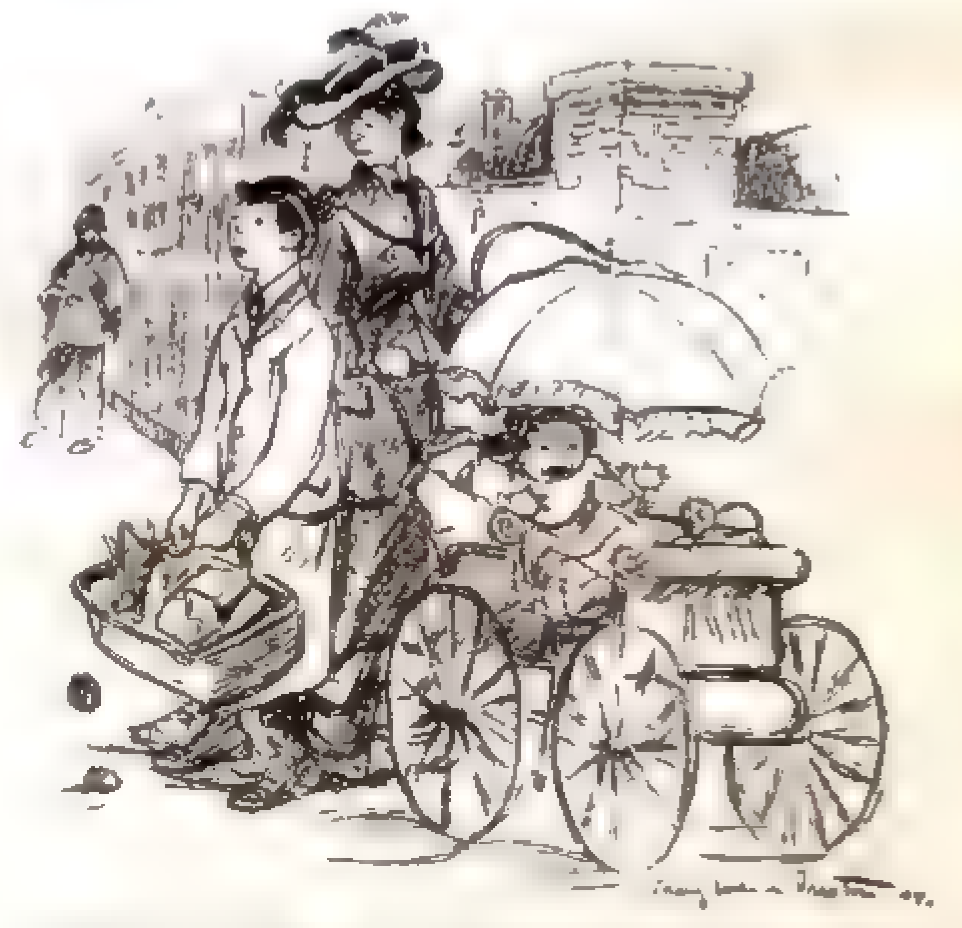
"Oh, well, I suppose they're all alike," laughed Mrs. Devine to herself, having arrived at that stage of despair when one seeks refuge in cheerfulness. "What's the use of putting one's self out—it does no good, and only upsets one."

There is a certain satisfaction in feeling you are bearing with heroic resignation the irritating follies of others. Colonel and Mrs. Devine came to enjoy the luxury of much self approbation.

But the person seriously annoyed by the stranger's bigoted belief in the innate goodness of every one he came across was the languid, handsome Miss Devine. The stranger would have it that Miss Devine was a double-souled, high-minded young woman, something midway between a *Flora Macdonald* and a Joan of Arc. Miss Devine, on the contrary, knew herself to be a sleek, luxury-loving animal, quite willing to sell herself to the bidder who could offer her the finest clothes, the richest foods, the most sumptuous surroundings. Such a bidder was to hand in the person of a retired bookmaker, a somewhat greasy old gentleman, but exceedingly rich and undoubtedly fond.

Miss Devine, having made up her mind that the thing had got to be done, was anxious that it should be done quickly. And here it was that the stranger's ridiculous opinion of her not only irritated but inconvenienced her. Under the very eyes of a person—however foolish—convinced you are possessed of all the highest attributes of your sex it is difficult to behave as though actuated by only the basest motives. A dozen times had Miss Devine determined to end the matter by formal acceptance of her elderly admirer's large and flabby hand; and a dozen times—the vision intervening of the stranger's grave, believing eyes—had Miss Devine refused

(Concluded on Page 30)



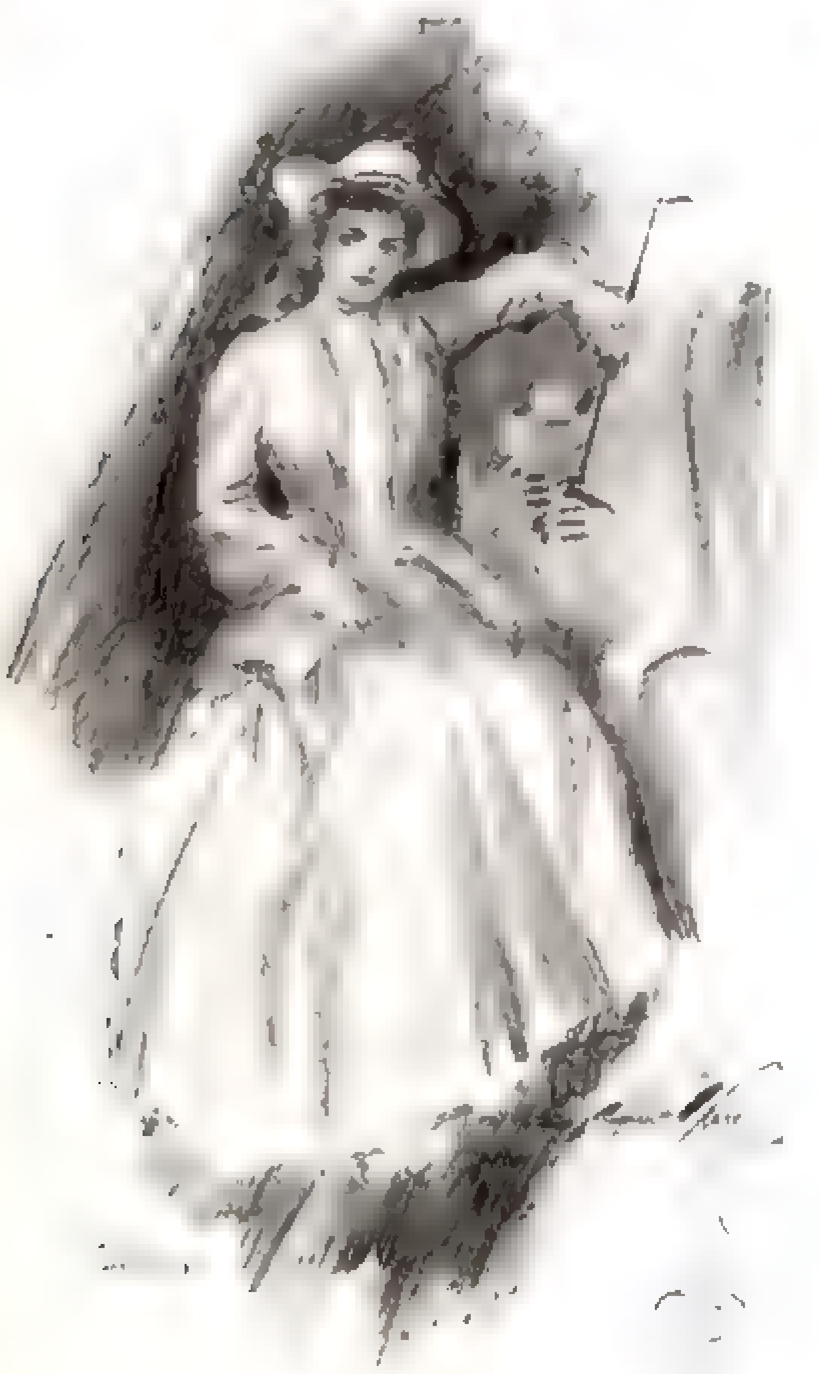
STEPPED BACKWARD ON TO THE TOES OF A VOLUBLE YOUNG LADY WHEELING A PERAMBULATOR

ROSE OF THE WORLD

By Agnes and Egerton Castle

Authors of The Secret Orchard, The Bath Comedy, The Star Dreamer, Incomparable Bellairs, etc.

Copyright, 1904, by Egerton Castle   Copyright in Great Britain



WHEN ASPASIA RETURNED FROM HER RIDE SHE FOUND HER AUNT SEEMINGLY IN THE SAME ATTITUDE

CHAPTER VII

IF SLEEP came at all to Rosamond that night it came with no refreshment of forgetfulness, but rather with an increase of inner struggle. Hour merged into hour until even the noisy Indian town fell into some kind of silence; but the voices in her troubled soul ceased not their clamor.

Why should she be made to do this thing, she who had asked so little of life, who had, indeed, deliberately fashioned life for herself so that it should give her but one boon—quietude? Her pulses throbbed as if with that fever which the solicitous husband had prognosticated. How dared they?

Then Reason took the cold, gray eye, the cold, reproachful tone of Major Bethune, to ask her: Had she the right to refuse? And Fate seemed to assume the kindly, handsome, smiling countenance of Sir Arthur, to assure her that it must be. Who knew as well as she that it was vain to struggle against any fiat of his? And then, once more, every fibre of her being, every energy of her soul started in revolt.

The tom-tom beat below in the town a mocking refrain to her anguish; and, without the walls, the pariah dogs howled and fought, snarling, and wrangled, growling. She slid into snatches of horrid slumber, in which the contending elements in her soul seemed to take tangible form. But with the dawn a change came upon her. She awoke from one of these interludes in which she had, after all, glided to unconsciousness; the tension had become relaxed; there was one clear purpose in her mind.

She would not do it!

Reason now no longer appeared under an enemy's shape, but came like a friend to her pillow and whispered words of soothing. They had no right to ask it of her. No power on earth could force her to it. All that the world had the claim to know about Harry English, his comrades, his friend, those who had been beside him in his glorious fight against destiny, could give to it. What concerned the man, apart from the soldier, what concerned that inner life, had been hers alone. What sense of justice could there be in the demand that she should break through the deliberate seal of years, stultify the intention of a whole existence, at the bidding of an overbearing young man, of a pragmatic old one? Once, for a little while, life had held for her mysterious possibilities—sweet, but no more unfolded than the bud in the narrow sheath. Was she now to tear apart these reserves, close folded, leaf upon leaf, dissect the "might-have-been" till her heart's blood ran? No, a hundred times! And then, upon the strength of this decision, the habitual, long-cultivated calmness came floating back to her. She lay and gazed at the shafts of light as they filtered in through the blinds and fell in crosses and bars upon the marble floor. From their first inroad, when they had seemed but the laying of shadow upon shadow, to the awakening of color in and under them, she watched them with wide-open yet dreamy eyes.

All the night she had battled with the nightmare horror. Now, with the dawn, came peace: not the peace of acceptance, but cessation of feeling. She mused and pleasured her mind on the mere feast of sight, as, bit by bit, in the familiar places, the tints of her wonderful missal-page room returned to existence for her eye; here the turquoise-blue inlay, with its cool stripe of black and white, there a lance of rose-crimson on the tessellated wall, glowing like the dawn itself amid the surrounding gloom. Across the light shafts of the garden window there was a dance of flickering leaf shadows. And this greenness set her mind wandering, not in the over-luxuriant, untranquil, full-blossomed Indian garden, but into cool, dim, English spaces—into some home wood where harebells grew sparsely and the dew glittered gray on bramble brake and hollow, where last year's leaves lay thick, and all the air was full of the scent of the honest, clean, wholesome soil of England.

And as she dreamed her placid waking dream, morning life in the Governor's palace began to stir about her. Already from the town below the too brief hour of stillness had been some time broken. But these outlandish sounds—the cry of the water-carriers and camel drivers, the jingle of cowbells, the blast of the shepherd's horn, the brazen gong of the temple—had not really broken in upon her thoughts: they had formed rather a background, vague and distant, haunting the sweetness of her far wanderings.

Now, however, as the house itself became awake, creepingly, with slinking feet, she called upon sleep again for fear once more of what the day would bring her.

One came and bent over her, holding his breath; and she feigned unconsciousness. And then she heard him withdraw on exaggerated tiptoe. And next entered the ayah with her tea—Jani, the ayah, who flung wide the windows on the garden side.

Early as it was the lilies were throwing up incense to the rising sun-god: it gushed into the room as upon the swing of a censer; and, turning her languid eyes, Rosamond saw how, in the fresh little breeze, the great green banana leaves waved to and fro across her window against a sky of quivering silver.

When Jani returned to the bed Rosamond handed her the empty cup with a smile. But as Jani took it she looked at her mistress keenly; and, after a second or two, stretched out a stealthy hand and touched the forehead under the masses of golden hair, still heavy from the night sweat. The fair brow was cool enough—there was no trace of the ever-dreaded fever in the encircled eyes or on the smooth, white face; only the weariness of a long night-watch. But Jani shook her head to herself as she withdrew with her tray; and, meeting Miss Aspasia at the door, she was all for forbidding her entrance. But that young lady was not of those who are turned from their path.

"Don't be a goose, Jani!" cried she briskly. "If you can see Aunt Rosamond why should not I?" She ducked nimbly under the white-draped forbidding arm as she spoke. "And she is not a bit asleep; her eyes are as wide awake as anything."

Too strainedly awake, one more versed in the reading of the human countenance might well have deemed. But the last thing Aspasia sought in life was its subtlety. Rosy and fresh from her bath, her crisp hair crinkled into tighter curls than ever and still beaded here and there with the spray of her energetic ablutions, as she stood in the square of green light, wrapping her pink cambric dressing-gown tightly round her pretty figure, she was as pleasant to look upon as an English daisy. Lady Gerardine smiled more brightly.

"It's a glorious morning, Aunt Rosamond. Are not you going to ride?"

"Not this morning."

"Aren't you well?"

Aspasia sat down on the side of the bed and took her aunt's hands into her firm grasp. There was a conscience-stricken anxiety in the girl's eyes.

"Quite well; but I slept badly."

Baby felt the beat of a slow pulse under her fingers. Relieved, but still weighted with a sense of guilt, she bent to kiss the face on the pillow. Lady Gerardine turned her cheek with that tolerant submission to caress that she was wont to display. Then she drew her hands away and gently pushed Aspasia from her.

"Go and dress, you will be late. And tell your uncle that I am trying to sleep."

Still Aspasia hesitated. She would have liked to confess her last night's treachery and be forgiven. But Lady Gerardine, who was never a very approachable person, seemed this morning more distant than ever. And catching sight of the dancing leaves outside, the girl felt the joy of the young day suddenly seize her spirit. She shuffled gayly across the room in her heelless slippers.

"I'll tell Runkle you're sound asleep and he must not disturb you," she announced with cheerful mendacity, "otherwise you'll have him prowling in and thrusting that thermometer down your throat."

Lady Gerardine laughed a little, but made no protest. That thermometer!

Then she turned her head and fell to watching the garden window again, glad when across the open spaces she heard at last the crisp, repeated rhythm of the horses' feet draw close and ring sharp, as the cavalcade moved up the road by the garden walls, and drop away in the distance.

When Aspasia returned from her ride she found her aunt seemingly in the same attitude; the long, white hands folded, she could have sworn, exactly as she had last seen them, the deep-dreaming eyes still gazing out of the window.

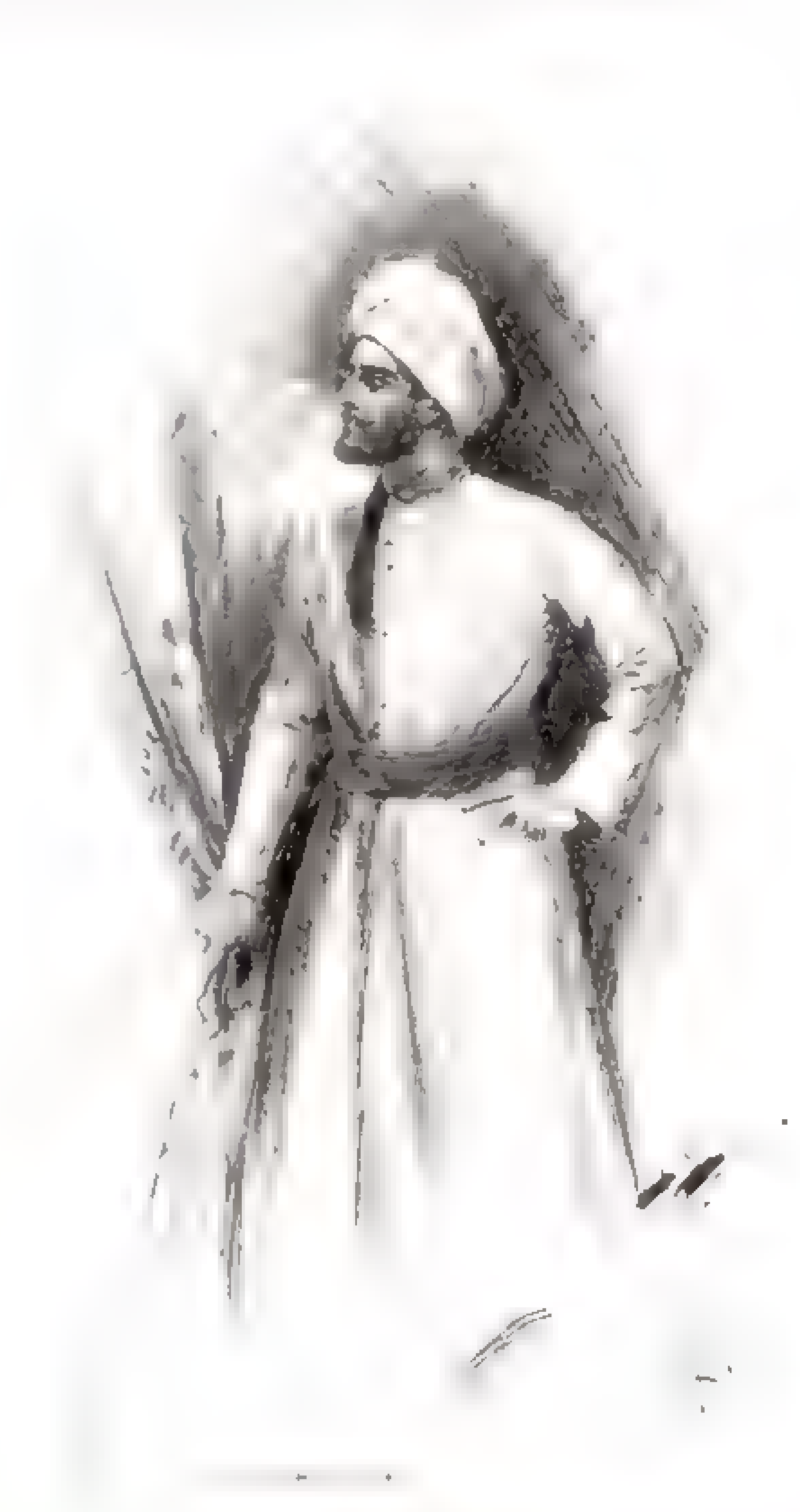
"I declare," cried the girl, "you lazy thing!" but there was still a shade of uneasiness in her voice and in her glance. "Are not you ashamed of yourself?"

"Not at all," said Rosamond; "I've had a very happy time. And you?"

"Hot, hot," said Aspasia, flinging her Panama hat across the room and rubbing her forehead. Her cheeks had grown pale, and there were moist, dark rings around her eyes.

"I have had the better part, I think," said Lady Gerardine.

"Not you," said Baby, as she dumped her solid weight on her favorite corner of the bed. "It's been delightful, delicious. I've never enjoyed a ride so much." Her bright hazel gaze misted over in remembrance. "Oh, dear," said she, "how can you lie there! You're quite young, Aunt Rosamond, but I think your idea of happiness is like a cat's. You just like to sit still and blink and think. And even the cats romp about—at night," she added parenthetically.



"HE STOOD LIKE A STOCK, AND I SQUEAKED IN MY USUAL WAY. AND THEN HE SMILED"

"Oh, I don't even think, or care to think much," said the other in that indulgent, half-playful manner which she reserved for her niece, to whom she talked more as if she were five years old than eighteen. "While you were out I let my soul swing on that great green leaf over there by the window. Do you see it, Baby? It is beginning to catch a ray of sunlight now, and shines like a golden emerald."

"Gracious!" cried the girl.

"I think it is partly," said Rosamond, pursuing her own thoughts, "because of this vivid, passionate land, where every one lives so intensely. No wonder, poor things, their ideal of complete happiness over here is Nirvana. I am glad, Baby, that we shall soon be in our placid England again, where people go from the cradle to the grave, quietly as along a gray road green-hedged, from a cottage gate to a sleeping churchyard."

"I am glad, too, we are going to England," cried Aspasia, catching up one phrase of her aunt's speech and neglecting the main idea. "I met Major Bethune this morning," she said, half-bashful, half defiant, "and he's going home on leave, too."

Lady Gerardine's eyelids drooped, just enough to veil her glance. She lay quite still, without even a contraction of the fingers that rested upon the sheet. Baby peeped at her in a sidelong, birdlike way, and felt inexplicably uncomfortable. She babbled on, stumbling over her words.

"He was riding such a brute of a horse, and sat it like a centaur—or whatever you call the thing. You never saw such an eye as the creature had; one of those raw chestnuts, you know, with a neck that goes up in the air and seems to hang loose. And he sat just with the grip of his knees, you know. He is as thin as—as—" Simile was not Aspasia's strong point; she broke off. "You are not listening to a word I am saying." She swung her legs pettishly in the short linen habit.

"I heard," said Rosamond, without lifting her eyes. "I heard very well."

"I'll go and take a bath," said Aspasia, sliding off the bed, and pausing for the expected protest. Aspasia's habit of plunging into water four or five times a day was a matter of perpetual household objurgation.

"Yes—I'm simply made of dust!" She moved toward the door. Still her aunt lay fair and white and still—it seemed to the girl, scarcely even breathing.

"Do you know, Runkle's new secretary has come. The famous new Indian secretary—the pure native spring, you know," she cried, with a childish effort at dispelling that uncanny supineness. "He gave me an awful fright."

The long drooped lids flickered with a swift upward look of unseeing pupils.

"Fright! Why?"

"Oh! I don't know. It was fearfully silly of me. As I was coming along your passage, just now, I saw a hand hold back the curtain for me. I thought it was that Simpson. And as I bounced through I nearly fell into his arms—and found it was a black man—ugh! The famous new secretary, in fact. He stood like a stock, and I squeaked in my usual way. And then he smiled. I don't like Indians much, but that's a fine, handsome fellow. Looks like a Sikh—I'm boring you. I'm off. Lord, here's Runkle! Runkle, I'm going to have a bath."

She turned with gusto to fling her little glove of defiance afresh in the newcomer's face—and this time was not disappointed of the effect.

"My dear Aspasia!"

"Only number two!"

"It's not that you've not been warned."

The wrangle of words rose in the air, to end in the inevitable mutual iterations: "Don't say you've not been warned, my dear Aspasia," and "Don't care, Runkle; I'm going to have a bath."

"I am afraid Aunt Rosamond's not well," was Aspasia's somewhat spiteful parting shot as she slipped out behind the door hangings.

"Not well!"

With his short, quick step Sir Arthur came to the bedside.

"Would you mind," said his wife, "getting Jani to pull the blinds again; the light is growing too strong?"

She wanted the shadows about her, for the struggle was coming, and she felt in her heart that she was doomed to lose. Sir Arthur attended to the detail himself, then hurried back.

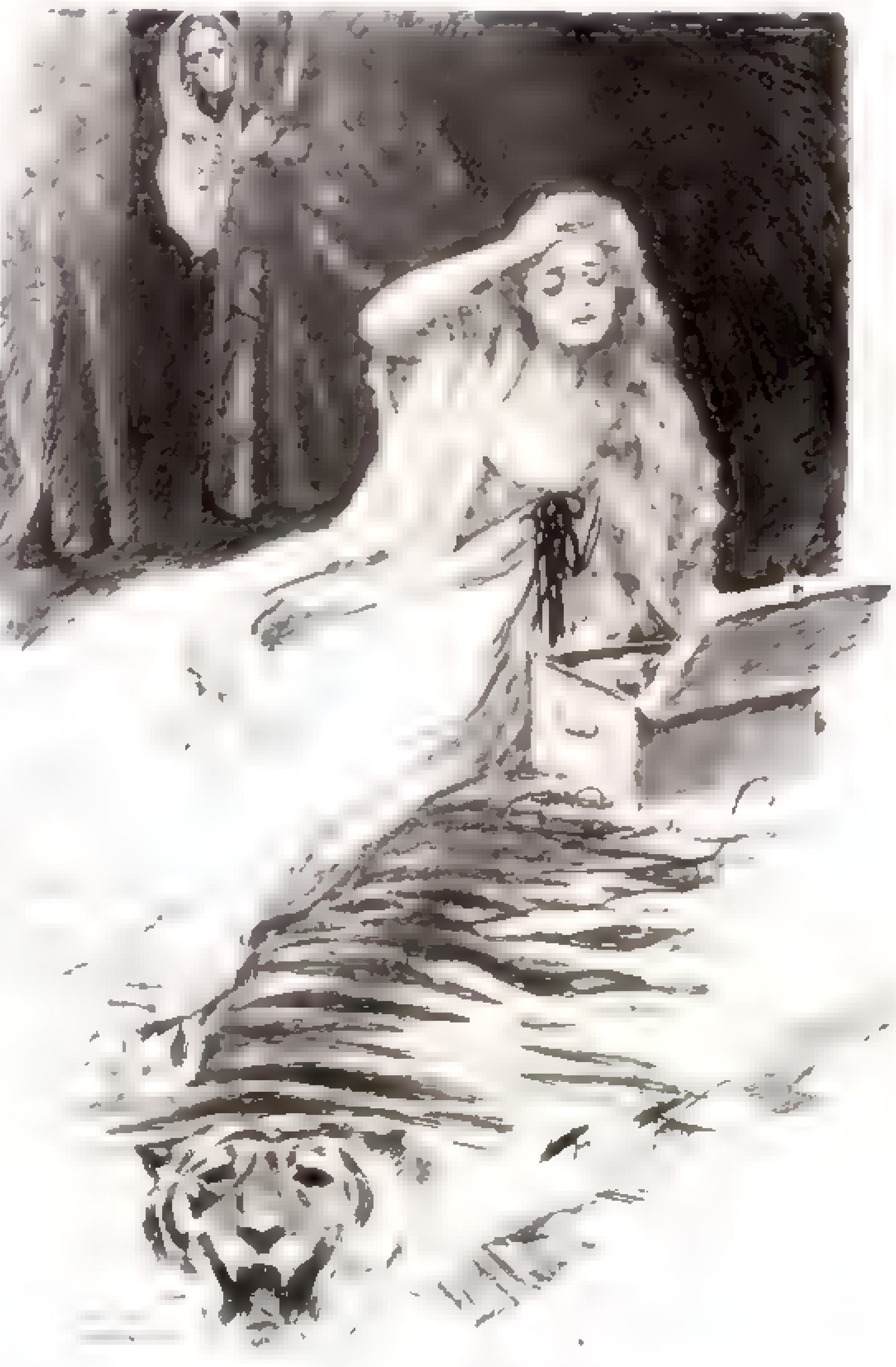
"Fever? No." Even he could scarcely insist upon this with his stubby finger upon that pulse—the pulse of a life that found itself just now an infinite fatigue. "Below par! I wish, dear, you would for once pay some attention to what I say. It is not that I have any desire to find fault with you, my love, but how many times must I represent to you that it is important to get the early freshness of the day in this climate, and take your rest later?"

"Yes," said Rosamond.

She lay waiting for the dreaded blow to fall. It was not long delayed.

"It is high time, indeed, that we should all have a change," pursued the Lieutenant Governor.

He still held her hand in his and looked down complacently to see how white it lay, in the shaded room, upon his broad palm: how slight a thing, how delicately shaped, with taper fingers and filbert nails. The great man had chosen her in the zenith of his life and success because of her beauty. She had little birth to boast of, and no fortune. But it pleased him at every turn to trace in her those points which are popularly supposed to belong only to the patrician.



A COMMON, BATTERED TIN BOX
BUT IT HELD TRAGEDY—MORE THAN TRAGEDY

"It is high time," said Sir Arthur, turning the passive hand to gaze at a palm no deeper tinted than is the pale blush of mother-of-pearl, "that we should get back to England for a while. And, by the way, that young man Bethune of the Guides, poor English's friend—you know, my love—has dear Aspasia told you? We met him this morning; he is also going to travel home very shortly."

"So Aspasia told me."

"I have advised him to wait for our boat. A good plan, don't you think? We could be talking over that biography together—*pour passer le temps*—eh, my dear?"

"*Pour passer le temps.*"

"Yes. I informed Major—ah—Bethune that you had some idea about preferring to do this little matter yourself. As I said to Bethune: 'I am willing to undertake it for her; but in this she must be free—quite free.'" He paused upon the generous concession. Her lips moved.

"What did you say?" he asked.

She had but repeated, in the former mechanical manner, "Quite free." Now, however, she altered her phrase. Through all the clamor of the inner storm there had pierced the consciousness of his irritable self esteem on the verge of offense.

"Thank you," said she.

"I am particularly anxious," resumed Sir Arthur, squaring his fine shoulders and inflating his deep chest, "that there should be no hitch in this affair. It would ill become me, as I said to Bethune, me of all men, to place any difficulty in the way of a memorial to poor English. I am sure you understand me in this, my love!"

He bent his handsome gray head and kissed her hand with a conscious old-world grace. The sentiment he was delicately endeavoring to convey was truly a little difficult to put into definite language; and Sir Arthur had too much tact to attempt it. It might be transcribed thus: "If that excellent young man, your first husband, had not so obligingly left the world I should not be standing in this present satisfactory position with regard to yourself." And if he were grateful to Captain English, how much more so ought she—Lady Gerardine—to be on the same account? He was a little shocked that she should not have shown more alacrity to do justice to the worthy fellow's memory.

"Well, my dear," said Sir Arthur jocosely, after a pause, "I must not waste much more time in this flirtation. I have a busy morning before me—a very busy morning." He drew a long breath, to end up with a satisfied sigh. "And by the way, my new secretary has come. A capable fellow he seems. Quite extraordinarily well educated. Speaks English perfectly. Caste business will be a bit of a nuisance, of course. Will have to feed apart, and all that nonsense. Strange creatures, are not they? But he's worth it. Well, we shall see you at tiffin."

The observation was an order and Rosamond assented to it as such. Short of actual illness, when the precautions surrounding her would have been of the most minute, not to say wearisome, nature, the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor was expected to fulfill the duties of her state of life to the last detail.

"And it's quite settled," added Sir Arthur lightly, "that you intend to supply the material Bethune requires yourself."

She sat up in bed, with a sudden fierce movement, and, catching her head in her hands, turned a white, desperate face upon him.

"Yes, yes," she cried, "oh, God, yes!"

Sir Arthur was amazed—so much so, indeed, that, even as last night, amazement superseded his very natural vexation.

"Why, Rosamond! Really, my love—I am afraid, my love, that Aspasia is right—that you are not well. This is the second time in twenty-four hours that you have answered me in this—in really, what I may call—quite with temper, in fact. I'm afraid, dear, that you cannot be well. I shall certainly request Saunders to look in this evening."

Lady Gerardine fell back upon her pillow and then, lifting the heavy mass of her hair, swept it across her face like a sheltering wing, as if, even in the dim room, she could not endure the gaze of human eyes upon her. Sir Arthur, for all his science of life, could not but own to himself that he was nonplused. He shrugged his shoulders. Fortunately, sensible men were not expected to understand the whims of the charming but irresponsible sex. Rosamond was evidently *not* the thing, and therefore was to be indulgently excused—in spite of which philosophic conclusion his attitude toward his secretaries and other subordinates that morning was marked with unwonted asperity.

"Something's turned our seraphic old ass a trifle sour," Mr. George Murray remarked to his junior with a grin.

Under the veil of her hair Rosamond would have called, if she could, on all the shades of the world to come and cover her; would have gladly sunk under them, away from the light of life and the pain of living, somewhere where all would be dark and all quiet, where she might be forgotten—and allowed to forget.

CHAPTER VIII

"JANI," said her mistress, "bring me Captain English's box!"

The ayah stared as if she could not have heard aright. There followed a strange, oppressive silence, in which the lapping of the waters in the inner marble spaces seemed to take whispering voices of amazement. Then Lady Gerardine, standing straight and impassive by her dressing-table, her head just turned aside from the reflection of her own beauty, repeated her order in the same hard, uninflected tone.

"Captain English's box; bring it to me."

Jani looked sharply up at the speaker's face and clapped her hands together with the wail of the children of her race when sudden trouble comes upon them.

"Ai, ai!"

"Go," said Lady Gerardine.

Grudgingly Jani turned to obey. She went, muttering to herself, groping in her soul for the reason of this strange and most unexpected order—an order so out of keeping with the whole tenor of her mistress' life that it rang in her ears like a menace of calamity.

It was a small thing enough, a common, battered tin box, to rank with such importance. But it held tragedy—more than tragedy: a woman's murdered youth. Well did Jani remember the day it had come back to the little home up in

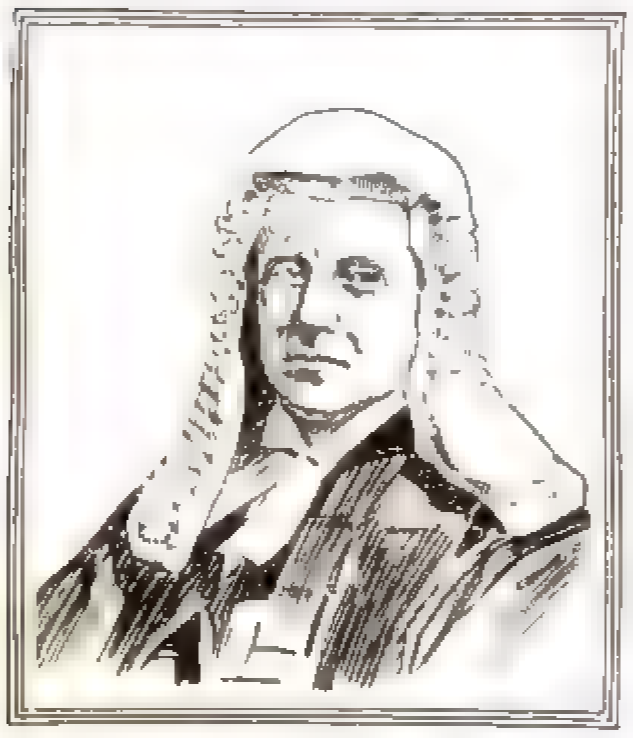
(Continued on Page 40)

A TRAVESTY OF JUSTICE

The Story of Fifteen Lost Years

By Florence Elizabeth Maybrick

Copyright, 1904, by The Curtis [illegible]

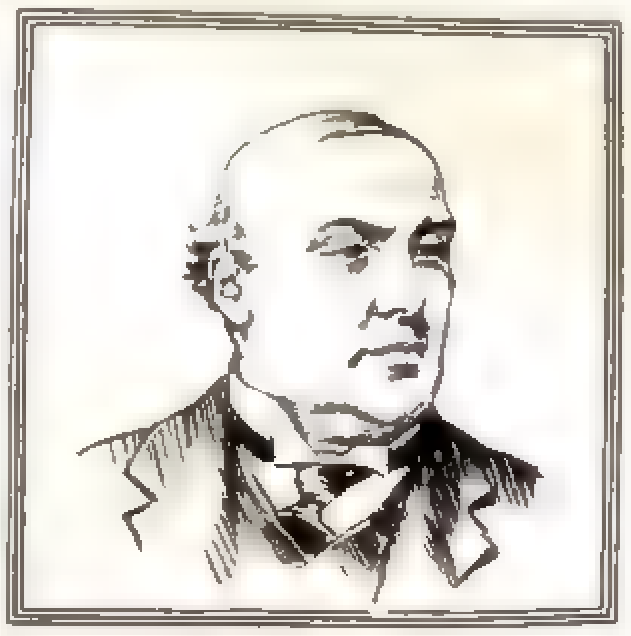

MR. W. C. PICKFORD, K. C.

On the thirty-first of July I was to be tried. Immediately after nine o'clock on that day that part of the building open to the general public was filled by a well-dressed audience, including many of my one-time friends. During all the days of my trial, I am told, Liverpool society fought for tickets. Ladies were attired as for a matinée, and brought their luncheons that they might retain their seats. Many of them carried opera-glasses, which they did not hesitate to level at me. The Earl of Sefton occupied a seat on the bench with the judge, and among the audience were many public and city men and judicial officers. The press, for two months, supplied nourishment in the form of the most sensational stories about me, to feed the morbid appetite of the public. The excitement ran so high that the Liverpool crowds even hissed me as I passed through the streets. It was a mockery of justice to hold such a trial at such a place as Liverpool, at such a time, by a common jury; and it was a mockery of common-sense to expect that any Liverpool common jury could, when they got into the jury-box, dismiss from their minds all they had heard and seen. In a letter which I wrote to my mother when in Walton Jail, on the twenty-eighth of June, about a month before the trial, I said: "I sincerely hope Messrs. Cleaver will arrange for my trial to take place in London. I shall receive an impartial verdict there, which I cannot expect from a jury in Liverpool, whose minds will virtually be made up before any evidence is heard." Owing, however, to a lack of funds this hope was not realized

I was at this time alone, utterly forsaken, and the only persons to whom I could look for protection and advice were my lawyers, Messrs. Cleaver.

My husband's brothers, Michael and Thomas Maybrick, were his "universal legatees," but they refused to provide for the costs of my defense, although by the will of my husband I was entitled to a life interest in the estate, which, after my conviction, I transferred to my children.

At half-past eight on the morning of the thirty-first of July a black van was driven up to the side door, in the fore part of which were already confined the male prisoners awaiting trial. I was placed in the rear, a wardress stepped in, the door was shut, and I felt as if I were already buried. A crowd witnessed my departure from Walton Jail, and a larger one assembled outside St George's Hall. But I was conducted into the building without attracting attention.


JUDGE ADDISON

At ten o'clock I heard a blast of trumpets that heralded the judge's entrance into court. Shortly after my name was called, and, accompanied by a male and a female warder, I ascended slowly the stone staircase from the cells leading to the dock. I was calm and collected in manner, although aware of the gravity of my position. But the consciousness of innocence and a strong faith in Divine support made me confident that strength would be given me to endure the awful ordeal before me.

In answer to the clerk of arraigns, who read the charge against me of "feloniously and willfully murdering my husband, James Maybrick," I answered "Not guilty." It is customary in criminal courts in England to compel a prisoner to stand in the dock during the whole trial, but I was provided with a seat by recommendation of the prison doctor.

The counsel engaged in the case were Mr. Addison, Q. C., M. P. (now judge at the Southwark County Court), Mr. McConnell and Mr. Swift, for the prosecution; Sir Charles Russell, assisted by Mr. Pickford and Messrs. Cleaver, for the defense.

When the trial began there was a strong feeling against me, but as it proceeded, and the fact was made clear that Mr Maybrick had long been addicted to taking large quantities of arsenic, coupled with the evidence, to quote Sir Charles Russell, (1) that there was no proof of arsenical poisoning, (2) no proof that arsenic was administered to him by me, the prejudice against me gradually changed, until at the close of the trial there was a complete revulsion of sentiment, and my acquittal was confidently expected.

When the jury retired to consider their verdict I was taken below, and here my solicitor came to speak to me; but the tension of mind was so great I do not recall one word that he spoke

After what seemed to me an age, but was in reality only thirty-eight minutes, the jury returned into court and took their places in the jury-box. I was recalled to the dock. When I stood up to hear the verdict I had an intuition that it was unfavorable. Every one looked away from me, and there was a stillness in court that could be felt. Then the clerk of arraigns arose and said:

"Have you agreed upon the verdict, gentlemen?"

"We have."

"And do you find the prisoner guilty of the murder of James Maybrick, or not guilty?"

The Foreman: "Guilty."

A prolonged "Ah," strangely like the sighing of wind through a forest, sounded through the court. I reeled as if struck a blow, and sank down upon a chair. The clerk of arraigns then turned to me and said:

"Florence Elizabeth Maybrick, you have been found guilty of willful murder. Have you anything to say why the court should not pronounce sentence upon you according to the law?"

I arose, and with a prayer for strength I clasped the rail of the dock in front of me and said in a low voice, but with firmness: "My Lord, everything has been against me; I am not guilty of this crime."

These were the last words which the law permitted me to speak. Mr. Justice Stephen then assumed the full dress of the criminal judge—the black cap—and pronounced the sentence of the court in these words

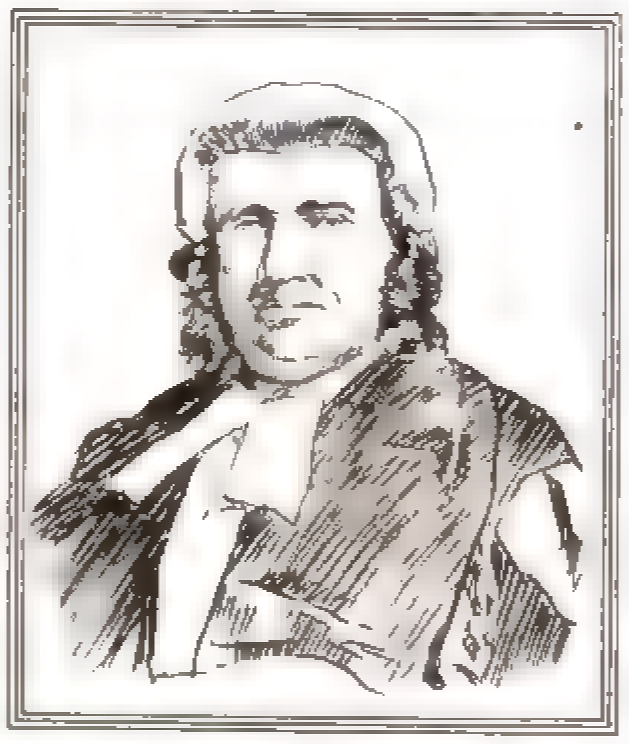
"Prisoner at the bar, I am no longer able to treat you as being innocent of the dreadful crime laid to your charge. You have been convicted by a jury of this city, after a lengthy and most painful investigation, followed by a defense that was in every respect worthy of the man. The jury has convicted you, and the law leaves me no discretion, and I must pass the sentence of the law

"The court doth order you to be taken from hence to the place from whence you came, and from thence to the place of execution, and that you be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and that your body be afterward buried within the precincts of the prison in which you shall be confined after your conviction. And may the Lord have mercy upon your soul!"

I was then removed from the court to Walton Jail, there to be confined until this sentence of the law should be carried into effect.

The mob, as the Liverpool public was styled by the press, before they had heard or read a word of the defense had hissed me when I entered the court, and now that they had heard the evidence cheered me as I drove away in the prison-van—hissed and hooted the judge, who with difficulty gained his carriage.

In all the larger local English prisons there is one room, swept and ready, the sight of which cannot fail to stir unwonted thoughts. The room is large, with barred windows, and contains only a bed and a chair. It is the last shelter of those whom the law declares to have forfeited their lives. Near by is a small brick building in the prison yard that has apparently nothing to connect it with the room; yet they are joined by a sinister suggestion


SIR JAMES STEPHEN

For nearly three terrible weeks I was confined in this cell of the condemned to taste the bitterness of death under its most appalling and shameful aspect. I was carefully guarded by two female warders who would have been gladly spared the task. They might not read nor sleep, at my meals, through my prayers, during every moment of agony, they still watched on and rarely spoke. Many have asked me what my feelings were at that awful time. I remember little in the way of details as to my state of mind. I was too overwhelmed for either analytic or collective thought. Conscious of my innocence, I had no fear of physical death, for the love of my Heavenly Father and His better world was so near that death seemed to me a blessed escape from a world in which such an unspeakable travesty of justice could take place, and when I petitioned for a reconsideration of the verdict it was wholly for love of my mother and my children.

I knew nothing of the public efforts for my relief. I was held fast on the wheels of a slow moving machine, hypnotized by the striking hours and the flight of my numbered minutes, with the gallows staring me in the face. The date of my execution was not told me at Walton Jail, but I heard afterward that it was to have taken place on the twenty-sixth of August. On the twenty-second, while I was taking my daily exercise in the yard adjoining the cell of the condemned, the governor, Captain Anderson, accompanied by the chief matron, entered. He called me to him, and, with a voice which—all honor to him—trembled with emotion, said

"Maybrick, no commutation of sentence has come down to-day, and I consider it my duty to tell you to prepare for death"

"Thank you, Governor," I replied, "my conscience is clear. God's will be done, whatever it is."

He then walked away, and I returned to my cell. The wardress was weeping silently, but I was calm and spent the early part of the night in my usual prayers. About midnight exhausted nature could bear no more, and I fainted I had barely regained consciousness when I heard the shuffle of feet outside, the click of the key in the lock—that warning catch in the slow machinery of my doom. I sprang up, and with one supreme effort of will braced myself for what I believed was the last act of my life. The governor and a chaplain entered, followed by a warder. They read my expectation in my face, and the governor hastened forward and exclaimed in an agitated voice, "It is well; it is good news!" When I opened my eyes once more I was lying in bed in a hospital, and I remained there until I was taken to Woking Convict Prison.

On the morning of the twenty-ninth of August I was hastily awakened by a wardress, who said that orders had come down from the Home Office for my removal that day to a convict prison.

When I left the governor was standing at the gate, and, with a kindliness of voice which I deeply appreciated, told me to be brave and to be good.

Crowds awaited me at the station. I was roughly hustled through it into a third-class carriage.

The only ray of light that passed through those dark hours of my journey came from an American woman. God bless her! whoever she is or wherever she is. At every station that the train stopped she got out and came to the carriage door and spoke words of sympathy and comfort. She was the first of my countrywomen to voice the protest that swelled into greater volume as the years rolled by.

As the train drew up at the station a crowd assembled Outside stood a cab, to which I was at once conducted, and we drove through lovely woods; the scent of flowers was wafted by the breeze into what seemed to be a hearse that was bearing me on toward my living tomb

Editor's Note—This is the third installment of Mrs. Maybrick's own story. The fourth will appear next week.

As we approached the prison the great iron gate swung open and the cab drove silently into the yard. There I descended. The governor gave an order, and a woman—whom I afterward found was assistant superintendent—came forward. Accompanied by her and an officer, I was led across a near-by yard to a building which stood somewhat apart from the others, and is known as the infirmary. There a principal matron received me, and the assistant superintendent and the chief matron returned to their quarters.

In the grasp of what seemed to me a horrible nightmare, I found myself in a cell with barred windows, a bed and a chair. Without, the stillness of death reigned. I remained there perhaps half an hour when the door opened and I was commanded by a wardress to follow her. In a daze, I obeyed mechanically. We crossed the same yard again and entered a door that led into a room containing only a fire-place, a table and a bath. Here I was told to take off my clothes, as those I had traveled in had to be sent back to the prison at Liverpool, where they belonged.

When I was dressed in the uniform to which the greatest stigma and disgrace is attached I was told to sit down. The wardress then stepped quickly forward, and with a pair of scissors cut off my hair to the nape of my neck. This act seemed, above all others, to bring me to a sense of my degradation, my utter helplessness, and the iron of the awful tragedy, of which I was the innocent victim, entered my soul. I was then weighed, and my height taken. My weight was 112 pounds, and my height five feet three inches.

Once more I was bidden to follow my guide. We recrossed the yard and entered the infirmary. Here I was locked in the cell already mentioned. At last I could be alone after the anguish and torture of the day. I prayed for sleep that I might lose consciousness of that intolerable pain. But sleep, that gentle nurse of the sad and suffering, came not. What a night! I shudder even now at the memory of it. Physically exhausted, smarting with the thought of the cruel, heartless way in which I had been brought to my present position, I felt that mortal death would have been more merciful than the living death to which I was condemned. In the adjoining cell an insane woman was raving and weeping throughout the night, and I wondered whether in the years to come I should become like her.

The next day I was visited by the governor on his official rounds. Then the doctor came and made a medical examination, and ordered me to be detained in the infirmary until further orders. My mind is a blank as to what happened for some time afterward. My next remembrance is being told by a coarse-looking, harsh spoken wardress to get ready to go into the prison. Once more I was led across the big yard, and then I stood within the walls that were to be for years my tomb. Outside the sun was shining and the birds were singing.

Without, picture a vast outline of frowning masonry. Within, when I had passed the double outer gates and had been locked out and locked in in succession, I found myself in a central hall, from which ran cagelike galleries divided into tiers and landings, with a row of small cells on either side. The floors are of stone, the landings of slate, the railings of steel and the stairs of iron. Wire netting is stretched over the lowest tier to prevent prisoners from throwing themselves over in one of those frenzies of rage and despair of which every prison has its record. Within their walls can be found, above all places, that most degrading, heartbreaking product of civilization, a human automaton. All will, all initiative, all individuality, all friendship, all the things that make human beings attractive to one another, are absent. Suffering there is dumb, and when it goes beyond endurance—alas!

I followed the wardress to a door not more than three feet in width. She unlocked it and said, "Pass in." I stepped forward, but started back in horror. Through the open door I saw, by the dim light of a small window that was never cleaned, a cell six feet by four.

"Oh, don't put me in there!" I cried. "I cannot bear it."

For answer the wardress took me roughly by the shoulder, gave me a push and shut the door. There was nothing to sit upon but the cold, slate floor. I sank to my knees. I felt suffocated. The walls seemed drawing nearer and nearer together, and presently the life would be crushed out of me. I sprang to my feet and beat wildly with my hands against the door. "For God's sake let me out! Let me out!" But my voice could not penetrate that massive door, and exhausted I sank once more to the floor. I cannot recall those nine months of solitary confinement without a shudder.

My cell contained only a hammock rolled up in a corner, and three shelves let into the wall—no table nor stool. For a seat I was compelled to sit on the bedclothes.

No one can realize the horrors of solitary confinement who has not experienced it. Here is one day's routine: It is six o'clock; I arise and dress in the darkness, I put up my hammock, and await breakfast. I hear the ward officer in the gallery without. I take a tin plate and a tin mug in my hands and stand before the cell door. Presently the door opens; a brown, whole-meal, six-ounce loaf is placed upon the plate, the tin mug is taken and three-quarters of a pint of gruel is measured in my presence, then the mug is handed back in silence, and the door is closed and locked. After I have taken a few mouthfuls of bread I commence to scrub my cell. A bell rings, and my door is again unlocked. No word is spoken, because I know exactly what to do. I leave my cell and fall into single file, three paces in the rear of my nearest fellow convict. All of us are alike in knowing what we have to do, and we march away silently to Divine service. We are criminals being punished, and our keepers march us like dumb cattle to the worship of God. To me the twenty minutes of its duration was as an oasis in a weary desert. When it was at an end I felt comforted and always a little more resigned to my fate. Chapel over, I filed back to my cell, for I am in solitary confinement, and may not enjoy the privilege of working in company with my prison companions.

Work I must, but I must work alone. Needlework and knitting fall to my lot. My task for the day is handed to me, and I sit in my cell plying my needle, with the consciousness that I must not indulge in an idle moment, for an unaccomplished task means loss of marks, and loss of marks means loss of letters and visits. As chapel begins at 8.30 I am back in my cell soon after nine, and the requirement is that I shall make one shirt a day—certainly not less than five shirts a week. If I am obstinate, or indolent, I shall be reported by the ward officer, and be brought to book with punishment—perhaps reduced to a diet of bread and water, and total confinement in my cell for twenty four hours. If I am faint, weak or unwell I may be excused the full performance of my task; but there must be no doubt of my inability. In such case it is for me to have my name entered for the prison doctor and obtain from him the indulgence that will remit a portion of my prescribed work to three or four shirts.

However, as I am well, I work automatically, closely and with persistence. Then comes ten o'clock, and with it the governor with his escort. He inspects each cell, and if all is not as it should be the prisoner will hear of it. There is no friendly greeting of "good-morning" or "good-night" within those gloomy walls. The tone is formal, and the governor says, "How are you, Maybrick? Any complaints? Do you want anything?" and then he passes on. Then I am again alone with my work and my brooding thoughts. I never made complaints. One but adds to one's burden by finding causes for complaint. With the coming and the going of the governor the monotony returned for a while to stagnation.

Presently, however, the prison bell rings again. I know what the clangor means, and mechanically lay down my work. It is the hour for exercise, and I put on my bonnet and cape. One by one the cell doors of the ward are opened. One by one we come out from our cells and fall into single file. Then, with a ward officer in charge, we march into the exercise yard. We have drawn up in line, three paces apart, and this is the form in which we tramp around the yard and take our exercise. This yard is perhaps forty feet square, and there are thirty-five of us to expand in its "freedom." The inclosure is oppressively repulsive. Stone-flagged, hemmed within ugly walls, it gives one a hideous feeling of compression. It seems more like a bearpit than an airing ground for human beings. But I forget that we are not here to have things made easy, comfortable and pleasant for us. We are here to be punished, to be scourged for our crimes and misdeeds. Can you wonder that human nature sometimes revolts and dares even prison rigor? Human instincts may be suppressed, but not wholly crushed.

When the one hour for exercise is over, in a file as before we tramp back to our cells and our work. Confined as we are in our narrow, gloomy cells, this exercise hour, dull as it is, is our only opportunity for a glimpse of the sky and for a taste of outdoor life, and it is some relief to an otherwise almost unbearable day.

At noon the midday meal. The first sign of its approach is the sound of the fatigue party of prisoners bringing the food from the kitchen into the ward. I hear the ward officer passing with the weary group from cell to cell, and presently she will reach my door. My food is handed to me, then the door is closed and double locked. In the following two hours, having finished my meal, I can work or read. At two o'clock the fatigue party again goes on its mechanical rounds; the cell door is again unlocked, this time for the collection of dinner cans. The meal of each prisoner is served out by weight, and the law allows her to claim her full quantity to the uttermost fraction of an ounce. She is even entitled to see it weighed if she fancies it falls short. Work is then resumed until five o'clock, when gruel is again served, as at breakfast, with half an hour for its disposal. From that time on until seven o'clock, more work, when again is heard the clang of the prison bell, and with it the end of our monotonous day. I take down my hammock, and once more await the opening of the door. We have learned exactly what to do. With the opening of our cells we go forward, and each places her broom outside the door. So shall it be known that we each have been visited in our cells before the locking of our doors and gates for the night. If any of us are to take medicine by the doctor's orders we now receive it. On through the ten long, weary hours of the night the night officers patrol the wards, keeping watch, and silently inspecting us in our beds to see that nothing is amiss.

Solitary confinement is by far the most cruel feature of English penal servitude. It inflicts upon the prisoner at the commencement of her sentence, when most sensitive to the horrors which prison punishment entails, the voiceless solitude, the hopeless monotony, the long vista of to-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow stretching before her, all filled with desolation and despair. Once a prisoner has crossed the threshold of an English convict prison not only is she dead to the world, but she is expected in word and deed to lose or forget every vestige of her personality. Verily,

> The mills of the gods grind slowly,
>   But they grind exceeding small,
> And woe to the wight unholy
>   On whom those millstones fall.

So it is with the Penal Code which directs this vast machinery, doing its utmost with tireless, ceaseless revolutions to mould body and soul slowly, remorselessly into the shape demanded by Act of Parliament.

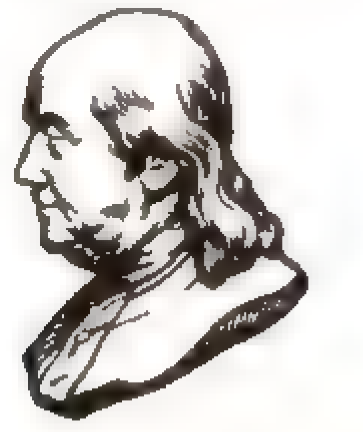
(TO BE CONTINUED)

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL

Mixed Types

SOME years ago the editor of a down-East newspaper undertook to compliment an eminent citizen as "a noble old burgher, proudly loving his native State"; but the neatly-turned compliment came from the compositor's hands, "a nobby old burglar, prowling round in a naked state." This was as perverse and shocking as the blunder in the message Ernest Renan had occasion to telegraph across the English Channel on the subject of a proposed lecture by him in Westminster Abbey. The subject, as written by him, was "The Influence of Rome on the Formation of Christianity." It was announced in England as "The Influence of Rum on the Digestion of Humanity!"

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST



FOUNDED A.D. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Subscription Two Dollars the Year
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

How to Tell When Your Subscription Expires

At the head of the first inside page of each copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is printed the serial number of that issue. Each volume begins with the first issue in July. The first issue in July is number 1; the last issue in June number 52

Following the name of the subscriber on the address label attached to each copy of the magazine sent by mail is the number of the issue with which the subscription expires. By consulting this number you can get the information desired. Renew as far in advance of expiration as is convenient, stating that the order is a renewal. By so doing, any possible delay in entering your renewal because of rush of business at the end of the year will be avoided.

When we notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once, in order not to miss a number, using the special blank inclosed for that purpose. New subscriptions which are received by us on, or before, Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of the next week following. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal, bankers' or express money orders. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶The matter with education to-day is the smatter.

¶Some success is born of conceit, and much conceit is born of success.

¶Opportunity knocks, while the weary ones expect it to push the button

¶Poetry is not dead; it is merely buried at the bottom of magazine pages.

¶The investor who is after ten per cent. sometimes gets it in the distribution of the assets

¶Ambition, enterprise, effort and success are largely states of mind; happiness is the united states.

¶A bishop may see the usefulness of the saloon, but the saloon never recognizes the need of the bishop

¶The chief difficulty about the advice against eating meat is that the more the steak costs the more one wants it.

The Chivalrous American Woman

THAT leader in the woman's-club movement in Chicago who lately declared the American man to be the superior of the American woman marks an era in modern progress. It is not that for a moment we agree with her. We merely applaud a long step forward in the matter of advanced thinking.

Years ago an after-dinner speaker — and it need scarcely be added, a man — ironically apostrophized the New Woman (she was new then) as "once our superior, now our equal." A president of the Oxford Union, in grave, undergraduate debate, hit off the case more aptly in declaring that though the New Woman had ceased to be a lady she had not yet become a gentleman

The signal fact about the present dictum is that it proves that the speaker has become a gentleman. We should not be surprised to find that the remark was post prandial, and made with a wineglass tilted aloft in a patronizing toast to "the better sex, God bless them!"

The spirit of chivalry has its root in the sense of greater strength. When all women are conscious of the superiority they have so long been proclaiming they will unite in a toast to even such a poor, downtrodden being as the American man. They will have become gentlemen all. Is it not up to the American man to look to his laurels? Let him proclaim from the housetops that it is a most superior woman who thus acknowledges his superiority

Meantime the question of the relative merits of the sexes remains about where it was A generation ago rural debaters used to fall about one another's ears discussing what would happen if an irresistible force met an immovable body. The modern question of the superior sex is a fitting substitute. It is alluring because it is elusive; it is possible to discuss it with delighted acrimony because no solution is attainable For a scheme of Nature in which one sex is more necessary, more useful, more able or more virtuous than the other is as inconceivable as a scheme of Nature in which there are irresistible forces in conflict with immovable bodies If in the past, man has shown a certain superiority in character by being satisfied with his place in the realm of Nature, woman has shown an equal share of the divine gift by a spiritual discontent that was sublime

And yet the remark from Chicago shows progress.

A Self-Imposed Tyranny

WHAT has become of the "comic spirit" upon which Mr. George Meredith used to pride himself? In advocating marriages for a limited period only — the period of bringing up a family — he is voicing an idea as old as Plato. If the truth were known it would probably be found to be quite as old again as Plato. And in these matters age does not lend dignity or authority.

The trouble with all such propositions is that they ignore the essential principle of human institutions. If social laws were mere arbitrary enactments, emanating from Mars or from the moon, successful rebellion against them would, perhaps, be possible. But they are the deliberate and hard-won expression of the deepest necessities of man. In point of fact, monogamous marriages, as the latest authorities assure us, are not merely a human arrangement — they are found in the animal world, and were in all probability evolved æons before the anthropoidal ape.

It is, of course, inevitable that law should work wrong to many individuals, that the social ideal should bear upon many men and women with crushing tyranny. It is also true that certain well-recognized motives urge men and women to live alone, to change partners, even to indulge in a grand right and left. But such motives are exceptional and aberrant. It is possible that in the past they have been unduly condemned; but it is not possible that in their behalf the great institutions of life should ever be radically changed. As long as the human race remains what it is it will love, honor and live in mutual obedience to all high impulses until death

Holmes somewhere remarks that if social anarchy were to reduce all property to ashes some promoter would arise and make a fortune out of potash. It is but varying the epigram to say that if marriage was abolished the severed couples would move Heaven and earth to put their necks again under the conjugal yoke. In Mr. Meredith's earlier years nothing would have been more delightful to his comic spirit than to write the novel of an advanced, an Ibscene couple who attempt the social revolt in behalf of free love, only to find that their human hearts are human.

The New Adam

"THERE used to be two factors — the State and the individual," says Mr. Justice Brewer. "Now there are three — the State, the individual and the corporation." This is a very concise statement of the woes the legal profession brought on us when they created the new class of persons, without regard to the perils to the class that the Almighty had created.

As a matter of fact, the tendency now is toward two factors again. The State is being eliminated by attaching itself now to the individual and now to the corporation. We alternately have officials who are demagogues and officials who are servants of corporate power — when we are not cursed with officials who weakly yield to both the clamors of the angry individual and the corrupt suggestions of the greedy corporation.

Wanted: a sure and safe recipe for clapping the blindfold on Justice again.

Firing into the Air

THE preachers are asking advice on how to get together and deliver sermons that will draw, and, naturally, they are getting floods of what they ask for — but little of it seems likely to be valuable. How is a preacher of mediocre brain to compose intellectual sermons? How is a preacher of no oratorical talent to make a great orator of himself? How is a man with a poor memory to commit a twenty or thirty minute talk? How is a man of hesitating thought to discourse extemporaneously?

Rules for preaching are so much firing in the air. The most that can be said to any man, preacher or what not, is that he strive to be himself by forgetting himself. Is there one of us so poor that, looking about the earth at his struggling, striving man, he does not feel the impulse to say some word of cheer and sympathy? And the preacher has the peculiar right and the peculiar opportunity to utter those words. The manner is unimportant, and to a great extent the matter also. The spirit is the thing — the earnest desire to help. Forget yourself, preacher, and let the longing to help your fellows dominate you.

Then, whether you go into the pulpit with or without manuscript or notes, you will "draw."

The Nigger in the Wood-Pile

EACH day's news thrusts forward some glaring instance of abuse of industrial power. Now it is a huge corporation using its mighty club to destroy competition or violently to derange the scales of public justice; now it is a labor union insolently trampling upon the most precious rights of the common man or permitting itself to be used by its leaders in extortion. And one extreme begets another, and the end no man can foresee.

Probe down into any instance of abuse, without letting yourself be deluded by talk about some "system" being responsible, and you will find some man, some one man, strong, unscrupulous, greedy, crafty. The overwhelming majority of the members of the corporation, or union, or whatever association it may be, are honest, well-meaning human beings who wouldn't wantonly hurt a fly. But they have banded themselves together and have given this one man control of their "combine"; and he is using it to further his own vile personal ends

That is, you have another illustration of one of the oldest, profoundest and most valuable truths of human nature — that no man, whatever his professions or intuitions or characteristics, is fit to be intrusted with irresponsible power. And the fact that wages or dividends or whatever objects assembled the "combine" advances under his rule does not in the least affect the main proposition.

In the end he will ruin the combine and all the combiners, except possibly himself

Leaders — yes. Rulers — no, a thousand times no. Not anywhere in America

Right Living and Good Looks

UNTIL less than a generation ago all notions of personal beauty were regarded among us as tolerable weaknesses in the female, and as intolerable indications of sap headedness in the male. The advertisements of the beauty specialists indicate how rapidly all this has changed. To-day our great cities show proportionately a higher average of dress and general striving after personal attractiveness among both men and women than the great cities of any other country There is a practical reason why a practical people have so quickly reversed themselves.

It has been discovered that there is an intimate, an indissoluble relationship between personal attractiveness and success. Success depends in the largest measure upon health and the personal impression one makes upon his fellowmen, and properly to develop and to maintain the "points" that make for personal attractiveness is to develop and maintain health.

For example, how many men and women stop drinking and overeating because fat is fatal to good looks. The struggle to keep looking young is a struggle to keep in perfect health — and what a blessing that is to the present and all future generations.

The price of good looks is right living And the reward of right living is health.

Divorce and the Church

THE failure of the drastic canon against the divorced in the convention of the Episcopalian Church, whatever else it may or may not indicate, does certainly reflect the growing unfaith in legislation. It is surprising that men should be so slow in recognizing that evils do not exist through lack of laws against them but through lack of human beings willing to indorse in practice as well as in theory the standards which the proposed laws would seek to impose. But it is, on the other hand, gratifying that men are beginning to awaken to this truth.

Legislation against crime which all men recognize as crime, and which most men shrink from as crime, is more or less effective — because of the recognition and the shrinking. But where is there, where has there ever been, a piece of successful penal legislation that has been in advance of clear, convinced and crystallized public sentiment?

What humanity needs is not lawgivers but lightgivers For, given the light, the law against darkness follows. Fewer lawyers and laws and legislators; more *competent* teachers and more *competent* preachers.

Entertaining at the White House

How the Guests Are Welcomed and What the Rules of Etiquette Are

BY RENÉ BACHE

STAIRWAY BY WHICH GUESTS ASCEND TO THE MAIN FLOOR OF THE WHITE HOUSE

THE social affairs of the White House have assumed such unprecedented importance during the Presidency of Mr. Roosevelt that it has been found necessary to relieve the Commissioner of Public Grounds, who is *ex officio* master of ceremonies, of most of the business connected with their management, and to hand it over to a newly created functionary, upon whom devolve duties sufficiently onerous and complicated to occupy the time and absorb the whole attention of one man.

The place in question is held by Major Charles McCawley, of the Marine Corps, who may be called the social secretary of the Administration. He is a handsome young fellow of thirty-six — an athlete, a leader of germans, widely popular and easily holding the reputation of the best-dressed man in Washington. For many years he has been conspicuous in the society of the Capital, and the President could not possibly have chosen anybody more competent than he to deal with the problems assigned him, involving, as they do, incidentally to the direction of entertainments, nice decisions in many delicate matters of etiquette.

All the work of the social secretary, of course, is done under the eye of Mrs. Roosevelt, who exercises a control over everything. Most of her time, indeed, during the "season" is devoted to superintending preparations for entertaining, and no detail is so trifling as to escape her attention. If a dinner is to be given she herself writes out the menu, in consultation with the steward, William Pinckney (who was her butler for many years before she came to the White House), and even the floral and other decorations are contrived in accordance with her suggestions. The last thing she does, when the table has been set, is to make sure that the arrangements are what they should be.

A notable housewife is Mrs. Roosevelt, and in Pinckney, who is a colored man, she has a first rate lieutenant. He is the official housekeeper of the White House, drawing a salary of $1800 a year, and is responsible for the safety of all the goods and chattels in the establishment. It is a part of his business to purchase all requisite supplies, including wines and cigars, and, as might be imagined, his custom is earnestly sought by Washington tradesmen. But, unlike the ordinary type of butler, he does not exact a percentage from the butcher and grocer, and it is furthermore clearly understood that any attempt on a dealer's part to advertise himself as patronized by the President will cause immediate withdrawal of such patronage.

The President gives at least three great state banquets every winter, and each of them costs as much as an average American family spends for a whole year's living. To accuse him of extravagance on that account, however, would be a mistake, because the unwritten law of custom obliges him to furnish these entertainments, which are a serious drain upon his purse. He has to pay for them out of his own pocket, and they come to something like $1000 apiece. Other large dinners, nearly if not quite so expensive, are given on special occasions, such as the visit of a foreign dignitary who must be entertained for reasons of international courtesy, and inasmuch as the kitchen of the White House is small, a caterer has to be employed, with a staff of waiters. Six dollars a plate, with two dollars added for wines, is moderate, and when sixty to eighty-five guests are invited the cost runs up rapidly.

Mrs. Roosevelt's cook is a very capable woman, and with two assistants in the kitchen, she can manage a dinner of twenty covers or so very easily. This is the kind of entertainment the President really enjoys, inasmuch as it offers opportunities for more or less general conversation; but a state banquet is a solemn function, exceedingly formal, and affording no chance for talk except with the persons sitting on one's immediate left and right. It is recorded that jolly old Andrew Jackson used to try to enliven these melancholy festivities in unconventional ways, even indulging in song on his own account toward the end of the repast; but nowadays doings of the sort would hardly be tolerated, and even speechmaking is interdicted.

THE PRIVATE DINING-ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE AND THE PRESIDENT'S OWN CHAIR

Preparations for a big dinner at the White House are begun three days in advance. Early in the morning of the day of the dinner a force of twenty five or thirty workmen occupies the state dining room, and one of the first preliminaries is the fetching of the trestles and other structures of wood that go to compose the great horseshoe shaped dining-table. When the table has been set up and its parts screwed together the decorators arrive with quantities of palms, flowering plants and other paraphernalia. They tack smilax on the ceiling and walls, draping it in graceful festoons, and in like fashion adorn the chandeliers and mirrors. Finally, the table is covered with Canton flannel, tacked down, and electric bulbs of different colors are scattered over the board, to enhance by the artificial aid of incandescent light the effect of flowers and greenery tastefully disposed.

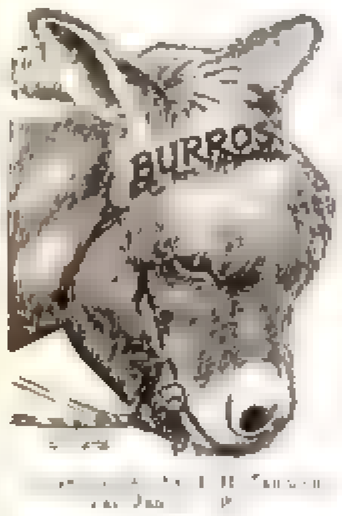
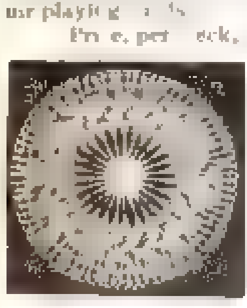
In order to avoid mistakes which might easily shock delicate sensibilities, the arrangement of the invited guests is determined in advance by the help of a sort of dummy table of pasteboard, shaped like the real one. The dummy has rows of slits, each corresponding to a seat, in which slips of paper bearing the names of the people are stuck. By shuffling the paper slips about and changing them this way and that, the future banquet is put together in miniature.

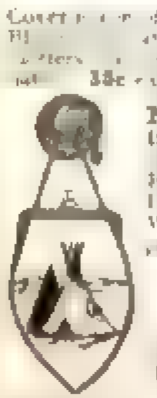
The guests, when they arrive, enter at the door of the new east wing of the White House, and, passing through this wing (sometimes called the Hat-Box, because it is lined with cupboards for hats and wraps), presently find themselves in the basement of the mansion proper, and are ushered by attendants into the dressing-rooms near the foot of the main stairway. On a table in the gentlemen's dressing room each man finds a small envelope addressed to himself and unsealed, with the American eagle stamped in gold on the flap. Inside of the envelope is a card bearing the name of the lady he is to take in to dinner, written across a diagram of the dinner-table. The seats at the table are numbered on the diagram, and two of the numbers are marked with a pen indicating the places to be occupied by the holder and his partner for the evening.

Thence the guests ascend the stairway and, passing across the great vestibule, go into the East Room. The President and his wife are not there, because etiquette would not permit them to wait, like an ordinary host and hostess, for people to arrive, and to welcome them as they came in. At 8 P. M. exactly they come downstairs together and enter the great state parlor, where they find all the people expecting them. Everybody is a little early, for, whereas to be late at dinner anywhere is a heinous social offense, to be behind time when asked to dine at the White House would be an unpardonable sin.

Everybody rises, of course, on the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt, and the customary greetings are in order, after which the President offers his right arm to the wife of the highest official present (unless a distinguished visitor takes precedence), and the official himself gives his arm to the President's wife. After them the other guests walk in to dinner in the succession indicated by their relative importance. Mr. Roosevelt stands at his chair, in the middle of the convex side of the horseshoe-shaped table, until his wife has made her way around to her place, directly opposite his, and her sitting down is a signal for everybody to be seated.

As the courses succeed each other the guests have an opportunity to inspect in detail a new and superb set of china, which Mrs. Roosevelt bought soon after she came to the White House. The outfit was much needed, because the table services of previous Administrations, composing a somewhat miscellaneous assortment, were in a very fragmentary condition. Not much of the old "Lincoln set," with its pretty border of gilt stars representing the States of the Union, was left, and the "Grant set," with yellow border and floral design for centre of plate and saucer, was almost equally dilapidated. This historic crockery had been used for a long time past only in the private dining-room, and though Mrs. Harrison bought some more, as well as



Established 1881

The H. H. Tammen Curio Co.
DENVER, COLO.

Curious Xmas Gifts

"Burros" [illegible] fun and interest for old and young. Here are some of [illegible] Joe and Trilby [illegible] "Ten Minutes [illegible] Talk [illegible] "When Greek Meets Greek," and 154 others. 25c, postpaid.

No. 227. Burro Souvenir Playing Cards. The [illegible] quality of regular size [illegible] Among the titles [illegible] Ace of Diamonds [illegible] (Three of Clubs), Jack in the Box [illegible] and a Jack (Four of Hearts), etc., etc. The [illegible] without question the most unique edition of souvenir playing cards.
Price, per deck, postpaid, $1.00

Genuine Mexican Drawn Work. Beautifully hand [illegible] in assorted patterns
[illegible] $ .50
[illegible] .75
1.00
1.25

No 8
Scarf Or Stick Pin

No. 8. Pink and Green Crocidolite Scarf or Stick Pin. Size as illustrated. Crocidolite is a variety of [illegible] — pink or green — state which you prefer. The [illegible] of the wonders of nature [illegible] 60c postpaid.

No. 6. Goldstone Scarf or Stick Pin [illegible] 50c.

Burnt Leather Pillow Covers

[illegible] Art Leather [illegible] Names, dates, etc. [illegible] The most popular designs are Indian Heads [illegible] Indian Camp [illegible] Canoe Scenes, Elk, Burro or Fancy Heads.

Style A. Made for 14-inch Pillows $2.50 [illegible]
Burnt Leather Pillow Cover
Style B. [illegible] 20 inch Pillows, selected Art Skins, $3.50 [illegible]

No. 329 Pig Pen Blotter

[illegible] 35c [illegible] for $1.00, postpaid.

No. 172 X. Burnt Leather Collapsing Coin Purse. Fancy metal frame [illegible] which can be easily detached [illegible] Fine Art Leather. Burnt Indian [illegible] [illegible] Will hold 10 Silver Dollars. 35c, 3 for $1.00.

No 172 X

No 311. "See, Hear, Speak No Evil." [illegible] Needle Case [illegible] Art Leather [illegible] 50c

LUCKY INDIAN IDOL. This Good Luck Indian Charm with history sent **FREE** with each order received before December 20th, 1904. [illegible]

Indian Idol

Xmas Catalogue [illegible] pages [illegible] over 700 illustrations of Indian Baskets and [illegible] Mexican Drawnwork and Filigree, Burnt and Carved Leather Novelties, [illegible] Wood, Game Heads, Fur Rugs, Native Jewelry and Precious [illegible] Agate and Tigereye Charms, Indian Blankets, Post Cards, Burnt Leather Novelties all in natural colors, mailed on receipt of 5 cents in stamps or coin to cover postage.

Address all orders to
THE H. H. TAMMEN CURIO CO.
Dept. M, 815-819 Sixteenth St., Denver, Colo.

nearly five hundred pieces of cut glass the pantry was badly deficient in breakable resources.

It is sad to be compelled to own that the knives, forks and spoons provided for the dinner company are mostly of plated ware. Of solid silver stuff there is hardly more than enough for the President's private dining room, the bulk of this having been purchased by Mr. Monroe when he was in the White House. Every solid silver piece bought by him has the American eagle graven upon it with the inscription "President's House" in dainty letters. There are also, belonging to the same set, many massive silver articles such as pitchers, trays and gravy-boats. But it was Mr. Van Buren who made the mistake of buying six dozen forks and six dozen spoons of gold. The extravagance was used against him most effectively as a campaign argument, and the fact that the gold was only gilding, which to-day has mostly worn off, leaving the spoons and forks white in spots, was not explained until long afterward.

The pantry of the White House is in itself a marvel. To gaze upon the completeness of its conveniences would make an ordinary American housewife weep with delight. It has a plate-warmer, operated by electricity, which is capable of heating at one time [illegible] plates, the apparatus being so controlled by switches that its temperature can be fixed to a degree Fahrenheit. Opposite it is a dumb-waiter which is the most intelligent dumb thing that ever was. You press a button, and it comes to you; touch another button, and it descends or goes up, as you desire.

When a great reception is given at the White House the affair is governed by rules of etiquette wholly different from those which apply in the case of a dinner, though the exact mode of procedure varies with the occasion.

It is a curious fact that many of the people who go to these receptions, mainly for the purpose of gazing upon Mr. Roosevelt and shaking his hand, actually pass by him without seeing him, and miss the handshake altogether. On reaching the point where they are about to enter the awe-inspiring presence they are overcome by confusion and embarrassment, and, the jam being tremendous, they fail to understand exactly what is going to happen next. The master of ceremonies (officially known as the President's military aide — a post now held by Colonel Charles S. Bromwell) inclines his ear, and, having asked the guest's name, repeats it to Mr. Roosevelt. The President extends his hand, and would say that he is delighted, or words to that effect, but the unfortunate stranger walks blindly past him, past Mrs. Roosevelt and the ladies of the Cabinet, only to realize a minute later his mistake.

Next to the President on such occasions stands Mrs. Roosevelt, to whom each newcomer in turn is introduced by Major McCawley. She repeats the name, saying "How do you do, Mr. (or Mrs.) So-and-so?" but she does not shake hands. Major McCawley, it should be explained, is Colonel Bromwell's chief assistant, and there are half a dozen other military and naval aides present in full-dress uniform, whose duty it is to give assistance wherever it may be needed in the management of the reception. Assignments of this kind at the White House, where they are in immediate attendance upon the person of the Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, are much sought by young officers in both services, no small distinction in a social way being considered as attaching to them.

At last it is over. The Marine Band, which, gorgeous in scarlet uniforms, has played all the evening in the vestibule — it is the President's own band, and he can enjoy its music whenever he wishes — puts up its instruments and sleepily takes its departure. The last farewell is said, and the carriage-call above the entrance to the east wing gleams out for the last time its brilliant summons. Erstwhile, at White House receptions, guests' carriages were hailed by the raucous and untuneful megaphone; but recently this primitive instrument has been supplanted by a sort of electric sign — some theatres have them nowadays — which flashes out the numbers. Each carriage occupant is provided by the doorkeeper with a perforated card, from which a numbered coupon is torn for the driver, and, on departure, the card, being dropped into a box, causes the number to appear in large illuminated figures on the sign.

All of the machinery of White House entertaining is under the direction of Colonel Bromwell, who is the official comptroller and manager of what used to be known as the Executive Mansion; but the details of the business are governed by Major McCawley. If there is to be a ball in the historic East Room the accomplished Major will lead the cotillon. Should a children's party be contemplated no more capable adviser than he can be found. When Mrs. Roosevelt is planning an evening musicale or one of her afternoon receptions his suggestions are invaluable. But in most instances entertainments at the President's House (which, by the way, is the statutory and lawful title of the dwelling) are so far cut and dried that no special instructions from the final authority are needed. If anything exceptional is to be done, of course Mr. Roosevelt's approval is asked, or a command from him is solicited.

Luncheons, after all, are Mr. Roosevelt's specialty in the way of social amusement. He likes to entertain a few friends at the informal midday meal, and to "swap talk" with them. To him nothing is so enjoyable as good conversation, which, as somebody has said, is the highest form of oratory. If a man whom he finds congenial goes to see him at his office he is as apt as not to say, "I'm busy. Come back at one o'clock and have lunch with me!" Of course, the man is glad enough to accept the invitation, and he is pretty sure to meet from three to half a dozen other people, some of them very oddish, perhaps, at the President's hospitable board. The children of the family eat elsewhere, and Mrs. Roosevelt may or may not appear, as it happens. It is just a wholesome American household, in which "company manners" are unknown, partly because there is always company of one sort or another, and the stranger is at all times welcome to a seat at the table.

Mr. Roosevelt, thanks to the recent alterations which have shifted the official staff out of the White House proper, is the first President who has had quarters available for guests. When, in 1860, the Prince of Wales visited Washington, the family parlor (Red Room) was hastily fitted up for his bedroom, and the clerks' offices were vacated for the occupancy of his suite. Mrs. Harrison complained that she had to give up a house with nine bedrooms for one with only five when her husband was elected, and Mrs. Cleveland is said to have shed bitter tears because she could not possibly invite the girl friends whom she wanted to have with her.

After all, most of the fun of being President must be of a social kind. The possession of power is gratifying, but it must pall after a time, and to be the source from which everybody is trying selfishly to get something is bound to be fatiguing in the long run. But to be first in every company, wherever gathered, and to be able to command at will the society of the cleverest and most intellectual men, the wittiest and most beautiful women — that, indeed, is worth while. More than any of his predecessors, Mr. Roosevelt appears to appreciate this aspect of his good fortune, and it may safely be said that no previous President of the United States has derived from his exalted office anything like the amount of real and substantial enjoyment obtained from it by the present occupant of the White House.

◆

Millions Lost in Cornstalks

PROFESSOR H. W. WILEY, of the Department of Agriculture, believes that the stalks of the sweet corn might be turned to most valuable account. They contain much more sugar than those of the common field corn, and the sugar content is at its maximum at the time when the ears are pulled. Sugar, of course, is readily convertible into alcohol, and, inasmuch as each 100 pounds of stalks will yield six and a half pounds of absolute alcohol, it is easily seen what a good thing the ignorant agriculturist has been allowing to go to waste.

Say that one acre will yield from ten to twelve tons of grain stalks, or about 20,000 pounds, and you have a quantity of raw material which will produce 1300 pounds of absolute alcohol, or 216 gallons. Alcohol at the present time is worth forty cents a gallon.

Ground in a wet condition and dried, cornstalks may be kept indefinitely, and are ready at any time for conversion into alcohol. Professor Wiley says that the alcohol derivable from the cornstalks that now go to waste in this country would not only drive all of the machinery of our factories, but would furnish the requisite power for all of our railroads and steamboats, run all of our automobiles, heat and illuminate all of our houses, and light the streets in every city in the Union.

Why Not Try a Made-to-Order Suit

Ours cost less than ready-made, and they are original and exclusive in design.

We Send Free

Our Fashion [illegible] New York Styles, samples of the [illegible] for taking [illegible] you wish. Orders [illegible] week. We guarantee to fit you. If we fail to please you we promptly refund your money.

Everything Made to Order — Nothing Ready-Made

Tailor-Made Suits $8 to $35

New "Lohengrin" Suits	$13 to $35
Skirts of Exclusive Design	$4 to $15
Winter Jackets	$8 to $25
Long Coats, "Tourist" Models	$10 to $25
Rain Coats	$12 to $20

We prepay Express [illegible]

Our New Winter Catalogue and a fine assortment of samples sent **free** to any part of [illegible] whether samples are for suit, skirt or cloak, and what colors desired. **Ask for Catalogue No. 81**

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT COMPANY,
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.
[illegible] 16 [illegible]

THIS Dainty Sewing Set contains an Emery, Thimble, Embroidery Scissors, Bodkin and Glove Mender, all sterling silver, in a velvet-lined leatherette case 5 inches long by 3¼ inches wide. We will send it anywhere by mail, and guarantee delivery on receipt of the price . . . $1.85

We issue a splendid catalogue containing thousands of illustrations of desirable gifts, in **Gold and Silver Jewelry, Watches, Fine Leather Goods, Table Silverware, Toilet Articles, Etc.**, which is free for the asking. *Send us a* **postal to-day** *for this catalogue*

THE WARREN MANSFIELD CO.
Gold and Silversmiths
265 Middle Street, Portland, Maine

DON'T MEND
Children's Stockings
Knees, Heels and Toes reinforced with the strongest linen thread.
Knees, Heels and Toes reinforced with the strongest linen thread.

Let them wear NoMend Linen Knee Hosiery [illegible] are usually weak [illegible] we will send direct from factory on receipt of price
25c a pair
Box of 6 pairs $1.50 prepaid.
M. B. LAUBACH
Indiana Ave. & A St., Philadelphia

LITERARY FOLK

Their Ways and Their Work

MORE CHEERFUL AMERICANS — We are a cheerful people, and perhaps there will be More Yet.

¶ Not so very long ago Mr Charles Battell Loomis gave his publishers a little volume of short stories which he or they called Cheerful Americans. Now there are More Cheerful Americans *(Henry Holt & Co.)*. Mr. Loomis says: "I have been asked whether the title of this book means that the Americans are More Cheerful than you would expect them to be, or that they are more cheerful than those in Cheerful Americans, or whether it is just a title

"The latter would be the correct guess The book had to be named. . . . So it was decided to use the title of the former book and merely add More. More in itself connotes something literary. Remember Hannah? Also Sir Thomas?"

A sprinkling of the eighteen humorous tales that make the book first appeared in these pages, and will be familiar to our readers The others do not differ greatly in purpose or manner. They are all in a vein of kindly satire — sometimes a satire on a familiar and objectionable, or merely a ridiculous, type; sometimes an institution, as in Why the Delegate Walked; sometimes an affectation. The humor is quiet, though often very keen, and in certain of the stories there is a delicious ingenuity of invention. Less frequently there is a happy phrase, as in the description of the gentleman who would not know an anachronism "if he saw it in a cage." But the style does not break out in "sparkling coruscations" — as those writers would say whom Mr. Loomis loves to parody — so much as it glows evenly in a diffused warmth. You will not be a less cheerful American if you look into it for yourself

A CHICAGO PRINCESS — She is less trying to the temper in Mr. Robert Barr's book than she would be in real life.

¶ No story by Robert Barr fails of being readable. His little essays have a personal quality of direct contact with the reader, and his short stories a restraint, a definiteness of outline and a finish that are wanting in his novels but nothing he does is ever dull. A Chicago Princess *(Frederick A. Stokes Company)* makes no draft whatever on the reader's credulity, for the very simple reason that his belief is never once invoked. The book is frank extravaganza from beginning to end, and the reader is asked to be amused not edified. The characters are: a Chicago millionaire of the chin-whiskers type; his daughter, a beautiful but entirely ungoverned and very unlovable character who makes life one long nightmare for every one about her; her companion, who is, of course, the sweet ingénue the first suitor, in the person of a young Englishman down on his luck; the second suitor, a promoter, of "the modern school of finance." The action is largely on "popper's" yacht, and in ports of the Corean and Japanese coast. The daughter is mad on aristocracy, and gets all hands into a very pretty tangle with the Corean Court

These types are caricature — they are the musical comedy and the comic weekly presentation of character; but we have all smiled at the comic weeklies and continue to pay for tickets to the theatre. One does not always want to see Othello — and, if you are in the mood, A Chicago Princess will prove amusing.

HERBERT SPENCER — An estimate of the human personality and a review of the philosopher.

¶ Of all the appreciations, estimates, analyses, reviews and expositions of Herbert Spencer that we have seen since his death and the publication of the Autobiography, the most valuable is Herbert Spencer, An Estimate and Review, by Josiah Royce *(Fox, Duffield & Co.)*. To this estimate and review is added a chapter of personal reminiscence by James Collier, who was for nine years the amanuensis and for ten years the assistant of Herbert Spencer. Professor Royce's estimate is twofold: an essay on Spencer's contribution to the concept of evolution, and a paper, originally prepared to be read before an educational conference, on Spencer's educational theories. The first essay is the longer, the more thorough and the more formal; the second is lighter, wittier and, to the non-technical reader, distinctly more helpful in bringing him to know the man. Both were written from the new viewpoint afforded a student long familiar with Spencer's thought by the publication of the Autobiography. But precisely because the address brings to the task set it a larger fund of those qualities that make comment by Professor Royce peculiarly instructive — I mean humor and the love of the beautiful — therefore is it sharper in outline, more human

The one grudge that many of us have always had against Spencer is that, were his theories ever to be universally adopted, the world would soon be populated by buttoned up little Spencers. That would be a calamity So thinks Professor Royce too. "The whole Spencerian account he says, "is that of a man innocent, so to speak, of some of the greatest human issues, a man to whom certain beautifully clear and simple ideas suffice as the expression of the whole business of living" It is this hostility of Spencer's to everything that could not find room under his own hat that has left him so many enemies. "His service as a teacher of his age will never be forgotten," says Professor Royce. "His limitations have their own classic finish of outline. His place in the history of English thinking is significant and secure." Nevertheless he does not hesitate to declare elsewhere: "But let us be glad that he is not the trainer of our children."

Amen

Very different are the qualities that Mr Collier brings to his reminiscences. He is prodigiously sober. He can say such a thing as this and never bat an eyelid: Spencer was indulging in some arbitrary piece of intellectual exercise, and "in a few minutes he tabulated all the ramifications of the subject in *a [illegible] could scarcely [illegible] improved upon*" [illegible] recognize that though Spencer "used to say that he found reading and reflecting about equally hard, to an observer reading seemed to be much the harder. As he read a look of tense and almost painful concentration came over his face, while the act of dictation betrayed scarcely an effort." And yet he utterly fails to correlate this observation with its obvious implication of eye-strain, the most important single element, as noted by such observers as Dr. George M. Gould, in Spencer's ill health. On the contrary, he quotes Spencer's saying (true enough) that "Doctors knew nothing about it," and goes solemnly on to add, "but he still consulted them at times, and took their prescriptions, though from both theory and personal experience *he must have known more of his case than all of them together*." It is refreshing after such a dose to turn to the quiet humor and steady sanity of Professor Royce on Spencer's symptoms and ailments but there is not space to quote

Mr. Collier is entertaining when he confines himself to anecdote. It is interesting to know how Spencer amused himself, what were his habits of composition and where he spent his evenings; but his assistant's speculations on the nature of his mental processes and the quality of his thought are not profitable. Spencer had no great fund of humor himself, but he did not gush, and he could tell a fatuous sentence when he saw it

— *T. S. H*

¶ **MINOR MENTION: To be Irish** is to be some part in touch with all the world and most part at war with it. The Madigans were Irish to the backbone, and the ten short stories of their romps, their quarrels and their reconciliations that Miriam Michelson has put into a book (The Madigans: *The Century Company*) are as red-headed, as snapping-eyed, as wayward and as tender-hearted as themselves To meet them in life might be a penalty or a pleasure, according or no as the guest were "Irish, too," but in a book their acquaintance is pure delight. The illustrations by Orson Lowell are excellent in characterization and clever beyond imitation in technique

¶ **Sportsman Joe,** by Edwyn Sandys *(The Macmillan Company)*, is a capital book of outdoor sport for boys. Occasional passages of fine writing, and a humor more obtrusive than mirth-compelling, detract from the literary merit that a boy's book as well as another may possess; but the quality of variety and the amount of adventure and information ought to make the book rapt reading for anything but a young De Quincey.

MAUNA
COFFEE

"PERFECTION OF SELECTION"
Our Exclusive Importation

On receipt of $1.75, post office or express order or registered letter, we will deliver, all charges prepaid, to any home in the United States a 5-pound air-tight can of **MAUNA** COFFEE.

MAUNA COFFEE, "perfection of selection," is the choicest Java, blended with selected, hand-picked Arabian Mocha exactly in correct proportions. Scientifically roasted in our own establishment. Rich in aroma, stimulating and gratifying. Our offer as above is renewed — orders filled promptly. State whether you wish coffee powdered, granulated, or in the bean.

As the largest [illegible] "Highest Standard Quality." [illegible]

[illegible] FREE with first order

ACKER, MERRALL & CONDIT COMPANY
Dept. S - NEW YORK

BOOTH'S
DELICIOUS CHOCOLATES.

[illegible] peculiar charm [illegible] The above package makes a handsome present [illegible] Ask your dealer for **Booth's Esther Package**.

The assortment consists of chocolate dipped fruits and nuts [illegible] ginger, toasted almonds [illegible] fresh fruit juices, some with genuine [illegible] with English walnuts in the center

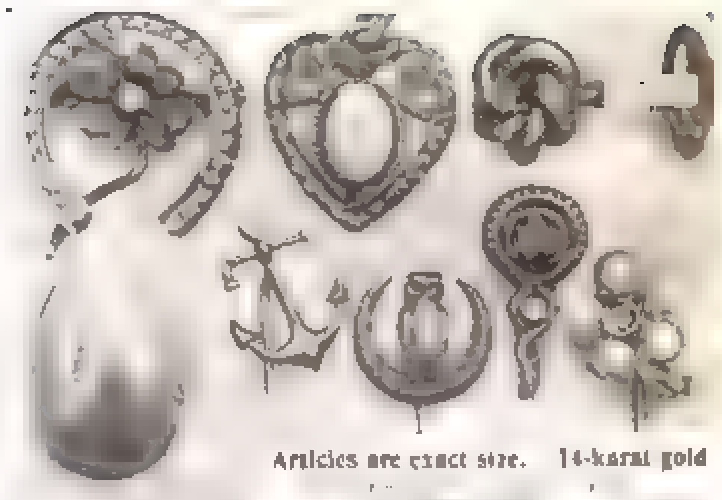
Hermetically sealed in dainty boxes of [illegible] travel box, heavy and tight. **Each box contains 60 pieces selected from 57 varieties,** and weighs more than a [illegible] **MONEY BACK IF NOT PERFECTION** [illegible]

LIBERAL SAMPLE POSTPAID 10 cents. Agencies wanted

WILFRID I. BOOTH, Dept. G, Elmira, N. Y.

Delicious Eggs NOT STALE OR COLD STORAGE EGGS, [illegible] Fresh Laid [illegible] Every Egg Guaranteed to be Delivered at Your Door [illegible] Within 48 to 60 Hours After the Egg is Laid CLOVER BRAND EGGS [illegible] Grain Fed Hens Free From Disease. Shipped in crates of [illegible] Every Egg Branded.

CLOVER BRAND EGG CO
Dept 22,
[illegible]
MICH



Articles are exact size. 14-karat gold

[illegible] pearl and [illegible]
[illegible] diamond,
920 Same, plain, [illegible]
[illegible] crescent,
[illegible] pearl
[illegible] pearls 10 00

A POSTAL CARD [illegible] DAY EVENING POST. It is a [illegible] beautifully illustrated jewelry catalogue, the only one in which all stones are genuine, all [illegible] gold 14-karat [illegible] specialties of our own exclusive production. We [illegible] anywhere in the United States, paying all charges and taking all risks [illegible] exchange or refund money for any articles proving [illegible] satisfactory

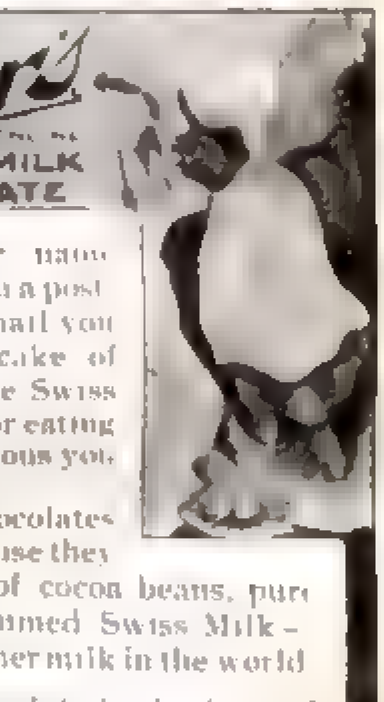
Buy in New York, the Centre of the Jewelry Trade of America.

If you see it in the Green Book, it is real. Address Department M

THE NEVIUS COMPANY
18 West 30th St. New York

Silver — Articles are exact size
Scarfpin, piece of [illegible] $1
84 Scarf pin, [illegible]
[illegible] enameled, [illegible]
[illegible] clasp, to match, [illegible]

Articles are three times size
[illegible] Copy of Penelope Winslow's [illegible]
[illegible] Kearsarge [illegible] 1 00
[illegible] U. S. S. Kearsarge [illegible]
Monogram cut on seal,
Fob, with garnet



CALL FOR
Cailler's
SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE

SEND us your name and address on a post card, and we'll mail you a free sample cake of Cailler's Genuine Swiss Milk Chocolate for eating — the most delicious you ever tasted.

Swiss Milk Chocolates are superior because they are made solely of cocoa beans, pure sugar and unskimmed Swiss Milk — equalled by no other milk in the world

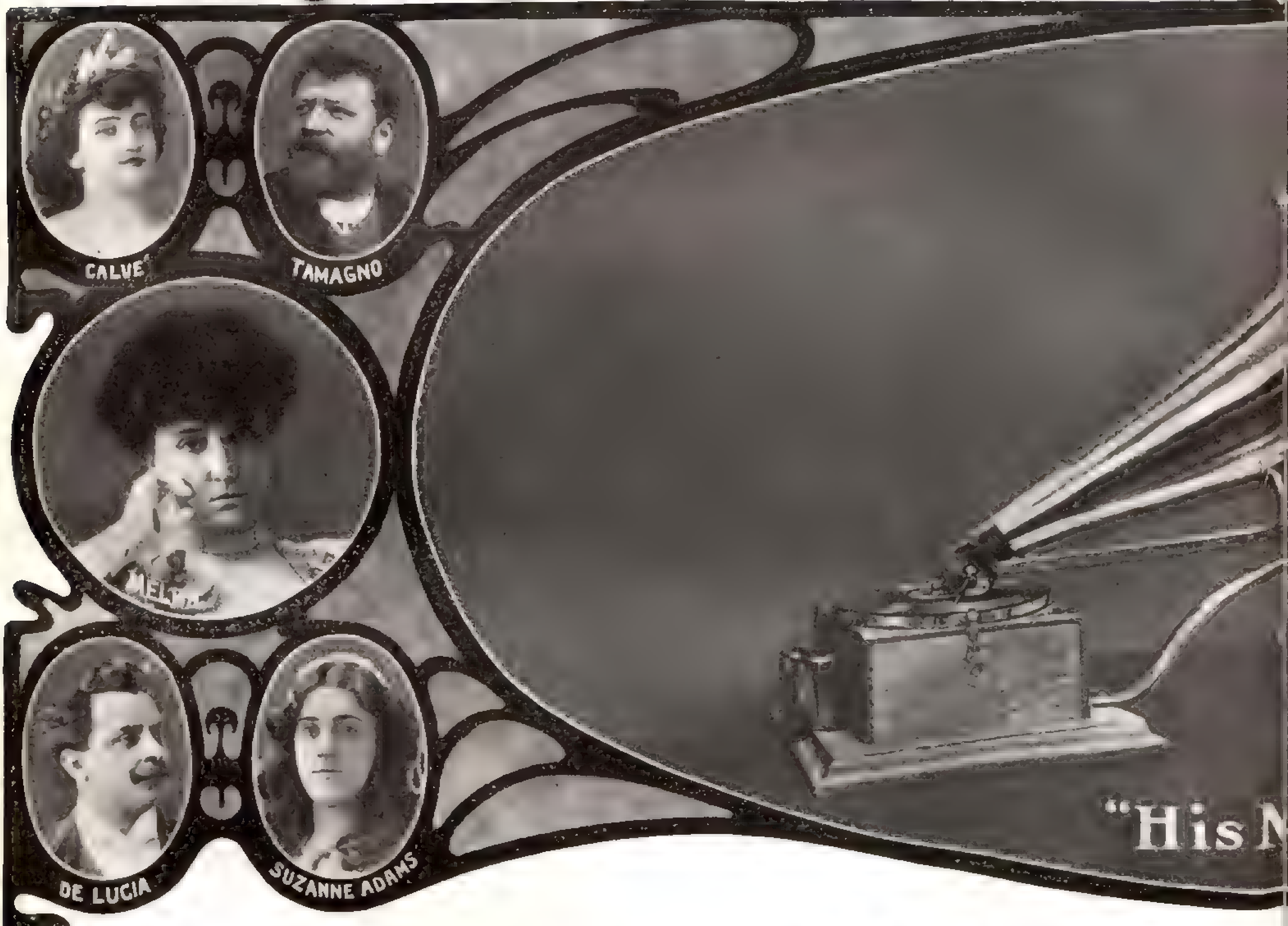
Cailler's Chocolate is the best of them all. The factory is located in the heart of the finest Swiss pasturage district, and the milk obtained there is what gives to Cailler's its unrivaled smoothness, richness and palatability.

Cailler's Genuine Swiss Milk Chocolate in powder form for drinking is equally delicious. All good dealers sell it.

J. H. FREYMANN
General Agent [illegible] the United States
861 Broadway New York

CHEAP RATES California, Washington, Oregon Colorado. We secure reduced rates [illegible] of intending settlers to the above States Write for rates. **Map of California, free.**
Trans-Continental Freight Co. X 355 Dearborn Street, Chicago

Victor Talki



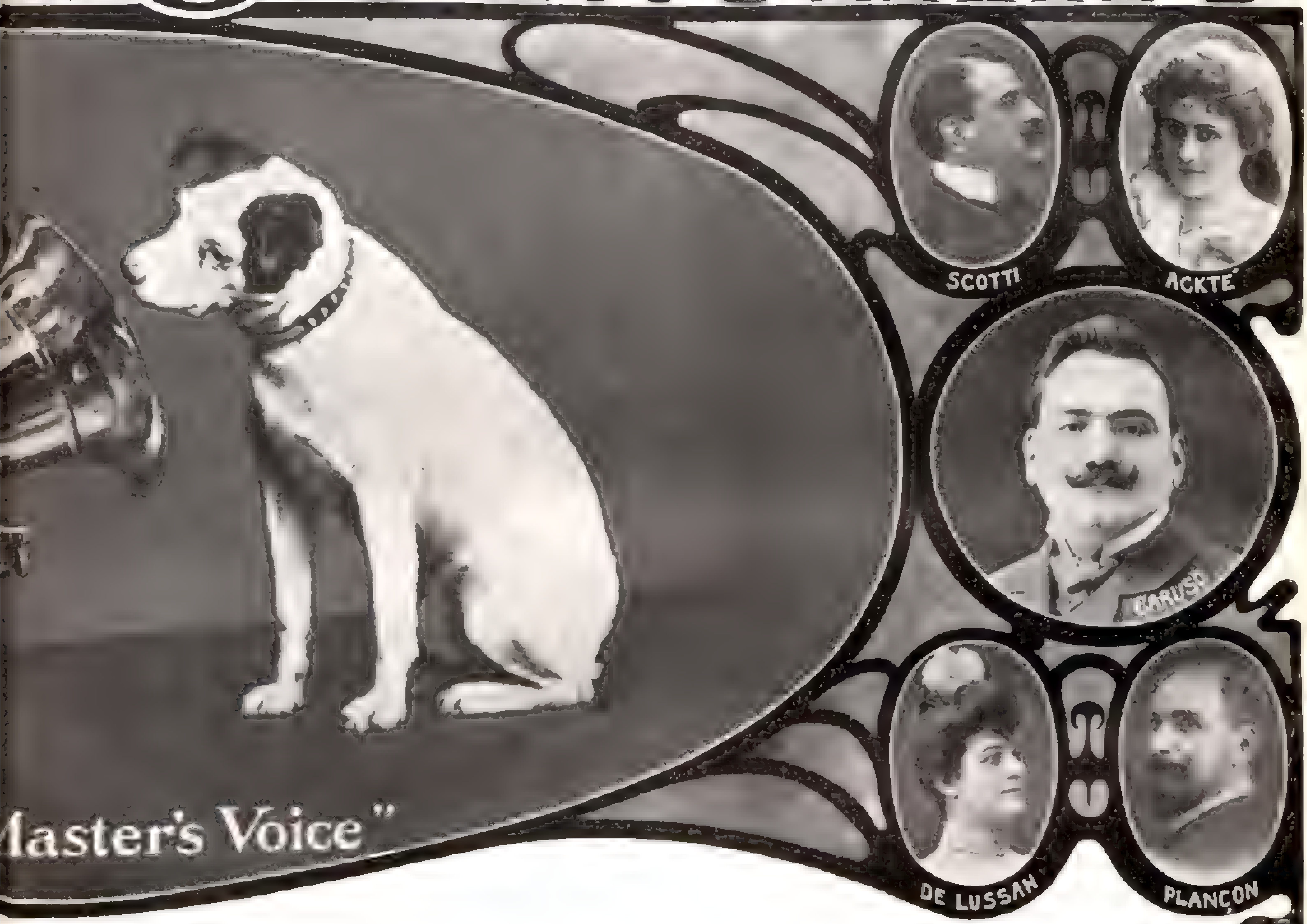
The voice of Melba

can now be heard on the *Victor Talking Machine.*

These records of the great soprano were made for her own private use—to send to her relatives in Australia. She has been persuaded to make them public.

The Melba Records have delighted the King and Queen of England. They have been eagerly sought by other famous singers. Melba herself says they are really wonderful. You can hear Melba only on the *Victor.*

ng-Machine


aster's Voice"
SCOTTI
ACKTE
CARUSO
DE LUSSAN
PLANÇON

Caruso and others

famous in the operatic world have also sung for the *Victor* and you can have grand opera at home whenever you want.

Besides the living voices of the leading artists of both continents, you can hear the music of celebrated bands and orchestras, and the best entertainment of every sort.

The *Victor* is more than a mere talking machine. It is the greatest musical instrument in the world.

LOWNEY'S

"NAME ON
EVERY PIECE

Every sealed package
of
Lowney's Chocolate
Bonbons

Is guaranteed to be fresh or money refunded. A guarantee slip is in each package of half pound or more. The Purity and Delicious Quality of these Bonbons have secured for them the largest sale of any confections in the world

The Lowney Receipt Book Sent Fr

The Walter M. Lowney Company
Boston, Mass.

Shop of the Crafters Furniture

includes many odd and beautiful home-pieces, ranging in price from $5 to $200. Hall clocks, desks, cellarettes, umbrella stands, hat racks, tabourettes and the like of practical service. Quartered oak — all rich, dull finishes — craftsman like construction. Charming originality along Mission lines shown in designs.

Buy of your dealer,
if possible. If he hasn't them order direct from us

Write for Catalogue,
illustrated with Shop of the Crafters

Melbourne Clock.
Quartered Oak. Metal face. Standard works.

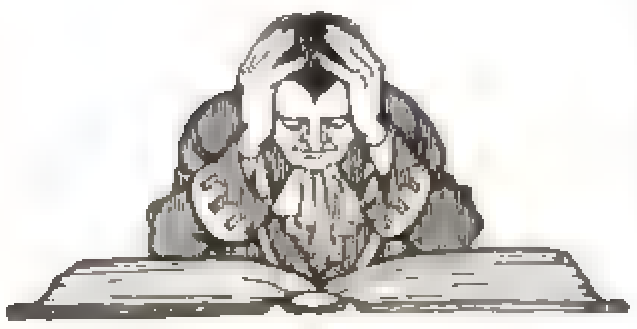
Shop of the Crafters
at Cincinnati,
on each piece.

THE SHOP OF THE CRAFTERS,
672 West 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

Everybody's Interested
in some child's Xmas. The best gift for boy or girl, is the light running
Irish Mail
"It's geared"

If your dealer hasn't it, order direct from us — we pay freight. Write for illustrated booklet FREE
The Standard Mfg. Co., 2542 Irish Mail Street, Anderson, Ind.

The Reading Table



Senator Hoar's College Life

TEN years ago the late Senator George F. Hoar wrote to President Thwing, of Western Reserve University, regarding his life at Harvard. Senator Hoar was graduated in 1846. His class numbered sixty-six. Among the members were Charles Eliot Norton, Francis J. Child and George M. Lane, all of whom were for many years eminent teachers at Harvard. Professor E. T. Channing, to whom Senator Hoar alludes, had an influence far more beneficial than that which the Senator acknowledges.

"I wasted very largely my four years at Harvard," says Senator Hoar in his letter. "The education there from '42 to '46 was far inferior to what can be obtained now in very humble institutions. But somehow the young men who were not good scholars and who were not industrious seemed to derive a great deal of advantage, both in the way of refinement and actual learning and moral and mental discipline, from their contact with the University.

"The things which I think were of most benefit to me were the recitations to Doctor Walker in Ethics and Mental Philosophy. We studied Dugald Stewart and Jouffroy in Mr. Channing's translation, and Cousin. The pupil was expected to master the argument in the textbook and recite it sufficiently at length to have required of him a clear statement of the author's thoughts in his own language. That was an excellent discipline. I also found great advantage in reading the Gorgias of Plato, to which I have been inclined to attribute whatever skill I had in cross-examining witnesses when I came to the bar. We had no instruction of any sort of value in Elocution. Professor Channing, who examined our themes and heard us recite in Whately's Rhetoric and in Bishop Lowth's Grammar, was of no service, except to a few of his pupils. His habit was to receive the pupil's theme, take it home with him, bring it back in a week, call the pupil to a seat by his table and sneer at the performance in the presence of the class. The result was that unless the youth was especially self-confident and plucky it took all the starch out of him. I never sat down to write a theme without fancying that grinning and mocking countenance looking over my shoulder.

"The fault of Harvard in those days was an overfastidiousness and a use of ridicule and criticism instead of encouragement and sympathy. I am surprised in looking back upon those days that I and my classmates got off as well as we did."

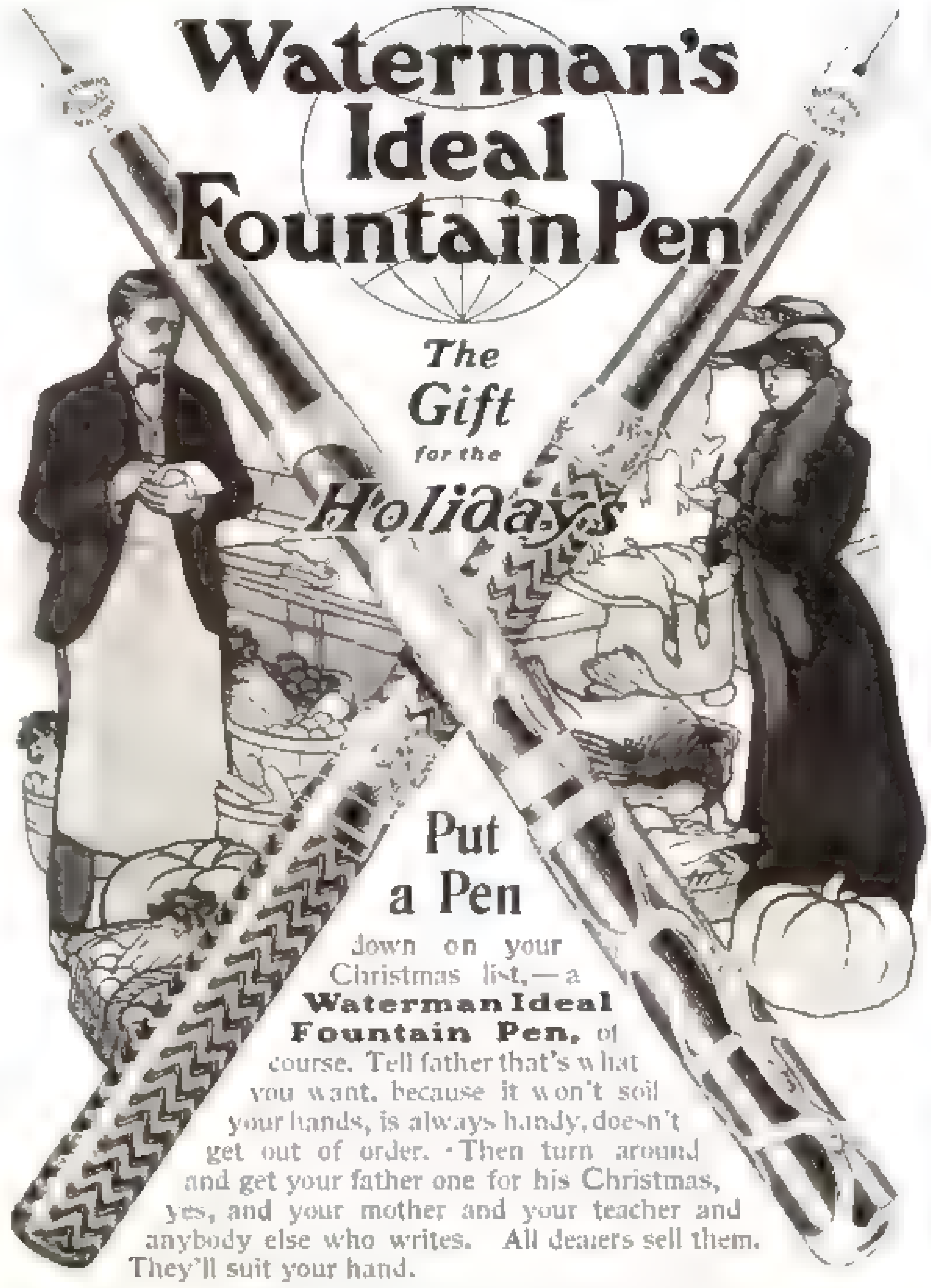
The Country Lawyer

FOR many years the writer enjoyed the intimate friendship of the late Senator Davis, of Minnesota, the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, one of the greatest constitutional and international lawyers in our Republic. Only a year before he was called hence he gave this interview, not for publication at the time; and it is now put down from a notebook which is casually taken from an old desk, where it has been lying forgotten, because at the time the Senator forbade its publication.

We were in his "den" at his home in St. Paul, when he was told that a Republican politician had made the remark (apropos of the appointment of Senator Garland, of Arkansas, to be made Attorney-General) that "Great lawyers do not come from obscure places, such as Hominy Hill." Senator Davis said:

That is false. I have no patience with those who sneer at the country lawyers. As a matter of fact, many a city lawyer of eminence has gone into country districts to try cases against country lawyers, and has learned to his amazement that the country lawyer was more than his match at every point.

"For example, one of the greatest jurists the nineteenth century produced was Associate Justice Samuel F. Miller, of the United



Put a Pen down on your Christmas list, — a **Waterman Ideal Fountain Pen,** of course. Tell father that's what you want, because it won't soil your hands, is always handy, doesn't get out of order. Then turn around and get your father one for his Christmas, yes, and your mother and your teacher and anybody else who writes. All dealers sell them. They'll suit your hand.

Send for catalogue of special Christmas styles and mountings.

L. E. Waterman Co., 173 Broadway, New York
160 State Street, Chicago, Ill.
107 St. James Street, Montreal
8 School Street, Boston, Mass.
138 Montgomery Street, San Francisco

PATENTED
BEST FURNACE ON EARTH

COAL BILLS
CUT IN HALF

We enable you to cut your coal bill in half — often the saving is two-thirds — by making a ton of the cheapest grade coal produce as much heat as a ton of the most costly grade. Every claim we make is proved by abundant voluntary testimony.

who sells over 700 of our furnaces annually, recently wrote —

"You can't afford to put in any but the best and that is the Peck-Williamson Underfeed. I have installed a large number and have found them to be great heaters as well as great fuel savers. You know Mr.———. I installed one for him two years ago. He has heated his house of 14 rooms comfortably on $10.00 worth of coal a year, where for ten years previous his coal bills averaged from $140 to $160. Without doubt

The Peck-Williamson Underfeed is the BEST FURNACE ON EARTH."

Let us send you Free our Underfeed book, and voluntary letters, proving every claim we make.

Dealers are invited to write for our very attractive proposition.

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO., 329 W. 5th St., Cincinnati, O.

HERE'S A PIN PUSH IT IN

What We Have All Been Wanting!
A dainty little device to hang up **small pictures, calendars, wreaths at windows,** posters, draperies, etc., without disfiguring wood or plaster walls as does a tack.

MOORE PUSH-PINS
solve the problem. *You push them in with your fingers.* **Made of fine steel and polished glass,** strong and ornamental. At stationery, house furnishing and photo supply stores or mailed prepaid for **10 cents per Packet of ½ dozen,** either size. No. 1 like cut, size No. 2 longer than file.
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., 117 S. 11th St., Phila., Pa.

"HIGH FLYER"
Automobile Hand Car for Boys and Girls of from 2 to 14 years. Christmas or birthday gift. happy, healthy children. **Brings every muscle of the body into play. Single or double seats and handles. Coaster gear and brake.** High speed — like the wind. **Guaranteed heavy rubber tires. Shipped direct from factory.**
Starbuck Sons Co.
2901 Cottage Ave.
MATTOON, ILL.

CHRISTMAS SPOON
Sterling Silver of Special Christmas Design
Cut is two-thirds of the actual size.
A dainty Christmas gift. Fine Catalog of numerous Christmas gifts FREE.
The Warren Mansfield Co., Silversmiths
24 Temple St., Portland, Maine

LARGE SALARIES $1000-$5000

HAPGOODS.
Suite 509 309 Broadway N Y

White Rock

rises from the earth in all its delicious purity—a sparkling effervescing, refreshing beverage brewed deep in the recesses of nature's laboratory.

In demand the world over where purity and excellence are first requisites.

A table water without a peer.

WHITE ROCK
White Rock
WATER

NEW WRINKLE

Society's New Confection

[illegible]

"One taste invites another"

New Wrinkle [illegible] young and old.

[illegible] by leading stores all cities.

If your dealer hasn't it, send us his name and address together with 4c in stamps and we will send you a generous sample

[illegible] better still, mail us 40c [illegible] will deliver you a one- [illegible]

RUECKHEIM BROS. & ECKSTEIN, CRACKER JACK AND CANDY MAKERS
237 Peoria St. CHICAGO

States Supreme Court. When he was appointed by President Lincoln, in 1862, he was a practicing attorney in the little town of Keokuk, Iowa. He had a small practice, but he was studying all of the time, reading all important decisions, and filling his brain with the lore which made him the foremost member of the Supreme Court during a period of almost forty years. I can tell you, at random and from memory, the names of some of the great country lawyers of my generation Attorney General Garland was one of the greatest

"You are old enough to have known something of Senator Matt. Carpenter, of Wisconsin. For many years he dwelt in the little town of Beloit, Wisconsin, with a very limited practice, but there it was that he laid the foundations for his eminence and greatness in national affairs. There was a country lawyer in New York, named Daniel Cady whose name became well known in his day, and he was the father of some very brilliant children. One of the leading lawyers of New York City went to try a case against Daniel Cady, and on his way stopped in Albany to borrow a few lawbooks from Nicholas Hill, to whom he said that he was going up into the country 'literally to chew up a fellow named Cady.' Mr. Hill quietly remarked 'I know something of that man Cady, of whom you seem to know little. When you get through with him please stop in my office and tell me what kind of a man you think he is.' The city lawyer returned one week later, and informed Mr. Hill that he had been defeated in an important case by that man Cady, whom he regarded as the greatest lawyer he had ever known

Chief Justice Gibson, of Pennsylvania, was one of the greatest lawyers ever produced by the Keystone State. He also was a country lawyer, who, being an omnivorous reader and blessed with an excellent memory, became a phenomenon of legal learning. He was a quiet, unpretentious man, who not only absorbed all of the erudition of his profession but was a thinker, and consequently, a constructionist. He used to play a fiddle, and carried the instrument with him wherever he went. He told his intimate friends that he solved many a knotty problem while scraping on the strings, extemporizing chords or melodies

He was truly a very great man, albeit he was a country lawyer from a place no more pretentious than Hominy Hill.

"There was Nicholas Hill, of Albany, to whom I just referred. He was originally from Little Falls, in Herkimer County As a country lawyer he was a student and when he branched out into a larger field of endeavor commanded immediate attention and recognition

These are instances enough to cite to demonstrate to you what I mean by saying that they are narrow minds who would sneer at the country lawyers for they are [illegible] learned men with broader knowledge of the law than their city colleagues who are educated to specialties."

Senator Davis was also a country lawyer, and his own experience probably led him to express his indignation at the sneer flung at country lawyers. His learning was prodigious, profound, well-nigh complete and all-comprehensive. Senator Hoar said of him: "He is an encyclopædia of constitutional and international law."

It is now no violation of confidence to narrate an incident of his career in the Senate. The imbroglio with Chili was on, and Secretary Blaine went to the Senate for information on a point of international law. Senator John Sherman was chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, and he sent for Senator Davis, who, upon hearing the inquiry, said: "You will find that point elucidated by Calvo, the great Spanish writer." The work was sent for, but the Library of Congress had only one copy, and that was in the French language. Secretary Blaine threw up his hands and exclaimed: "I know nothing of French."

"Have one of your translators handle it for you," said Senator Sherman.

"Useless," said Mr. Blaine. "President Harrison would have the translation before they would give it to me"

"Then I will translate it for you," said Senator Davis, the country lawyer

And he sat up until five o'clock the following morning, when he took the translation to Secretary Blaine, who sent a very learned message to the Senate on the following day, in advance of President Harrison's message on the same subject. But Secretary Blaine would have been helpless in the matter but for Senator Davis, a country lawyer.

—*Smith D Fry.*

BENSDORP'S
ROYAL DUTCH
COCOA

TRADE MARK

BENSDORP'S
ROYAL DUTCH COCOA
Double Strength
Nourishing and Sustaining as a Drink.
Equally good for Frosting Cake and for Flavoring dainty dessert Ice Cream Sherbert etc.
The Cocoa with a Yellow Wrapper.
thats BENSDORP'S

Either Way You Look At It

From the standpoint of either *safety* or *accuracy*, no better weapon for defence or attack can be had than the Iver Johnson Revolver. No safety mechanism could be more simple and perfect—a device that *means safety*, without any "ifs" or "buts" about it. The

IVER JOHNSON
REVOLVERS

[illegible] the floor, *hammer* [illegible] it can't possibly [illegible] you deliberately pull the trigger.

Iver Johnson Revolvers are for sale at all dealers
Hammer, $5. Hammerless, $6

Write for our [illegible] lets, Souls [illegible] logue, *free*

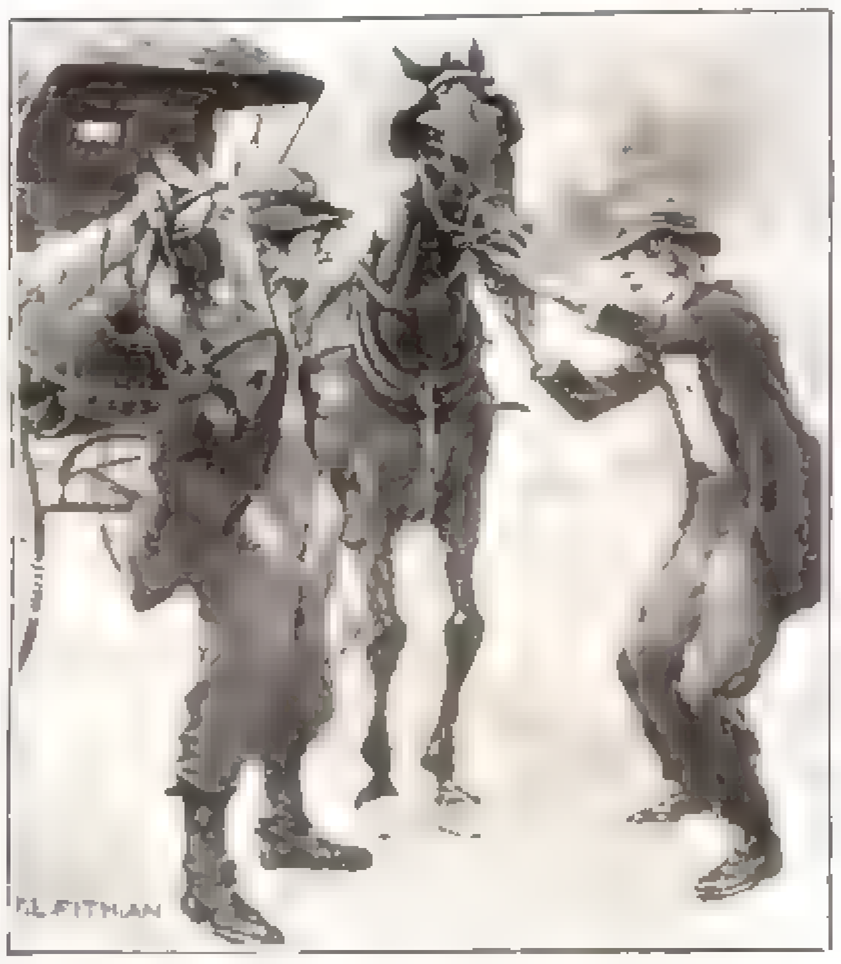
Iver Johnson's Arms and Cycle Works
FITCHBURG, MASS.

CLASS PINS OR BADGES
For any College, School, Class Club, Society or Lodge.
Direct from Factory to Wearer.
[illegible] Silver, Silver-Plated Pins, [illegible] als of all descriptions. Either of the two styles illustrated in [illegible]
Silver Plate, $1 doz. Sample, 10c
Ster. Silver, $2.30 doz. Sample, 25c
[illegible] Satisfaction guaranteed. [illegible]
Bastian Bros., 21[illegible] S. Av., Rochester, N. Y.

Children must work
because their fathers died without providing for them. Write for free booklet, "The How and the Why," and learn how you can provide for your wife and children
We insure by mail
PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
921 Chestnut Street Philadelphia

A Yankee "Hoss-Shift"

BY HOLMAN F. DAY



Old Sile Bangs drove to town one day,
Holdin' the reins on a high-checked bay
Right in front of the gros'ry store
He met Zeke Haines, of Clinton Gore—
Haines up-alind a flea-bit roan,
Small skrid o' meat and a blamed lot o' bone
And that high-checked bay looked, honest true,
Like a cross 'tween a goose and a kangaroo
"Lookin' for a shift?" asks Bangs of Haines
"Donno'," says Zeke, layin' down his reins;
"I'm pretty nigh suit and I wouldn't give a hoot
For a swop 'less I got some good, big boot."
"Boot!" says Bangs; "for that old rip
With a hock like a squash and a knocked-down hip
[illegible] boot Zeke Haines, ought to come t'other way—
Jest you lift that lip and pee[illegible] use that bay
Nine years old—n[illegible]
Yas, mebbe 'leven—wal, [illegible] years then
You can talk of the whole of the teeth you've seen,
But you can't budge *me* up above thirteen
"Thirteen!" says Zeke. "That hoss of yer'n
Is sot down in books for the kids to learn
That's the same old hoss of Paul Revere,
With the same old heaves he caught that year
My roan, I allow, is ga'nt a mite,
But he's sound and kind and allways right.
Ain't afeard o' nothin'—man or [illegible]
And he'll walk right up and drink [illegible]
He'll [illegible] you a mile in head-up style
If you want reel hoss, it's your chance now, Sile

There in front of the gros'ry store
They chawed and they jawed for an hour or more,
And they swopped, no b[illegible] when out of wind,
Each on 'em reckonin' t'other was skinned.
Old Sile Bangs and old Zeke Haines
Harnessed 'em over and fumbled the reins,
Squinted and peeked a consid'able while,
Took fresh chaws and thought a [illegible]
Then each to each growled, "Say, we might
As well make sure what's the special 'out'"
"Wal," grinned Zeke, "that roan is blind
And he's one o' the reel high-pressur' kind
You ought to have reins like a three-inch h'ist
So't when he gits tired you can give him a h'ist,
Puffs like a tugbo't—hear him mile away!
Now, what's the 'out' in this 'ere bay?"
He dropped the reins on the dashboard rail,
When, whish! around swung a stubby tail,
Gaffled the webbin's and held them tight
And away Zeke went, slam bang out o' sight
Sile peeked after through the dust,
And he says, "I'm afeared he's plannin' a bust
When he showed sech hurry in rippin' away
[illegible] 'lection. I was 'bout to say
That I'd let him have old Iron-tail Liz
With a grip in her tail that means strict biz
[illegible]—come out all right,
But it all depends where he happens to light."
Then old Sile Bangs pinched an iron strap
On the wheezing nose and said, "Gid dap!"
Steered by the reins with careful [illegible]
And started in search of another [illegible]

"Eatin' Day"

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

The Fourth is when the church-bells ring and when the fireworks is,
And when the "Horribles" parade and when the crackers fizz,
And it's the day that's set apart especially for boys,
'Cause then you don't hear "Hush, my son! do stop that awful noise"
And Christmas is the "present" time, with wreaths around the wall,
And Santa Claus, and stockings hung, and Christmas trees and all;
And "Decoration" 's when you hear the soldier music play
But when Thanksgivin' comes, why that's—I guess that's "Eatin' Day."

Of course, there's always lots to eat at our house all the time,
But on Thanksgivin' only "lots" would be a sort of crime;
You've got to have an *awful* pile of every kind of stuff
So folks'll eat a good deal more than only just *enough*
And Ma, she'll cook and cook and cook, and Sis'll bake and bake,
Till even in the best spare room you smell the smell of cake,
And there is goodies everywhere, all stacked and piled away
A-waitin' till they bring 'em out the noon of "Eatin' Day."

And when at last Thanksgivin's come and all the folks are here,
It's "Say, I'm glad it's dinner-time!" and "Ain't you hungry, dear?
And Pa'll forget he's subject to them "indigestion spells,"
And simply fill himself right up with frosted cake and jells,
And A'nt Maria, that's "delicate" and "never can eat much,"
She'll pass her plate the second time and eat to beat the Dutch;
And as for me, why, Pa and Ma ain't got a word to say,
It's "Jimmie, have another slice"—because it's "Eatin' Day."

'Tain't wrong to have both kinds of pie and, maybe, puddin' too,
And grapes and raisins, yes, and nuts to nibble when you're through
And you can ask for more ice cream and never raise a row,
'Cause things that's "bad for little boys" on other days ain't now.
And if next mornin' I should feel—well, not exactly good,
And don't have quite the appetite for breakfast that I should
There isn't any "Told you so" from grown-up folks, for they
Feel 'bout the same as me, I guess, right after "Eatin' Day."

LOG CABIN
CAMP SYRUP

"My Favorite"

Towle's Log Cabin Camp Syrup has that delicious, wholesome, true maple flavor, because it is syrup made from pure maple sugar right from the maple grove.

It is Nature's nectar put up in gallon half gallon, quart and pint Log Cabin Cans the kind you have always bought under the red label.

If your dealer cannot supply you with

Towle's Log Cabin MAPLE Syrup
Towle's Log Cabin CAMP Syrup, or
Towle's Log Cabin PENOCHE Syrup

send us his name and address with 10 cents and we will send you this beautiful Log Cabin Souvenir Spoon.

Our booklet, "From Camp to Table," contains recipes for a score of dainty dishes and is sent free on request.

Towle Maple Syrup Company
St. Paul, Minn.

Towle Maple Syrup Co.,
St. Paul, Minn.

• No. 1525.—Sterling Silver Scarf Pin Holder, 2¾ in. long, with ribbon, 60 cents.
No. 1527. Sterling Silver Hat Pin Holder, 4¼ in. long, with ribbon, $1.00.
• Price does not [illegible]

[illegible] holder for men, and the demand promises to be equally as large. Both are very ornamental in design and cannot fail to help [illegible] times vexing question, "What [illegible] that will be useful yet different."
You certainly want to buy [illegible]
[illegible] ing silver eve [illegible] choice of over 10,00 [illegible]
[illegible] at your leisure look over the [illegible] the largest dealers in solid gold [illegible] sterling silver by mail in the [illegible]

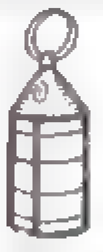
DANIEL LOW & CO.
Gold and Silversmiths
Established 1867 201 Essex St., Salem, Mass.

WELL, THAT'S FINE

"GEM" Safety Razor

The "Gem" sells on its merits. The first shave with this mechanically perfect shaving device proves its superiority. The "*Gem*" *blade* is the secret of our success—best English razor steel

Razor Complete, $2.00 Morocco Case 2 blades, $3.50.
At dealers, or direct on receipt of price
GEM CUTLERY CO., 34 Reade St., New York
Send for book [illegible] Dept. G



Tabard Inn COFFEE

You can now have coffee equal to the famous Yemen of the courts of Turkey and Persia; not one thing one day and something else the next. The **Tabard Inn Coffee Maker** does the work. It is so simple that a child can make as good coffee as a hotel chef. It fits any coffee or tea-pot. It is made of rolled copper, silver plated.

TABARD INN COFFEE MAKER
AS USED ON TEA POT

Makes excellent coffee almost as quickly as a camera snaps a picture. Uniform in quality and strength. **No boiling; no waste; no eggs; no coffee dregs; no bitter taste;** and always piping hot. All in one piece with lid additional. Price $1.25, delivered to any address.

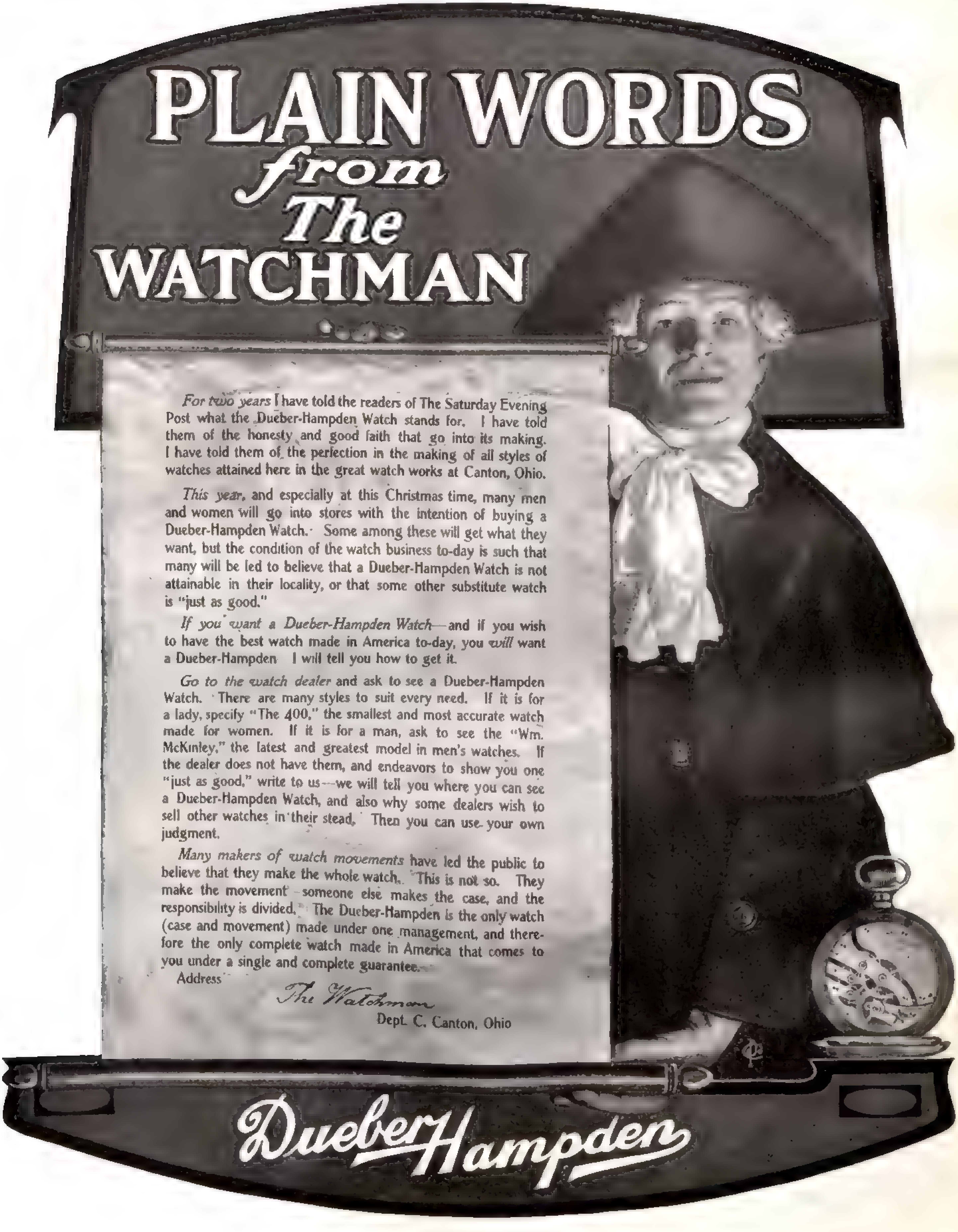
[illegible] Tabard Inn Coffee [illegible] Coffee Maker [illegible] ONE DOLLAR [illegible] One Do[illegible]

THE TABARD INN FOOD COMPANY
1611 Chestnut St., Dept. P, PHILADELPHIA

Blue Label Soups
[illegible]
Ea[illegible] A Good Start for a Good Dinner"
[illegible]
Blue Label Tomato Ketchup
Possesses a Piquancy All Its Own
Extra Quality Canned Fruit and Vegetables
[illegible] *me made and not* [illegible]
[illegible] *products are prepared with* [illegible] *care and cleanliness*

CURTICE BROTHERS CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

A Remarkable Incubator Book
[illegible]
RACINE HATCHER CO Box 99 RACINE, WIS



PLAIN WORDS from The WATCHMAN

For two years I have told the readers of The Saturday Evening Post what the Dueber-Hampden Watch stands for. I have told them of the honesty and good faith that go into its making. I have told them of the perfection in the making of all styles of watches attained here in the great watch works at Canton, Ohio.

This year, and especially at this Christmas time, many men and women will go into stores with the intention of buying a Dueber-Hampden Watch. Some among these will get what they want, but the condition of the watch business to-day is such that many will be led to believe that a Dueber-Hampden Watch is not attainable in their locality, or that some other substitute watch is "just as good."

If you want a Dueber-Hampden Watch—and if you wish to have the best watch made in America to-day, you *will* want a Dueber-Hampden. I will tell you how to get it.

Go to the watch dealer and ask to see a Dueber-Hampden Watch. There are many styles to suit every need. If it is for a lady, specify "The 400," the smallest and most accurate watch made for women. If it is for a man, ask to see the "Wm. McKinley," the latest and greatest model in men's watches. If the dealer does not have them, and endeavors to show you one "just as good," write to us—we will tell you where you can see a Dueber-Hampden Watch, and also why some dealers wish to sell other watches in their stead. Then you can use your own judgment.

Many makers of watch movements have led the public to believe that they make the whole watch. This is not so. They make the movement—someone else makes the case, and the responsibility is divided. The Dueber-Hampden is the only watch (case and movement) made under one management, and therefore the only complete watch made in America that comes to you under a single and complete guarantee.

Address

The Watchman
Dept. C, Canton, Ohio

Dueber Hampden

MADE BY
A MAN
TAILOR
TO YOUR
MEASURE
(Not ready made)

THIS IS A RAINCOAT SEASON

FREE

Notacot Samples

[illegible]

Paper Pattern

[illegible]

Ladies' Tailored Coats

[illegible] $12 [illegible]

[illegible] from $1.25 yard upward

TOURIST COAT $10

Our Designs or Your Choosing

[illegible]

UNSPOTABLE DRESS GOODS

[illegible]

HAVANA BROWNS

Smartest shades of [illegible] and Dress [illegible] Write to day for [illegible] samples [illegible] Fashion Portfolios.

BUY CLOTH DIRECT - SAVE A THIRD We guarantee satisfaction or money back. We pay all Express Charges.

Send us your name today for free books and sample.

NOTACOT RAIN CLOTH CO.
J C HUBBARD Prop. (City Treas.), ASHTABULA, O.

PYROGRAPHY APPLIQUE
THE NEW ART WORK

Until January 1

Naan Plush Centerpiece, stamped, ready for burning, including [illegible] Size, 18 in. Choice of gold, tan or light [illegible] $2.00

FOR A HOLIDAY GIFT

[illegible] the beautiful New Art Work [illegible] Pyrography Outfit? [illegible]

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE No. P-19

[illegible] Illustrates 1,000 Gibson and other [illegible] articles of Naan Plush, wood and leather of every description at reasonable prices.

SPECIAL OFFER

Our No. 97 $2.50 Outfit $1.65 [illegible] wood, leather, etc. Includes fine Plat[illegible] [illegible] Double [illegible] Metal [illegible] Two Pieces Stamped Practice Wood, and full instructions, all contained in neat Leatherette Box.

TRADE T&C CHICAGO MARK

For sale by your dealer or sent by us C. O. D. for examination. Outfits and supplies at all prices shown in our Catalogue P-19. Write for it to day.

THAYER & CHANDLER
160-164 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

Largest makers of Pyrography Goods in the world

The latest catalogue of The Liberty Cut Glass Co. is now ready. Before purchasing learn how to buy Cut Glass from the Works at 40% less than retail prices.

Address

THE LIBERTY CUT GLASS CO.
Egg Harbor City, N.J.

How Crop Scares Start

By B. W. Snow

Crop Statistician

THOUGH the psychology of crop scares is especially in the public mind at the present moment, this subject is always one of lively interest and importance to the people of the greatest crop growing country of the earth.

It cannot be denied that the crop scare is the passing wind that wafts the sails of speculation into the harbor of quick profits, and that it is used to this advantage with all the clever seamanship that professional speculators can command. The speculator stands ever ready to spread his canvas and twist his tiller in a manner to make the most of each timid puff of doubt, of every squall of fear — for a change of "crop sentiment" is the wind of fortune to him. On the other hand, the supposition of a deliberate, systematic and sustained propaganda of falsified information intended to produce a market scare of formidable proportions might as well be dismissed from consideration at the start. Many veteran traders are strong in their insistence that in the old days deliberately manufactured crop scares were familiar weapons in the hands of the great speculative chiefs; but the immensely increased facility with which authentic crop information is now collected and transmitted makes a speculative campaign based upon falsified reports a practical impossibility. Certainly the most daring and unscrupulous of "plungers" would not now have the hardihood to attempt a scheme of this sort, the manipulation of which would require a period of several days.

On the other hand, the utility of an ill-founded crop scare, so far as the purposes of the professional speculator are concerned, does not at all demand an elaborate scheme of manufactured information; he is well content to take a scalper's profit on quick fluctuations of prices caused by magnified rather than manufactured information. So long as a considerable number of traders get the impression that a certain scare report is of genuine importance he realizes his profits and does not care, or have occasion to care, if that impression is well or ill founded, for he knows that the market will instantly respond to this sense of alarm and that he will be able to benefit by at least a small margin of fluctuation before the facts in the case be ascertained and a knowledge of them disseminated among speculators and traders.

How Ill News Travels

Naturally, this brings up the question: Why does the speculative public accept "scare" information on its face and without good evidence to support it?

There is an old adage to the effect that ill news travels fast. This describes the situation admirably, for the strength of the crop scare is in the chronic and dispositional attitude of the speculator, who is ever on the alert for bad news and eager to accept it; or, to put it more accurately, he is watchful for any report which is contrary to generally accepted conditions and which will, therefore, cause a change of market sentiment and a fluctuation of prices.

Let me illustrate just how a crop scare starts. The editor of the county-seat paper in Blank County, Kansas, is the local correspondent of a Kansas City daily. He encounters a dull week when news in his territory, of sufficient importance to telegraph, is decidedly scarce. Up at the courthouse he meets a dozen farmers who are mutually bemoaning the fact that the lack of rain bids fair greatly to injure if not well-nigh to kill their wheat. The enterprising newspaper correspondent quickly ascertains that these men are well scattered over the county and he soon figures out that the prospective shortage in Blank County wheat is more than a local calamity. By the time he reaches his office, and has incidentally considered that a failure of the wheat crop in his locality would undoubtedly cut down the list of subscribers to his own paper, he is an unqualified pessimist on the subject of the crop outlook. His dispatch to the Kansas City paper makes the most of every scrap of "scare" information, and he presents a very convincing case. Meantime the local elevator man has talked with the same farmers, and has sent to the grain buyer with whom he

THE YOUTH OF TWENTY

NEITHER man or boy—how shall he dress? Must he "make out" with large sized boys' suits or under-sized men's? He feels undignified in one and looks grotesque in the other.

There's a happy solution for him in the Edelheimer-Stein garments.

A line of smart, young-mannish styles, youthful but correct; conservative but tasteful; full of snap and go. They permit a fellow to be dignified but don't make him look like his own father.

There's a clothier in your town who carries these garments—and he's ready now to become a "friend to the young men." Our style book "P" will also give you pointers on good dressing at modest figures.

The label for a young man to look for:

Your Guide Edelheimer, Stein & Co. MAKERS CHICAGO *Our Guarantee*

W. L. DOUGLAS
UNION MADE $3.50 SHOES FOR MEN

W. L. DOUGLAS MAKES AND SELLS MORE MEN'S $3.50 SHOES THAN ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD

The reason W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes are the greatest sellers in [illegible] wearing qualities. If I could show you the difference between the shoes made in my factory and [illegible] their shape, fit [illegible] any other $3.50 shoe [illegible] the year ending July 1 [illegible] $6,263,040.00 [illegible] their value by [illegible] take no substitute [illegible] shoe dealers everywhere.

Superior in Fit, Comfort and Wear

"I have worn W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes [illegible] satisfaction. I find them superior [illegible] costing from $5.00 to $7.00."
— B. S. McCUE, Dept. Coll., U. S. Int. Revenue, Richmond

W. L. Douglas uses Corona Coltskin in his $3.50 shoes. Corona Colt is conceded to be the finest Patent Leather made. Fast Color Eyelets used exclusively.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

Defy the Coldest Blizzard with a

Vestibule Storm Shield

It keeps the driver warm and dry as in a closed cab. It saves the horse against the wind and stops the strain on buggy top. Fits on any buggy and looks neat and trim. Curtains [illegible] disappear by a touch. No incumbrance — put on or off in two minutes. Sent on approval. Picture catalog free. "Are you with us?"

REX BUGGY SHIELD CO.
23 Oak Street Connersville, Ind.

DERMOPHILE

Pure Wool Underwear

MADE IN FRANCE

Guaranteed Unshrinkable or Money Refunded

Is the best and most appreciated Underwear in the market. Made in four weights for men, women and children.

For Sale at the Best Stores

THE DERMOPHILE COMPANY
436 Broome St., New York

SQUABS sell for $2.50 to $6.00 a dozen; restaurants charge 75 [illegible] $1.50 an order [illegible] There is [illegible] this rich industry. Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 289 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

4%

Are you in doubt as to what to give the children at Christmas time?

Let us make a suggestion. [illegible]

[illegible] other gift you could make.

And it will be helpful to them not alone in the good they may get from the money, but in the lesson of thrift they will learn

Some of our depositors have been following this plan for a number [illegible]

[illegible] nieces and nephews.

Many of these accounts have been added to from time to time until to-day they represent very sn[illegible]

All bank books to be used as Christm[illegible] tied with a bow of red ribbon and [illegible]

[illegible] compounded twice a year.

Send us the first deposit and the name and address of the boy or girl and we will mail the books properly [illegible] [illegible] we will se[illegible] the books to [illegible] be presented [illegible]

PEOPLES SAVINGS BANK
Capital $1,000,000 Surplus $1,000,000
PITTSBURGH, PA.
The Bank that pays 4%

Burrowes
Home Billiard and Pool Table
5 to 8 Feet, $15.00 to $50.00

[illegible] way Mahogany finish, [illegible] balls, fine cues, book of rules, 25 games, 40 implements gratis. Weight 35 to 90 lbs. Thousands in use all over the world. Sent on trial

Also the new game outfit, 30 x 30 inches
Balletto Game Board, $6.00
Price includes balls, cues, etc. 25 games
Write for Illustrated Booklet [illegible]
E. T. BURROWES CO., 307 Free St., PORTLAND, MAINE
Also Burrowes Rustless Fly Screens

$7.00 SETTLES THE XMAS "PROBLEM"

WHY NOT A LASTING GIFT?

Let us send [illegible] express charges all paid. [illegible] $7.00 [illegible] price is $72.50

THE DIAMONDS are guaranteed extra fine color (blue white) [illegible], perfect in every respect, beautifully cut and unusually brilliant. The [illegible]

GIFT GUIDE FREE

YOU are entitled to our [illegible]

GEO. E. MARSHALL, Inc., 101 State St., Chicago
[illegible]

does business at Kansas City a tel[illegible] as [illegible] is the newspaper correspondent's report. No sooner does the information contained in these dispatches [illegible] trading floor of the Kansas City exchange than a flurry of excitement is at once evident. Despite the fact that there is not an atom of evidence to indicate a prospective shortage in any other part of the State, and that Blank County, at its best, furnishes less than one thousand bushels of the seventy million bushels of wheat produced in the entire State, the pit soon warms up into a fair-sized furore, and buying orders are rushed in on every hand.

But the scare does not stop here. Immediately the wires are busy carrying to Chicago messages of the sudden buying activity and the rise of prices, together with [illegible] concerning "the Kansas wheat crop failure." The Chicago market responds with mercurial sensitiveness to this news, and in a moment the wheat pit is humming with excitement.

Of course, traders who are interested on the bear side of the market immediately wire to their correspondents in Kansas for denial or confirmation of the report; but before these telegrams are answered by denials indicating that the scare is only "a tempest in a teapot" the mischief has been done. The scalper has taken his quick profits and the incident becomes forgotten almost as quickly as it came about—save, of course, by the trusting bull speculator who failed to "get out from under" before the scare was exploded by reliable information indicating the insignificance of the territory affected by the shortage.

What a reliable crop report means to this country, however, can only be realized by considering its relation to the world of commerce and industry, wholly apart from the currents and eddies of speculation. There are four great industries whose prosperity may be said to depend directly upon the crops of the country. I refer to the railroads, the wholesale merchandizing houses, the manufacture of agricultural implements and harvesting machinery, and the milling and elevator interests.

The Private Information Bureaus

First let us consider the situation of the railroads. To the great Granger lines penetrating into the sections of this country which grow the cereals for the world's supply, a good crop implies the use of thousands of cars, the movement of millions of dollars of crop funds, the engaging of a vast army of thousands of extra workmen and the earning of millions of dollars to be disbursed in dividends. On the other hand, a crop failure means the discharging of thousands of employees, retrenchment of expenses all along the line, and a failure to add anything to the crop-carrying equipment of the road.

On one single road the prospect of a short crop involved, a few years ago, the discharge of ten thousand men, and I do not doubt that a general crop shortage to-day would imply, on several roads, the discharge of perhaps double that number of men.

The great work of moving a crop from the fields to central markets is crowded into a very short period. For this reason, facilities corresponding to the extent of the task must be provided in advance. With a constantly increasing acreage and a growing volume of production, a normal corn or wheat crop naturally implies at least a slight increase of hauling facilities on the part of the Granger and trunk lines of railroads, while an exceptionally large crop would demand a very large addition to freight rolling stock suited to grain handling. Consequently, it is imperative that the railroads should know, as far in advance as possible, the probable extent of the crop so that they may build the cars and locomotives necessary to handle it if it is a large one. On the other hand it is quite as necessary, in the event of a small crop, for the railroads to have accurate information in advance. In that event the most serious problems of policy are affected; extensions must, perhaps, be abandoned; operating expenses must be cut down; financial plans must be made in conformity with a large shrinkage in earnings. Because of this situation, every railroad doing a considerable grain business uses its organization to secure a most thorough and comprehensive crop survey. To serve its purpose these reports must contain the actual facts without any shading. Every station agent, traveling freight agent or other employee in the service who is able to assist in this work is put under orders.

It is too much to expect that any railroad will take the public into its confidence and publish the crop information collected in this manner. This, of course, is sometimes done

Gold Medal Reginas as Christmas Presents

The ordinary Christmas present gives pleasure on Christmas day and perhaps for a few days after. Some presents last longer than others, but a Regina is one of the very few presents which gives pleasure [illegible] and every day in the year.

Music appeals to every one. Some like one kind [illegible], some another.

One of the beauties of the Regina is that it is [illegible] to furnish any [illegible] music at any time.

Your mother, [illegible] sister will appreciate a Christmas present so beautifully expressed as in the form of a Regina.

Its sweetness will bring a charm into your home in the living-room, in the sick-room, in the nursery.

Additional entertainment is obtained in the form of a Regina with talking-machine attachment.

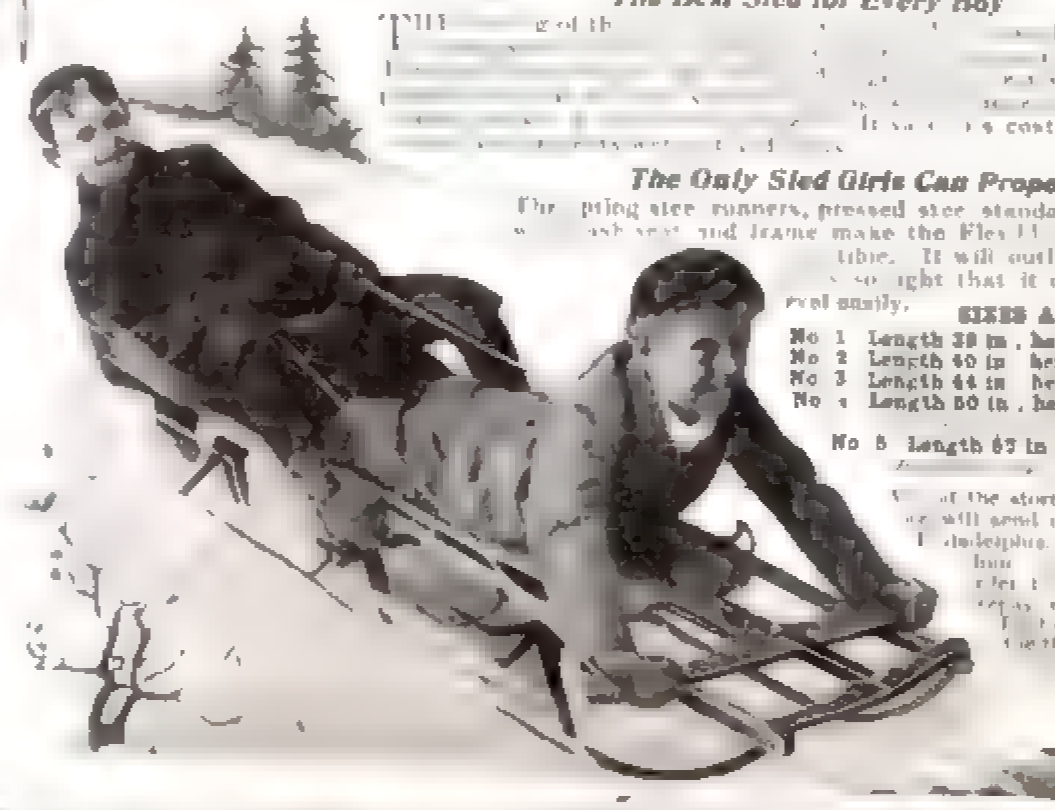
"Gold-medal Reginas" we are now able to call them for the awarding of a gold medal at the Buffalo Exposition has been confirmed by a similar award at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

All purchasers are entitled to take advantage of the perpetual tune disc exchange plan

REGINA
"Queen of Music Makers"
The Regina Company
11 East 22d Street, New York
259 Wabash Avenue, Chicago

Ballet Music

FLEXIBLE FLYER
"The Sled that Steers"
Is the Fastest Sled that Flies and Runs Farther than any other. The Coasting Winner in either case.
The Best Sled for Every Boy



[illegible] of a bicycle curves the [illegible] It saves its cost in shoe-leather in one [illegible]

The Only Sled Girls Can Properly Control.

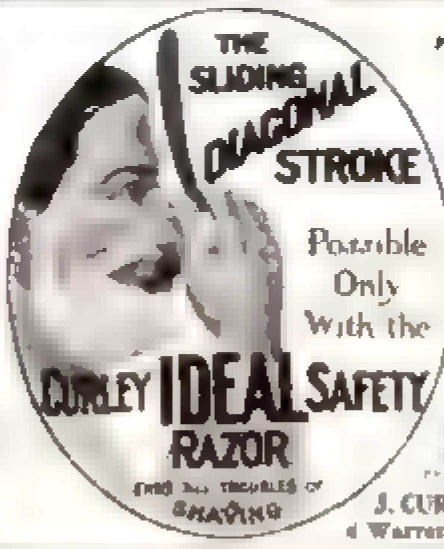
The spring steel runners, pressed steel standards and second growth white ash seat and frame make the Flexible Flyer [illegible] It will outlast three wooden sleds, [illegible] light that it draws uphill or on the level easily.

SIZES AND PRICES

No 1	Length 38 in.,	height 5 in.	$2 50
No 2	Length 40 in	height 6 in	3 00
No 3	Length 44 in	height 7 in	3 75
No 4	Length 50 in.,	height 8 in	4 50
No 5	Length 63 in	height 8 in	6 00

[illegible] of the store. Take no [illegible] we will send on receipt of price [illegible] Philadelphia. [illegible], if you will get [illegible] express charges anywhere [illegible] of Mississippi River [illegible] thing for Christmas. [illegible] Illustrated Book et Free.

S. L. ALLEN & CO
Box 1100 X
PHILADELPHIA, PA


THE SLIDING DIAGONAL STROKE
Possible Only With the
CURLEY IDEAL SAFETY RAZOR
[illegible] TROUBLES OF SHAVING

The Curley IDEAL SAFETY RAZOR

The one razor tha[illegible] *permit you to scrape your face.* Shaves the toughes[illegible] from the tenderest skin without the slight[illegible] Price $2.00 postpaid. Extra blades [illegible] changeable 75c. Sold by responsible dealers.

Unconditionally Guaranteed

If not perfectly satisfactory, return it within 30 days. We will refund the price [illegible]

J. CURLEY & BROTHER
4 Warren St., New York

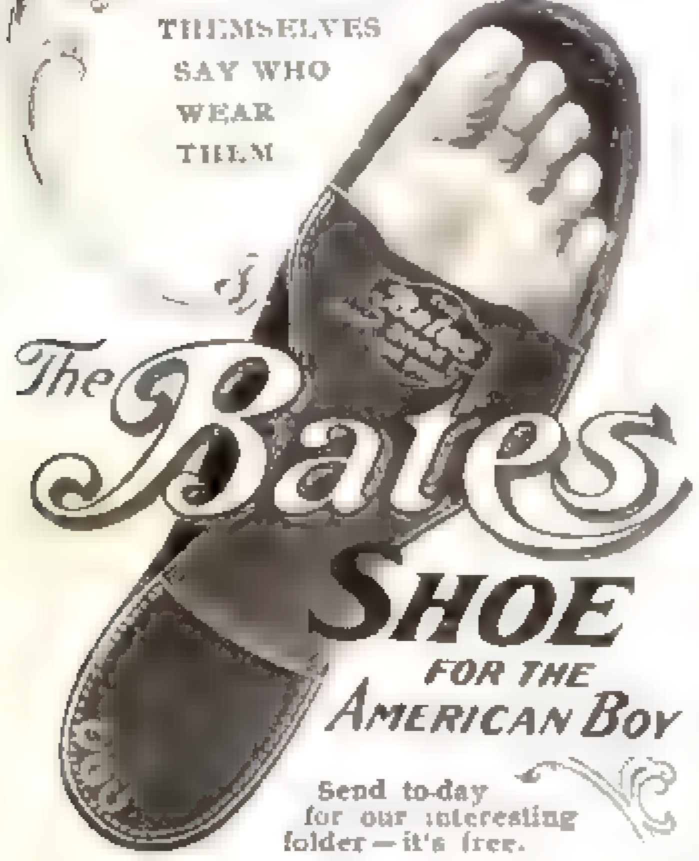
CURLEY IDEAL SAFETY RAZOR
See the Slant

WONDERFUL Sleight-of-hand tricks explained. Send 2c. stamp for particulars
WIZARD, 12 Fourth Street, SAN FRANCISCO

PATENTS that PROTECT
72-p. Book Mailed Free
Established 1869
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Patent Attorneys, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE
Bates
SHOE
FOR BOYS

THE BEST
THINGS
WE CAN SAY
ABOUT BATES SHOES
ARE BUT TO REPEAT
WHAT THE BOYS
THEMSELVES
SAY WHO
WEAR
THEM



The Bates
SHOE
FOR THE
AMERICAN BOY

Send to-day
for our interesting
folder — it's free.

$2.50 ALL LEATHERS
ALL FITTINGS
Sizes, 1 to 5½

SOLD BY DEALERS, or delivery charges paid by us anywhere in the United States upon receipt of price.

A. J. BATES & CO.
8 Bates St., Webster
Mass.

LUCKY STRIKE
LUCKY STRIKE CUT PLUG
LUCKY STRIKE
Mild
Fragrant
Delicious

Price
10c

Lucky Strike has
a larger sale than all
other sliced plug tobaccos combined.
It is Without a Competitor in Merit,
or A Rival in Popularity
DOES NOT BITE THE TONGUE.
For sale everywhere
R. A. Patterson Tobacco Company Richmond, Va.

Made of Clear Amazon Nutria

Knapp-Felt

Hats for Men

Superb Quality + Noticeable Elegance = Knapp-Felt.

Knapp-Felt $4 hats and Knapp-Felt De Luxe $6 hats are the sum of all hat-excellence. Write for "The Hatman"

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

5000
Breech Loading Shot Guns
and Sporting Rifles $4.00 Upwards

CHAS. J. GODFREY, 4 Warren St., New York City

when it suits the purposes of the road, but not otherwise! Those, however, who are shrewd observers of current affairs and note that a Granger or trunk line suddenly begins a campaign of retrenchment in advance of a harvest in its territory generally draw the conclusion that [illegible] reports indicate a decided shortage.

Every Salesman a Forecaster

Perhaps no other crop forecast is so accurate and comprehensive as that of the representative railroad unless it be the report collected by the manufacturers of harvesting machinery. At a glance it is evident that those engaged in this industry must base their output upon a close foreknowledge of the coming harvest. Therefore, every man who sells agricultural implements is a crop reporter — and he should be a good one, too, for he is expected, if he is a retailer, personally to know every farmer in his territory, the amount of his acreage and the extent of his previous crops. Naturally, the dealer in farm implements has a slack time between seeding and harvest, and this allows him to centre his attention on getting a careful report upon every farmer's crop prospect. This work of collecting crop information for the great farm machinery manufacturers is prosecuted systematically and searchingly. The agents are supplied with forms and blanks, and the central offices employ a "follow-up" system that prods the laggards and brings complete and prompt results.

But with all their advantage of a great organization which is able to "put its finger on every acre of grain in the country," the makers of farm machinery are sometimes left in the lurch. This emergency is far more likely to arise in connection with machinery for harvesting and threshing a crop than with implements for seeding or cultivating.

Another great crop information bureau is that operated by the big terminal elevator corporations. No arguments are needed to show the necessity, on the part of these companies, to have a close forecast of the approaching harvest, as every financial and physical provision they are to make for the season of activity must be based on this crop information. Each local grain man, whether an elevator owner or a "track buyer," is called upon to furnish a careful report, at regular intervals, on all fields within the scope of his operations.

The commercial traveler is not generally looked upon as a professional crop reporter; but if his "house" is thoroughly up to date and organized on modern lines it is as much a part of his business to send in crop reports as to send in orders. Why? Because good crops are the basis of the retail merchant's prosperity and, consequently, of the prosperity of the wholesaler and jobber. The difference between a poor crop, a fair crop and a good crop in the territory of a wholesale house is the difference to it between small sales, fair sales and big sales. Large sales on the part of the jobber imply large manufacturing orders and large importing orders which must be placed weeks, if not months, in advance of the period of their sale and distribution. Then, too, the question of credits is most directly connected with the crop prospects. This problem narrows down to definite localities. What decides, for example, the amount of credit which the wholesale merchant is willing to extend to the local merchant in Edgerton, Wisconsin — a storekeeper whose integrity and disposition to pay his obligations are unquestioned? The condition of the Wisconsin tobacco crop — for Edgerton is the greatest tobacco-growing centre of the world. Every commercial traveler who visits Edgerton is expected to report as closely upon the condition of the tobacco crop there as upon the sales which he has made.

If the information collected by any of the industrial and commercial mediums I have named indicate that a large general crop is seriously threatened there is a real basis for a crop scare, for the reports collected by these agencies are the most reliable and unprejudiced of any.

As a scientific knowledge of agriculture becomes more general there will be fewer unfounded crop scares, for the farmer who is able to detect in its incipiency the presence of any grain plague will, by the same token, be less likely to give undue importance to any manifestation that is not really of a serious nature. A soundly scientific farmer, in other words, will understand when to get scared and when to keep his courage. The work done by our State universities and agricultural colleges in the line of scientific education is of great value and the usefulness of these institutions is increasing.

"Y and E"

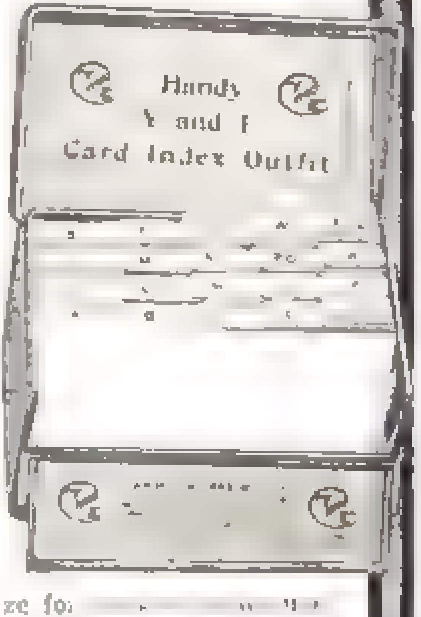
Not Even the Mint Can Make Money Without a System

¶ Perhaps you ARE making money — but would you not make MORE money if the records of your work were so simplified — so systematized — that you might give your best attention to the vital points of money-making?

¶ No one method of record-keeping has been so far-reaching in its results as "Y and E" Card Index. This "Y and E" Method gives the busy man — be he employer, executive, or clerk — in a small business or in a large one — a simple, effective way of keeping the details [illegible] classified [illegible] ability to note the relationship between important facts which could not otherwise be properly examined.

¶ Please remember, in noting the Handy "Y and E" Card Index Outfits [illegible] form of "Y and E" Card Index. If you need a larger, more elaborate System, we will give you, without charge, the benefit of our experience in applying "Y and E" Methods to a multitude of different businesses and professions.

¶ The following Outfits are small — compact — inexpensive — but kept in or on your desk will save you endless vexations and do the work which now distracts your memory.



SPECIAL OFFER No. 1

Neat cloth Box, with hinged cover; drop front — just the right size for [illegible] 200 fine linen white record cards [illegible] horizontal ruled; 20 buff alpha[illegible] 65c

SPECIAL OFFER No. 2

Same, but with cards size 6 x 4 in. instead of 5 x 3 in. 95c

SPECIAL OFFER No. 10

A Quarter-sawed Oak Tray, 9 inches deep, fine [illegible] upright; 400 size 5 x 3 in. white record cards, best quality linen stock, machine ruled; 1 set monthly (Jan. to Dec.) guides, buff; 1 set daily (1-31) guides, salmon; 1 set 20 alphabetical guides, buff $1.25

SPECIAL OFFER No. 13

Same Outfit as No. 10 but with size 6 x 4 in. cards and 10-inch Tray [illegible] $1.85

Any Outfit here quoted shipped prepaid to any R. R. Station in U. S. when cash accompanies order [illegible] returned if outfit does not suit you exactly.
Complete "Y and E" Card Index folder No. 619 mailed postpaid to any business man on request

Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co.

Main Factories and Executive Offices: Rochester, N. Y.

New York	Pittsburg	Washington	Chicago	San Francisco
Boston	St. Louis	Philadelphia	Cleveland	Minneapolis

The Office Specialty Mfg. Co., Limited, Toronto-Montreal
Or any "Y and E" Special Agency

Old Hampshire Bond, made "a little better than seems necessary," is good paper for business stationery — many discriminating business men have told us it is the best.

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND
"Look for the Water Mark"

Have your printer show you the Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens, or, better still, write us for a copy. It contains suggestive letterheads, and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and 14 colors of Old Hampshire Bond.

Please write on your present letterhead

Hampshire Paper Co.
South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively.

Old Hampshire Bond

Cuckoo Clock $10.

[illegible] striking of the hour on a [illegible] above the dial [illegible]

Delivered to any address on receipt of $10.00
Satisfaction guaranteed

American Cuckoo Clock Co., Station 8, Philadelphia

"THE ONLY WAY"

BETWEEN
CHICAGO
ST. LOUIS
KANSAS CITY
AND
PEORIA

[illegible] most [illegible] rock ballasted road bed, no dust, no dirt, no smoke, no cinders

Copyright [illegible] Chicago & Alton Railway Co.

THE ALTON'S 1905 GYPSY GIRL

Sequel to the famous "Fencing" and "Cow-Boy" Art Calendars

ART CALENDAR

FIVE SHEETS, EACH 10 x 15 INCHES
SEND 25 CTS.

with name of publication in which you read this advertisement, to GEO. J. CHARLTON, General Passenger Agent, Chicago & Alton Railway, Lock Box 618 CHICAGO, ILL., and get the handsomest calendar of the year. [illegible] for framing.

THE "BEST" LIGHT

The most brilliant, economical light made. Our light gives 100-candle power at the small cost of 2c per week

Is portable and there is no dirt, grease, odor or smoke. Over 100 different styles. Every one warranted.

Agents Wanted Everywhere.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
[illegible]
5-25 E. 5th St.
Canton, O.

Christmas Specials

Genuine Mahogany Cheval Toilet Table

[illegible]

Price $12.50

Price $16.50

Genuine Mahogany Cheval Dresser

[illegible] at the price [illegible]

We Sell Direct from Factory at Factory Prices

[illegible] our goods to be strictly [illegible] in every respect. [illegible] goods returnable at our expense [illegible] factory. We pay freight [illegible] of [illegible] and north of [illegible]

Write today for catalogue of Christmas Specials

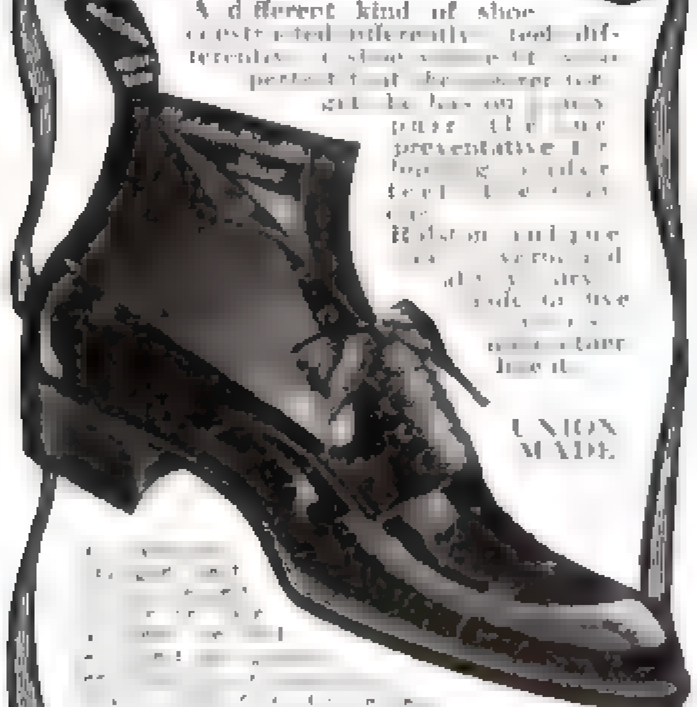
We refer by permission to Warren Trust Company, Warren, Pa.

MODERN FURNITURE COMPANY
Warren, Pa.

Ralston HEALTH Shoes $4.

For Lovers of Foot Ease

A different kind of shoe constructed differently—feel different [illegible] perfect foot [illegible] preventative [illegible] Ralston [illegible]



UNION MADE

[illegible]

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
985 Main Street, Campello, Mass.

The Grand Prize

at the World's Fair has been awarded to the

GOERZ LENS

in competition with the world.

Goerz Lenses are essential in the making of perfect pictures. The manufacturers have always claimed to make the best lenses in the world—competition has proved it. Catalog Free.

MAIN OFFICE: Berlin-Friedenaw, Germany

BRANCH OFFICES:
4 and 5 Holborn Circus, London, England
22 Rue De l'Entrepot, Paris

C. P. GOERZ
Room 32, 52 E. Union Square, New York

THE WORLD OF ART

By Emery Pottle

ONCE a year we go to the opening of the Spring Society. For my part that is generally the one excursion into the World of Art that I indulge in. This has become, with me, a kind of sop to the artistic Cerberus—a habit of culture, if you like. It lends a tone to my rather mediocre pastimes during the rest of the twelve months. Anne, cultivated soul that she is, scans the newspapers—when she scans them at all—for tidings of picture exhibits, and, finding one, claps on her best hat and sets forth to view it unbiased and untrammeled by conventions of any school. In her soul she unconsciously defends her position by that fine old rock of ages, "I don't know much about Art, but I know what I like;" though Anne is too sophisticated to put this into audible words.

J. Lessing Watson-Hamby has sent us our invitations to the Society for five years or more. He is an artist and affects what Appleby calls "the new-style art," whatever that may mean—to Appleby. The Society committees do not accept his pictures, I grieve to say—for reasons I do not understand, though Anne listens chivalrously while he tells them to her whenever they meet.

"Watson-Hamby has sent us tickets for the Society, Anne," I am wont to say in agreeable confidence during a pause in our dinner. A nice quality of Anne's is her perennial surprise over the perennially expected.

"Has he really? Isn't that good of him? He always remembers how fond we are of pictures, doesn't he?" she comments with animation.

"He doesn't remember how fond I am of them," I murmur.

Anne lets the innuendo slip by her.

"We must ask him to dinner that night. It's always so nice to go to see pictures with a real artist. It helps so."

"Helps whom—the artist?"

"No—don't be silly. Helps—oh, bother, it just helps."

"I see. Very well, then, it helps—and helps Watson-Hamby to a dinner also."

"You're rather common, dear, at times," Anne remarks pleasantly. "You can't help it, I suppose."

"I come of plain, simple, sturdy forebears, Anne, and——"

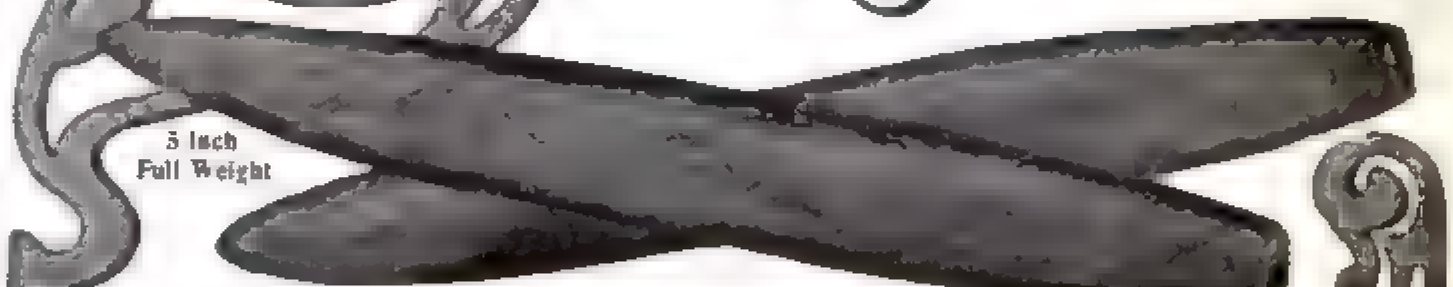
Anne interrupts. "Oh, yes, dear, of course, but you married me, you know. It says 'evening dress,' doesn't it—the invitation, I mean? That's nice—you must send your clothes to the tailor's to be pressed, mustn't you? And I wonder what I'd better wear. I think my——"

"My gray silk with the black lace top, that's always in good taste," I continue suavely for her. "And the Society wouldn't be the same to me without that dress, Anne," escaping with the evening paper before the reproach burst.

On the night of the festival J. Lessing Watson-Hamby turns up for dinner, clad in an 1830 costume, and looking not unlike the portraits of the Prince Consort hanging over the young Victoria's chair. He is slender and pale of face, and cultivates an attenuated æstheticism heightened by a black satin stock, and there is something in his waistcoat pocket attached to a black ribbon that encircles his neck. I like to look at him and to wonder how he ever got the nerve to wear his clothes so obliviously. And, in fact, that is one reason why I admire artists tremendously—they arrange themselves with utter *savoir faire* in anything that strikes their fancy—and carry it off. I might like to wear a satin stock myself, and I suspect Anne of hungering for a pink rose thrust into a tangle of golden curls at the nape of her neck—but, well, we couldn't face the Applebys so adorned. And this shows our inherent slavishness to petty custom.

Dinner is a trifle academic. Anne and J. Lessing indulge in some vigorous theoretical sparring. Anne has gone about all day with an abstracted look in her eyes, which has warned me that she is going to assail our guest with her old contention: Why paint things that aren't really beautiful? The artist browbeats her handsomely, asserting that it's far finer to depict a prize-fighter with a bloody nose, or a barn half done, with scaffolding around it, or a gas-house at night, than it is to potter over a beautiful lady, with a single inadequate piece of drapery, looking into a pool in the forest.

When Grant was President
Thirty Years Ago
We Began Making
LaReclama
Pure Havana
Cigars



DON'T BOTHER SENDING CASH

Simply write to us on your business letterhead [illegible] and we will send you a box of 50 Resagos Havana Cigars five inch, full weight.

These large, mild and mellow cigars, made of fine Havana tobaccos, are rich tasting and [illegible] We were the first factory in America to [illegible] On our books today are customers who have been dealing with us continuously [illegible] started. [illegible] not superior to any [illegible] Our customers tell us that in size, looks and aroma our Resagos are superior to any ten-cent cigar for sale by dealers.

UNPARALLELED CIGAR OFFER to Introduce Us to You

We want your patronage, and are willing to bear the entire expense of proving to you the [illegible] of La Reclama Resagos Havana Cigars. All you need to do is write us, sending your letterhead or business card, stating color you prefer, and we will send fifty of our cigars Express Prepaid. [illegible] and if you do not like them send the remainder back [illegible] $2.00, and we [illegible] patronage for all time to come. [illegible] showing twenty-five varieties of fine cigars at money-saving prices, sent [illegible]

[illegible] every part of [illegible]

[illegible]

E. C. CAMPBELL [illegible] Agent [illegible] I have [illegible] 10-cent straight and two-for-a-quarter cigars which were not as satisfactory."

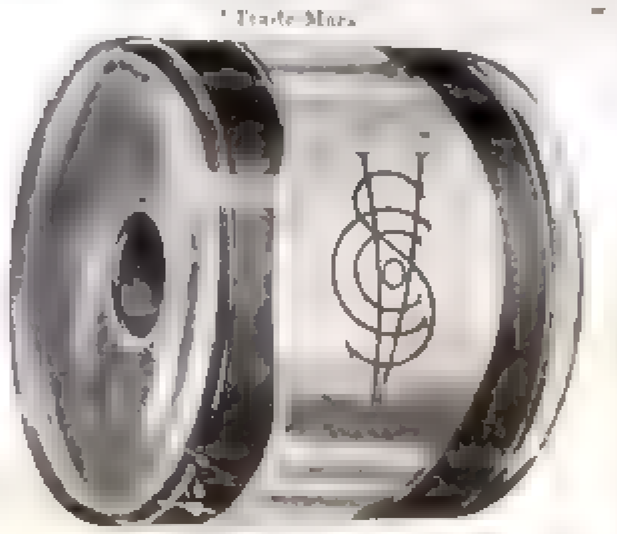
The Old LA RECLAMA CUBAN FACTORY, 1893 First Avenue, New York City
Established 1875
Expert Cigarmakers of America. Refer: Union Exch. Bank, Fifth Ave., New York. Dun, Bradstreets

The Curtain Rises On the World by the time of the ELGIN WATCH

Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches. "Timemakers and Timekeepers," an illustrated history of the watch, sent free upon request to

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., ELGIN, ILL.

The New Typewriter Ribbon
WEAREBEST
Trade-Mark



"the ribbon in the capsule."

Made by an entirely new process and enclosed in an air-tight capsule, which prevents drying and makes it keep indefinitely.

Can be bought in quantities without danger of spoiling. Trial order one ribbon, $1.00. Send for free booklet.

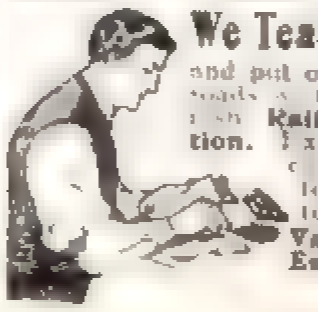
VACUO-STATIC CARBON CO.
Mill and Platt Streets, Rochester, N. Y.

PIANO Do You Want a Genuine Bargain?

Hundreds of Upright Pianos returned from renting [illegible] to be disposed of at once. [illegible] Steinways, Webers and [illegible] known makes. Many cannot be distinguished from new, yet all are offered at a great discount. Uprights as low as $100. Also beautiful New Uprights at $125, $135, $150 and [illegible] A fine instrument at [illegible] $10 down and $[illegible] a month. Freight rates are low. Write for list and our four plans of piano selling. You make a genuine saving. *Pianos from us bear the impress of Quality.* Illustrated Piano Book Free

FROM

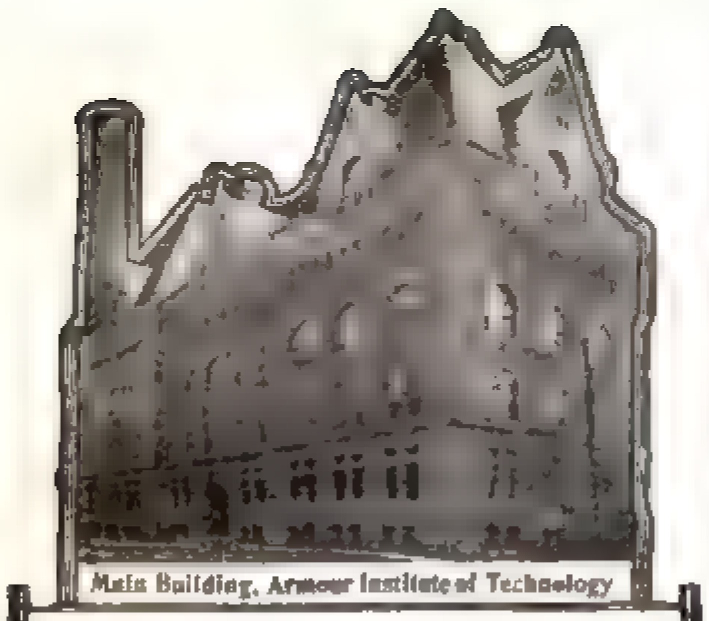
LYON & HEALY
71 Adams St., CHICAGO
World's Largest Music House. Sells Everything known in Music.



We Teach Telegraphy Quickly

and put our graduates at work. Railroads [illegible] for men and furnish Railroad Passes to Destination. Expenses very low and students can earn their board while attending school. 60-page book [illegible] Free.

Valentine's School of Telegraphy
Estab. 32 yrs. Janesville, Wis.


Main Building, Armour Institute of Technology

PREPARATION FOR COLLEGE
BY MAIL

Instruction under the direction of the regular teachers in a resident engineering college.

Lessons prepared especially for home study by teachers of acknowledged standing.

The full College Preparatory Course *covers the entrance requirements of such a college as ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, and students satisfactorily completing this course are admitted to the college of engineering of that institution without further examination in the subjects taken.*

An unusual opportunity for *young men of limited means* to prepare for entrance to an engineering college without leaving home or interfering with their regular work.

PARENTS wishing to KEEP THEIR CHILDREN AT HOME as long as possible before sending them to college will find these courses of great value. There is no breaking of home ties, and the student not only has many of the advantages of a private tutor but also the sympathy and encouragement of his parents.

This is an excellent opportunity for *teachers* and others to take up engineering studies in their own homes and at their own convenience under the guidance of resident school teachers.

Instruction is under the personal supervision of members of the faculty of Armour Institute of Technology.

Instruction is also offered in

Electrical, Mechanical, Steam, Sanitary and Civil Engineering, Architecture, Mechanical Drawing, Telegraphy, Telephony and the manufacture of Textiles (Spinning, Weaving and Knitting).

200 page illustrated Bulletin, giving full information as to courses, teachers, methods of study, etc., may be had upon request.

American School of Correspondence
at
Armour Institute of Technology
CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.

Mention The Saturday Evening Post

HOW many times have you said to yourself—

"If I just had a little ready Money!"
And why haven't you?
Saving is a good deal of a habit to be sure—but it is an easy habit to acquire.
And it is
the safest provision that can be made for future needs.
This bank has
39,000 depositors
and
$2,800,000 Capital and Surplus.
Its system of Banking by Mail is very simple and safe.

Write to-day for new Booklet A.

The Cleveland Trust Company
SAVINGS BANK
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Occasionally they appeal to me—out of politeness—but I refuse to be implicated. I have no intention of being dragged by the heels into the World of Art—not I

"I like pictures of dogs and kittens and Jersey cows, in nice colors," I remark affably. "The kind you get at department stores for two seventy-nine. And I adore [illegible] Heads, too"

J. Lessing would sniff if he weren't eating my food, and Anne blushes red for shame of me. They return to their fray, and I catch stray remarks and words—"Monet," "Sir Joshua Reynolds," "the truth of life and art," "Sargent," and "what is, really, your definition of Art?"—while I am vaguely trying to decide whether, after all I don't like musical comedy much better than Shakespeare.

Presently we set out for the exhibition, secretly a good bit proud of ourselves. I look prosaic and commonplace beside J Lessing Watson-Hamby, who scorns an overcoat and wraps himself instead in a beautiful Romeo-like cape he bought in Florence What wouldn't I give for an affectation that I couldn't recognize as an affectation! I'm tired to death of this modern attitude of being so "on to one's self," as Anne calls it—it spoils nearly all the pleasures in life. What do I care, after all, what my inside mental pedometer records?

Immediately on entering the galleries we feel this elation. Anne tries to appear socially interested and interestedly social—and does. J. Lessing assumes an inscrutable cynicism that is not, if it knows itself, going to be surprised by anything it sees; I prefer to hold myself rather silently aloof, with a kindly impersonal air, and to stand in dignified attitudes with folded arms. One never gives away anything by so appearing, I find

The rooms are crowded—beautifully crowded—with color and light and palms and people—and, of course, the pictures, as a *raison d'être* for us. Somewhere an orchestra is playing tunes that it shouldn't—agreeable syncopated tunes that recall better and happier days.

J. Lessing Watson-Hamby and Anne push into the mass; I follow submissively. There is a narrow track before the pictures along which we amble, obscuring the view of those behind us. J. Lessing says not a trivial word, but Anne pauses from time to time before something in the line and murmurs. I don't know what she murmurs.

"By Jove, Watson-Hamby" (it's an awful bore to say Watson-Hamby so elaborately hyphenatedly, but it irritates him if I don't), "there's a bully good thing there—that pink snowstorm—isn't it?" I offer tentatively

Watson-Hamby smiles at me compassionately, and I hasten to add, "But I don't at all care for that sort of thing."

Anne pauses before a portrait of a mother and four unhealthy-looking children

"Isn't that sweet, Mr. Watson-Hamby?" she says.

"It means nothing," he says coldly I grasped his inference adroitly.

"Hum, yes, old chap, you're right," I say with conviction. "All worked over and over till the freshness is gone"

He looks at me with suspicion, but grudges "A very fair criticism, I think."

We've kept a tail of an eye on the pictures and the rest of our vision on the crowd. Anne, I can see, is beginning to weary slightly of her higher criticism. Presently Lily Appleby joins us. I greet her enthusiastically

"Aren't they lovely?" she says ecstatically.

"Who?"

"Not who—what The pictures. But, really, the exhibition isn't nearly so good as that of last year."

"Who told you that?" I ask with solicitude.

"You needn't be rude I always come," she says coldly.

"I love Art, too," I return courteously. Lily giggles. Anne and our artist get lost in an adjoining room.

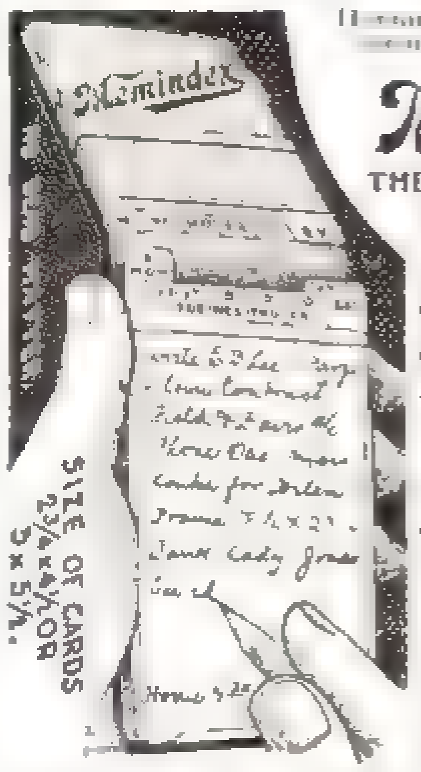
"I've had an awful time," says Lily frankly, "with some artists. They make me feel like an ignorant chit of a girl. Everything I liked they said was outrageously bad According to artists, nobody can paint nowadays. I don't see what they have their old exhibition for."

"They have it so the exhibitors can tell their friends how disgustingly bad the other exhibitors are," I answer illuminatingly.

Lily deliberates. "You're probably right; but don't say it out loud. People will think——"

"No, they won't. Who comes to such things to think?"

A WONDERFUL HELP FOR BUSY MEN


Memindex
SIZE OF CARDS 2¾x4⅞ OR 3x5⅜

[illegible] than any [illegible]

Memindex
THE
Pocket Card System

A fresh card comes to the front every day, [illegible] pocket case, [illegible] weeks ahead. Extra cards for things to be retained. *It is not bulky.*

A Brain Saver

To-day's card always at the front. No leaves to turn. Any card is found [illegible]. Dated cards for the year make a valuable card index for desk use. *See cut below.*

FORGET NO MORE

This automatic tickler helps you to do things at the right time. Saves time and money.

AN IDEAL CONSTANT REMINDER
No Other Device Answers Its Purpose

[illegible] **A practical system for memoranda.** [illegible]

Order NOW and get the rest of this year FREE.

Prices include the rest of 1904 and all of 1905	SMALL	LARGE
Real Seal leather Case, cards, Quartered Oak Tray	$3.00	$4.00
Russia leather Case, cards, Plain Oak Tray	2.50	3.25
[illegible] leather Case, cards, Ash Tray	2.00	2.75
[illegible] Future years, per year	.50	.75

[illegible] express and duty paid, for 20 per cent extra [illegible]

You Can Accomplish More, with Ease

[illegible] It's easy with a Memindex

HOW IT IS USED

[illegible] Friday, jot on card for that day [illegible] on a short card, put under the [illegible] when it will come out and refresh your memory. Things to be done when in New York or Chicago jot [illegible] "N" or "C." The new address of Mr Jones, under "J." Ideas on advertising jot on card tabbed [illegible] Retire to-day's card at night, carrying forward things not completed [illegible] next card in the file in back of pocket case. The alphabet enables one to index all jottings for instant reference. This system is very comprehensive yet perfectly simple. You soon learn to depend on it every hour of every day.

HELPS YOU
to Plan your Work
to Work your Plan
to Succeed
to Stop Forgetting
to Accomplish more

Cards filed away make a Valuable Record of one's activities

YOU NEED IT

A year's experience has proved that almost all business men need it.
Order now and get ready to begin the new year right

A FEW AMONG THOUSANDS OF SATISFIED PURCHASERS

GENERAL [illegible] Memindex [illegible]

[illegible]

NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK, N. Y. City [illegible]

Two Architects

H. S. HAREN [illegible]

WM. [illegible] order for [illegible] Memindex

Two Engineers

HENRY D. JACKSON, Boston. "It has proved in every way a good thing [illegible] order for two more."

W. W. PERD, [illegible] Would not be without [illegible] what I've been looking for."

Two Educators

RUSH RHEES, LL.D., President University of Rochester. "A capital [illegible]"

C. MANLY RICE [illegible] think it the finest thing that [illegible] to my attention."

Two Lawyers

[illegible] Memindex very helpful, an enemy to [illegible] forgetfulness. Every man who does things should have one."

[illegible] have found the Memindex very useful and convenient.

Two Ministers

REV. ANDREW GILLIES, New York. "I find it a most valuable and efficient assistant [illegible]"

REV. H. H. BEATTYS, Stamford, Conn. "I have tried it for three months [illegible] very satisfactory."

Two Manufacturers

THE [illegible], Philadelphia. [illegible]

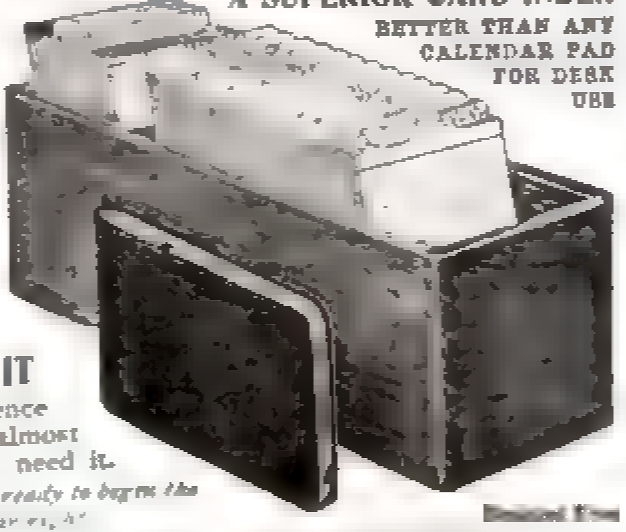
[illegible]

Two Physicians

DR. W. [illegible] suits me better than anything I have [illegible] years' practice for a day [illegible]

DR. J. M. EDWARDS, Mankato, Minn. "I cannot speak too highly of its value. It is an [illegible] business."

A SUPERIOR CARD INDEX
BETTER THAN ANY CALENDAR PAD FOR DESK USE



Booklet Free

HOWARD L. WILSON, Manufacturer, 67 State St., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Bird Center Etiquette
(A CARD GAME)

McCutcheon

"A BIRD CENTER PARTY"

The Artistic and Social Hit of a Decade

Every Card from Original Drawings by the World's Greatest Cartoonist —McCutcheon.

Truly a Volcano of Excitement and Laughter

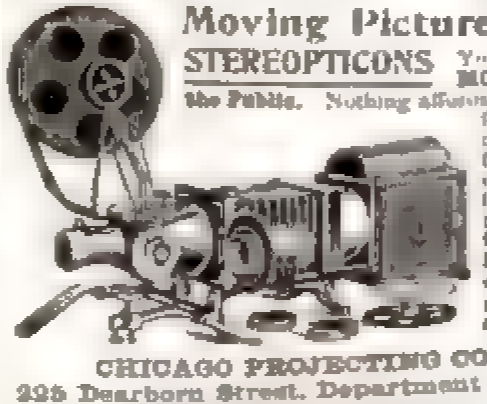
As a fun-maker at informal parties every pack is worth its weight in gold. **Learned in a minute.**

50c AT ALL DEALERS OR 50c POSTAGE PREPAID

HOME GAME CO., 91 Dearborn St., CHICAGO

Also Makers of the Great Game BUNCO 50c at All Dealers or Prepaid

Moving Picture Machines
STEREOPTICONS You can make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public. Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. [illegible]



Our Entertainment Supply Catalog [illegible] sent free.

CHICAGO PROJECTING COMPANY
225 Dearborn Street, Department L, Chicago, Ill

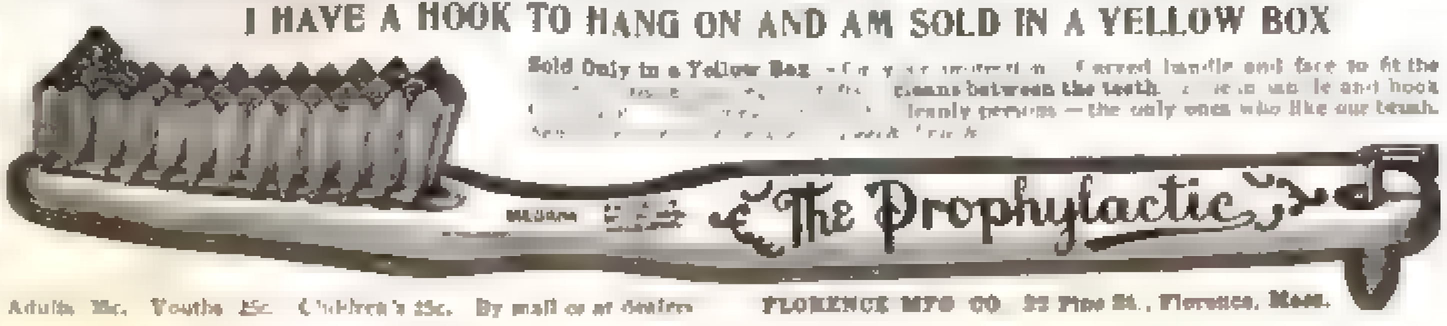
Water Motor Indispensable for Home and General Use.

[illegible] $3 [illegible] sent free [illegible]

WARNER MOTOR CO
Dept. 16 90 Wall St., New York City

I HAVE A HOOK TO HANG ON AND AM SOLD IN A YELLOW BOX

Sold Only in a Yellow Box [illegible] Curved handle and face to fit the [illegible] cleans between the teeth. [illegible] handle and hook [illegible] cleanly persons — the only ones who like our brush. [illegible]



Adults 35c. Youths 25c. Children's 25c. By mail or at dealers. FLORENCE MFG CO. 32 Pine St., Florence, Mass.

The Florsheim SHOE

The man with critical taste, looking for quality foot-wear, for a shoe that retains its shape and gives perfect comfort, will find complete satisfaction in the Florsheim.

Most Florsheim styles sell for $5.00 and give the same perfect fit and comfort and have the same style that our $12 and $15 shoes possessed twelve years ago when we made special foot-form lasts for each customer. Each pair—bench-made, the same carefully selected damp-proof leather used, but making many pairs over each of our 200 *specially* designed foot-form lasts we can offer the same satisfying shoe at $5.00.

FREE [illegible]

FLORSHEIM & COMPANY
Chicago, U.S.A.

The Gift to Please Him Most

[illegible] friend than by ending his shaving troubles [illegible] a

Gillette Safety Razor

[illegible] the safety that is a safety and the razor that is a real razor. It enables any [illegible] to shave himself at home in a [illegible] comfort [illegible]

NO STROPPING OR HONING

Impossible to cut one's self or irritate the face. The Gillette has twelve double-edged blades; each blade is perfectly tempered and glass hardened, gives from ten to thirty perfect shaves. Case and blades [illegible] sealed direct from factory [illegible] be new. Six new blades at no cost to you. Additional blades at nominal cost. If the Gillette doesn't give perfect satisfaction you may have your

Money Back After 30 Days' Trial

Gillette Razor, triple plated silver [illegible] sent prepaid $5.00, will save [illegible] Special Gift Gillette [illegible] $10.00 [illegible] $12.00. Ask your dealer; if he doesn't sell it send direct to-day. Our interesting booklet mailed free.

The Gillette Sales Co., 1406 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago

References, Continental Nat. Bank, Chicago Nat. Bank, Chicago [illegible]

PERPETUAL PENCILS

Just Press the Top for a Firm Sharp Point.

PENCIL AND 33 LEADS 25c

At Dealers' or Sent Postpaid on Receipt

AGENTS' proposition A4 on request

American Lead Pencil Co.
88 East Washington Square, New York
[illegible] Ave., London

They'll talk, then—and that's worse. Come, let's look at the things in this little room."

"The pictures?"

"Why, yes."

At this moment we encounter Maude and Willie. Maude is enjoying the occasion tremendously. Willie hangs back and steps on his neighbor's toes. It is easy to diagnose Willie.

"Hello, Willie," I say. "It's great, isn't it?"

"Maude says it isn't nearly so good as last year," Willie begins cultivatedly; he quails under my stern eye, and falters at the end. "I don't know much about pictures, though."

I turn to find Lily and Maude saying vague, polite things about vague, polite things. I wonder, though, why each looks resentfully at the other—almost glares, in fact.

"What's the matter with Lily and Maude?" I whisper to Willie. He is uneasy.

"It's their hats, I think," he mutters. "We'd better get 'em apart."

"By Jove!" I gasp. "I hadn't noticed."

"Maudie, there's your uncle over there," says Willie wearily. And they depart in constraint.

"What was it?" I inquire solicitously.

Lily Appleby tosses her head. "Maude's really a nice girl, you know." I nod. "But it makes me furious. Didn't you see? And I thought there wouldn't be *one* like mine."

"Oh, then, it *was* the hats?"

"Of course it was. My evening is spoiled. They are exactly alike."

"But I don't see ——"

"No, you don't! But you would if you'd paid thirty dollars for yours, and had had a feeling that it wasn't really the hat you wanted, but the milliner creature had told you you were the only person in town who could wear that hat, and that you looked perfectly sweet in it. Oh, I'm going to find Freddie and go home."

"I say, let's look at the pictures," I protest.

"Bother the pictures! I hate them. Besides, what's the use? We never like the right ones. I've never yet hit on one that I didn't find out afterward was out of drawing, or hard, or cold, or trivial. No. Good-night."

I mingle thoughtfully with the increasing crowd, with a tentative idea of finding Anne and J. Lessing Watson Hamby. It is difficult moving about. Every one stands hopefully in the centre of the galleries or gathers on the stairways; one can see—one's friends capitally from the stairways. Appleby brushes by me excitedly. "By George, old man, have you seen the big Sargent?" he cries. "It's simply great. It's the biggest picture here—three life-size figures. Gee, that man Sargent is a wonder!"

I saunter on, looking and listening. The opening Society night is an occasion that possesses much of historic interest. To a costumer it should be a splendid fête night. One sees, perhaps, not the full flower of every past period, but the suggestion of it.

Slender reminders of Madame Recamier, attenuated visions of the glory that was Greece, corpulent hints of the grandeur that was Rome. Here a refitted Beau Brummel; there the modest pulchritide of a Miss Austen's Emma; here again the glass of modern fashion, straight-fronted and unashamed. One has a sense of being in the presence of Careers—among the women—virgined, vestaled, inviolate Careers. With the men I am conscious of the complement of that sense. They know their life—as one is supposed to know one's New York—rakishly, sophisticatedly, cynically, bless me, almost Bohemianly! And, they are proud of it.

I record with awe their offhand criticisms. Later I intend to work them off on some lay brother or sister. I can't fool Anne, I regret to say.

I catch "Muddy coloring," "rotten perspective," "no subtility," "chiaroscuro" (fine word), "weak values."

But these are not mine own people, and I leave their erudition for greener fields!

Here come the Philistines—mother, father and daughter. I snuggle into their wake.

"Isn't that *cute*, father?"

"*There's* a nice one."

"My, I should think the lady would have got awfully *tired* standing like that so long."

"What does the catalogue say *this* is?"

"Oh, is it, *really?* It *looks* like a magazine cover."

"Pshaw! *Blue grass*—whoever saw that?"

"Oh, isn't that the *sweetest* baby! Get up close. Gracious, its hands are just *gobs* of paint."

"That's a romantic study, isn't it?"

A Most Acceptable Holiday Gift

THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH

Entertains the guest, plays for dancing, amuses the family, renders the latest hits and the classical selections with rich purity and natural tone beyond belief till you hear it. Edison Gold Moulded Records, price 35 cents each, contribute largely to its marvelous results by their unapproached perfection. Dealers everywhere will be glad to prove this wonderful superiority. If there is no dealer near you, send to us for catalogue.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, ORANGE, N. J.

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO LONDON

Send for sample copy of the Phonogram Monthly

Thomas A. Edison

I. C. S. Language Courses taught by Edison Phonograph.

FRANKLIN

Any old weather suits the *Franklin.*

It has no miseries any day of the year, winter or summer. Last August, in its famous ocean-to-ocean run, it cut the record nearly in halves (from San Francisco to Ogden in 10 days) across the blazing American desert without balks, breaks or kinks of any kind. Last winter, when water pipes of other cars were frozen and burst, the *Franklin*, with its

Four-cylinder Air-cooled Motor

went everywhere as it pleased, up-hill, down-hill, on the level. Always fast, gentle and under perfect control. With a *Franklin* you never need worry over the mercury or the "going." The *Franklin* will stand any day and any test that *you* can.

Five Models for 1905

Send for the *Franklin* catalogue and read all about it.

H. H. Franklin Mfg. Co., 304 Geddes St., Syracuse, N.Y.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

The man who shaves himself [illegible] to his satisfaction, knows how necessary it is to keep [illegible] perfect condition [illegible]

New Star Stropper

The Star Safety Razor

The first and only safety Razor of mechanical perfection and perfect finish, ensures ease, quick[illegible] and a clean shave combined with perfect safety to the user (absolutely impossible to cut or irritate [illegible]) especially adapted to those having a stiff, thick, wiry beard. Its use does away with [illegible] barber shop. Money and time saved. Ready for use at any time or place. This razor has stood the test of over 5,000,000 users for over 25 years—this proves its excellence.

The Star Safety Razor has been imitated but never duplicated. (In purchasing a razor please [illegible]

CATALOGUE ON REQUEST

Razor, complete, $2.00. Handsome Sets, $3.50 and up.

New Star Diagonal Stropper, $1.50.

KAMPFE BROS., 8-12 Reade St., N.Y. or all leading dealers in high-class cutlery. (Remember the [illegible])

STAMP collecting is a very interesting hobby. We start you with an album and a collection of 300 varieties for $1.00. Large price list free, 1000 mixed stamps 25c., 500 all different $1.50, 10 Persia 20c.; 20 Peru 25c., 15 Philippine Is. 25c., 5 Hawaii 15c.; 14 Borneo 50c.; Approval sheets at 50% discount. Buying list of stamps and coins 25.

BOGERT & DURBIN CO., 722 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

University Preparatory School

Open all the year. Highest Grade of College Preparatory work. Prepares for Cornell and all colleges. Send for catalogue. CHARLES A. STILES, B.S., Principal, ITHACA, N.Y.

An Equal Climate

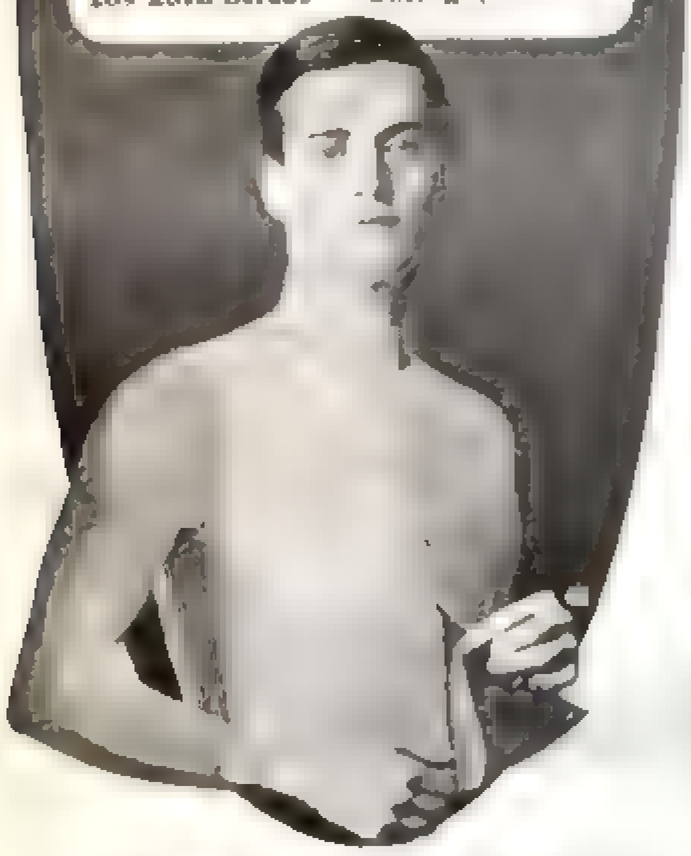
[illegible]

Frost King or Frost Queen

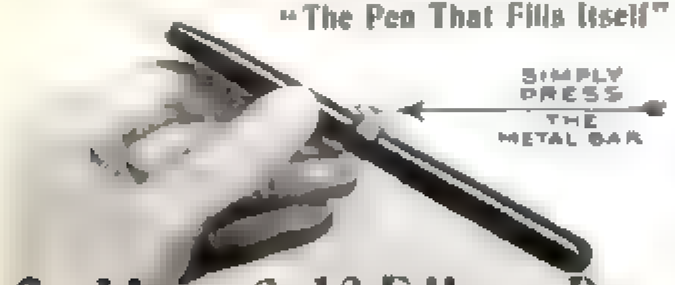
Chamois Vest

[illegible]

Bauer & Black
289 25th Street Chicago, U. S. A



"The Pen That Fills Itself"


SIMPLY PRESS THE METAL BAR

Conklin's Self-Filling Pen

is positively the only fountain pen that can be filled or cleaned with one hand. All other fountain pens require all your hands and ingenuity.

Mark Twain expresses the simplicity and superiority of the **"Conklin"** in these words:—

New York, Oct. 1, 1903.

Dear Sirs:—

I prefer it to ten other fountain pens because it carries its filler in its own stomach and I can't mislay it, even by art and intention. Also I prefer it because it is a profanity-saver; it cannot roll off the desk.

Very truly yours

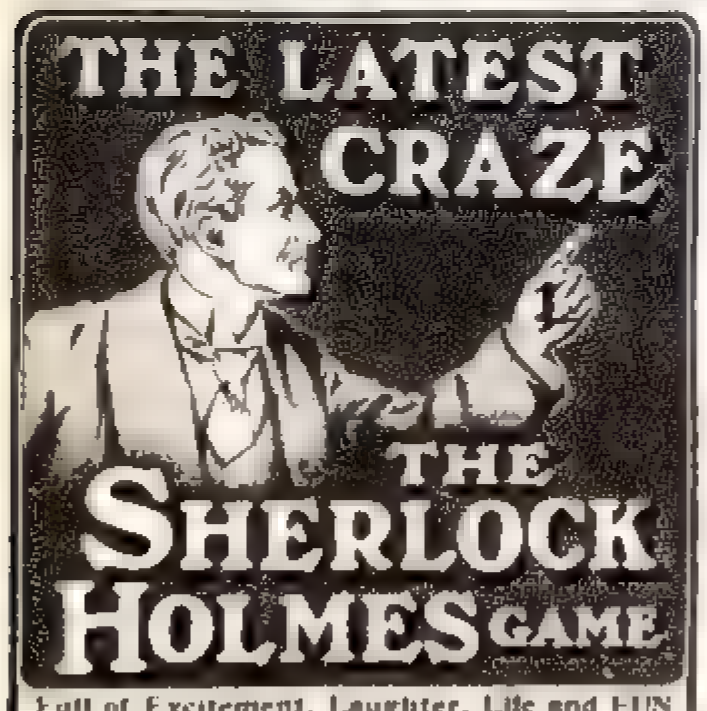
S L Clemens

Our Free Books [illegible] for correcting common errors in handwriting.

THE CONKLIN PEN CO., 148 Jefferson Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

[illegible] American Agencies, Ltd., [illegible] E. C.; in Australia [illegible] Market St., Melbourne.

THE LATEST CRAZE



THE SHERLOCK HOLMES GAME

Full of Excitement, Laughter, Life and FUN

[illegible]

Sold by all dealers or mailed by us

PARKER BROS. (Inc.), Salem, Mass., U. S. A. **50c**

makers of PIT, *square* BID, *Ping-Pong, etc.*

"Oh, no. I *hate* that—why, look at her *arm*."

"Isn't that *queer?* It's awfully *original* though—I love originality."

"Oh, my, yes. Sargent *always* good. I can't say I think those girls are very *pretty*, though."

"That's [illegible] splendid—it stands out so."

"Here's a sweet one—it's so *soft*."

"That one *is* pretty. It's so *nice* to have 'em really beautiful. It has atmosphere."

"Yes, *isn't* it? Like Corot—do you know Corot's 'Willows'?—at least I think it's 'Willows'—anyway, there are lots of lovely trees in it. Yes, this is *ever* so much like it. Corot *is* just——"

"The quiet ones suit *me*—I think they are in better *taste*. But they use so *much* color nowadays, these modern painters."

For us outsiders Art is more tangible than Nature, I suspect.

I'm sure to meet Penn sooner or later and we grin at each other intelligently. Penn's mind and mine coincide on the subject of Art. We don't mention the coincidence but we leave it as a bond of pleasant understanding. I see him standing in a corner talking to an artist chap.

"Have you met Palette?" Penn bursts out at me enthusiastically and then leaves us, the brute.

Palette is serious. He wears a white bro[illegible] talks with a kind of tintinnabulation of monotonous vowel sounds. I can't say how it happens, but presently we are standing before the picture he is exhibiting. I dare say it's a nice picture, though I can't make out what it's all about—the thing is hung so low and is painted in dull, muddy blacks and reds.

"It is the best I've seen to-night," I observe cordially.

"I thought you'd like it. You see how I have gained that effect of——"

"It's a queer looking girl, isn't it? Of course. . . . But she's got nice hair, hasn't she? Did it take you long to do it?" I continue politely. "And what funny legs."

Palette edges away from me. When I turn to look at him he is gone.

I seek out Penn resentfully. "See here, I don't like your man Palette at all. He's a rude beggar."

"How did you like his picture?" he asks.

"How do you know I saw it?" I return cautiously.

"Tom. He's showing it to every one—it's his wife."

"Oh, is it?" I grow very depressed.

"There she is on the sofa. She paints no better than he, they say. [illegible] one over there. Won't you meet her, old man?"

"No—oh, no! Palette didn't like me—for some reason. I think I'll just find Anne and go home."

Anne and J. Lessing squirm out of one of the smaller galleries—red of face and very weary looking.

Anne greets me with fatigue and triumph. "Well, we've seen every one."

"What, Anne, not every picture!"

"Of course not, dear—every one we know. I saw Mrs. ——"

"Watson-Hamby," I insert affably; "it's tremendously nice of you to come with us to show us poor creatures all about the pictures. I always feel as if I'd got really an inside view of criticism after listening to you, old chap."

Watson-Hamby looks flushed and embarrassed.

"Oh, really, I— it's a pleasure, you know. I—your wife is a capital judge of a picture. I—you——"

"Exactly. Thank you, Watson-Hamby. You're not going? Good-night, good-night."

"You haven't yet convinced me," Anne calls after him intrepidly.

"He has such ridiculous modern ideas of painting," she explains to me. "Now, I can't see why——"

"Anne!"

"What?"

"Don't you dare to try it on me."

We watch J. Lessing disappear in the distance; we smile understandingly.

"Why don't you have a velvet collar on your dress coat, too?" she asks thoughtfully.

"You *are* tired, aren't you?" I answer solicitously. "We'd better go."

And hours after, when our legs are fairly aching, we do go.

In the car Anne says exhaustedly, "I wanted to go home ages ago—but it's so hard to get away, isn't it? Didn't you have a good time?"

"Yes, indeed. The pictures were bully."

"Pictures?" Anne murmurs sleepily. "But who goes to see the *pictures?*"

COMPETITION
Or DEPARTMENT STORE

FREE
The New
GAME
On Approval
(Postpaid)

[illegible]

"It sharpens the wits."

The Latest Game Success

Try It FREE!

SEND us your dealers' names after making sure that they do not sell **COMPETITION**, and get the game by return mail. If you like it, send us the price

FIFTY CENTS

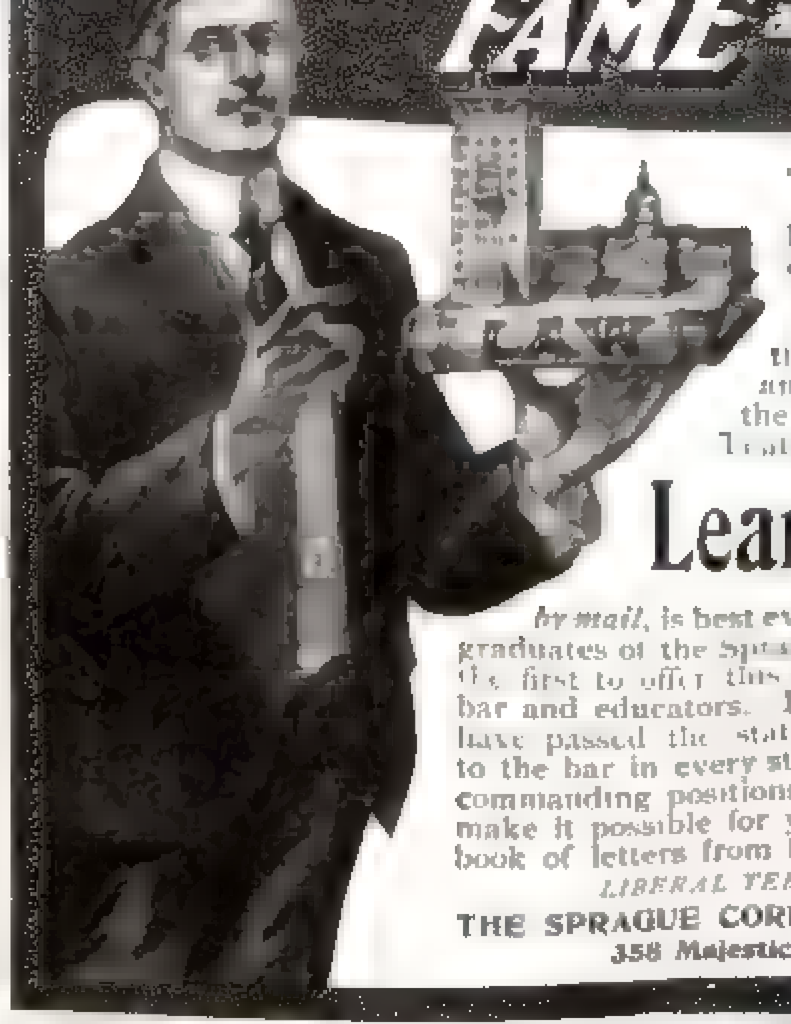
If not, return it to us. We make this offer only to introduce the new game **where it is not sold.**

This is a strikingly original game—full of fun—quickly learned. Our directions tell just how to play it. Each pack contains 107 highly enameled cards and 125 counters. The cards spell the names of different commodities, such as soap, lace, etc., but fire sales, bills, checks, insurance, etc., make the game anything but a spelling bee.

Ask your leading dealers today—then write us

FLINCH CARD COMPANY, 124 Burdick St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

The Evidence of FAME and FORTUNE



THAT the law offers many flattering opportunities to the young man is best evidenced by a look into the big offices, [illegible] court rooms and capitols. Here will be found the heads of great business and financial institutions, prominent lawyers, legal advisers and statesmen, almost all of whom owe their triumphs to a knowledge of the law. That any ambitious young man can

Learn Law at Home

by mail, is best evidenced by the thousands of successful graduates of the Sprague Correspondence School of Law—the first to offer this system of instruction. Endorsed by bar and educators. If you want to know how our students have passed the state board examinations for admittance to the bar in every state, how others have been placed in commanding positions in business and public life; how we make it possible for you to do as much, send for our free book of letters from hundreds of these students

LIBERAL TERMS SPECIAL OFFER NOW

THE SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW
358 Majestic Building, Detroit, Michigan

DRAWING

To demonstrate the high standard of our instruction [illegible]

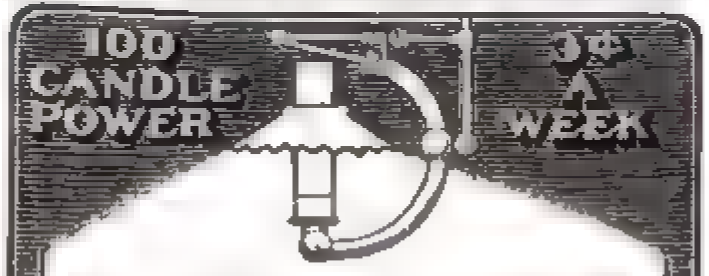
[illegible] up the subjects of *Station Point*, [illegible] *Line, Line of Measures,* [illegible] *involving Perspective of Points, Lines and Planes,* [illegible] *Plan; Perspective Plan, Curves, Apparent* [illegible] *Choice of Position of Station Point.*

It is a neatly paper bound booklet of 72 pages, 9½ x 7 inches and contains in addition, nine folded plates in two colors and many other illustrations. We will send this valuable treatise on drawing for names of two persons whom you think will be interested in Mechanical Drawing or Architecture, and fifteen 2c. stamps to cover cost of postage and binding.

Mention The Saturday Evening Post.

American School of Correspondence
at Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, Illinois

100 CANDLE POWER



3¢ A WEEK

CANTON INCANDESCENT GASOLINE LAMP

Only gasoline lamp lit with one match

[illegible]

$2.75 AND UP

Artistic designs. Catalog free. Agents wanted.

CANTON INCANDESCENT LIGHT CO.
BOX 602, CANTON, OHIO

Do you want to be a special somebody instead of a general nobody?

Want to earn about $25 a week at the start, and later on up to $6000—$12,000 a year if you have bigger force in you?

Do you know that the business world can't find enough young men and women who have been trained to write up-to-date advertising?—That it welcomes with open arms when it finds them?

I have published an elegant Prospectus that tells all about possibilities. and lays bare in an interesting way the things the ambitious need to know.

I have also just issued a new book, "Some Net Results," which tells how the Powell System of Advertising Instruction by mail has trained young men and women with only common school educations to earn the largest incomes and salaries.

You may have both free by simply addressing me, George H. Powell, 1401 Temple Court, New York.

[illegible]

Position When Half Through

New Orleans, [illegible]

My Dear Mr. Powell:

[illegible] ledge I have gained fr[illegible] and the res[illegible] been entirely satisfactory.

Your personal [illegible] of criticism are, I believe, the most [illegible] of the Course, showing, as they do, your interest [illegible]

Altogether, I am more than pleased with your System of Advertising Instruction, and cannot recommend it too highly.

[illegible] H. R. PA[illegible]

No. 1016 Washington Avenue.

Mr. Palmer is advertising manager for Gibbons [illegible] ery and Mi[illegible] [illegible]

From "Net Results."

WHAT IT COSTS TO LIVE IN LONDON

The Easiest Place in the World to Spend a Million or Save a Penny

BY JAMES L. FORD

"THERE is no place in the world where a guinea will do so little and a shilling so much as in London!"

Wise as an ape in the ways of the British capital was the Englishman from whose lips fell this tabloid of wisdom, condensed from the observation and experience of a lifetime. Wise as an ape, indeed, for the lesson that it teaches is one printed in huge letters in the shop windows that line the road all the way from Mayfair to Whitechapel, so that he who rides on the omnibus may read the story of the gradual lessening of prices from the West to the East.

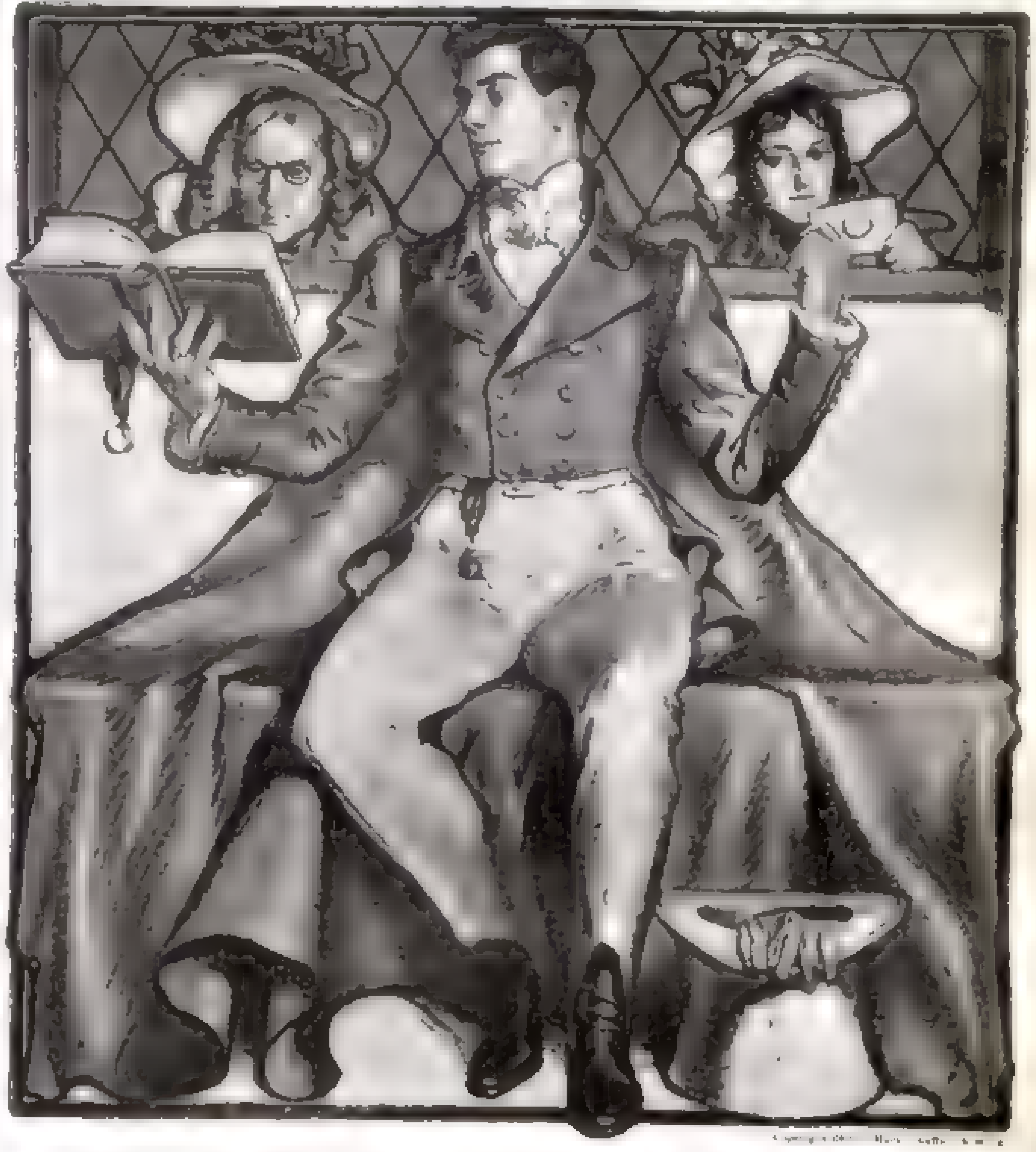
It is a lesson, moreover, which we must learn thoroughly before entering upon any discussion upon the relative prices of things in New York and London. In the American metropolis there is comparatively little difference, save in the single item of house rent, between Fifth Avenue and Avenue A, though, of course, the quality of the goods displayed in the shops alters perceptibly as we journey from the fashionable centre, while the prices lessen proportionately. In London, however, the difference is so remarkable that whereas the neighborhood of, let us say, Berkeley Square demands a greater outlay than does any part of New York, it is possible to live in the suburbs and remote quarters of London for very much less than in near-by Jersey and Long Island or in the cheaper sections of the American metropolis. Beginning with Mayfair and Belgravia, where noblemen and South African millionaires rub elbows with royalty, where the most luxurious modes of life prevail and the smartest entertaining is done, we can follow the lessening scale of values through Kensington, Hampstead, Bloomsbury, Bayswater, Clapton and Hackney to Whitechapel in the remote East where costermongers dwell, where the penny is the standard of all prices, the halfpenny the coin most frequently encountered, and the farthing by no means the rarity that it is in the West End.

The guinea, which does not exist as a coin, is the favorite standard of value in the luxurious quarters of the town where profits are large, credits easy, and large sums of money are lightly spoken of. Dressmakers charge in guineas, and so do milliners, physicians, jewelers, tailors and lodging-house keepers so long as they are doing business within the magic circle of West End fashion. At charity dinners people are induced to subscribe in guineas, and at fashionable bazars a smiling countess murmurs "ten guineas" as the price of the handful of Brussels lace that has caught your fancy.

Coming out of the bewildering glare of this region we find that money in all serious transactions is estimated by the "pound sterling," a term that has a sharp, metallic ring as of cold, hard-earned money. One seldom speaks of guineas in the city of London, or in transactions with bankers, real-estate owners or men of high finance, although nowadays Threadneedle Street is on such terms of intimacy with Mayfair and Belgravia that one wonders that the two should not have the same legal tender. It may be said, perhaps, that the city man who is in society or the aristocrat who is also a man of affairs changes from pounds to guineas at dinner-time as naturally and readily as he changes his clothes.

The Sliding Scale of Prices

Even within the limits of the guinea districts there are as many sets of prices as there are on a Paris omnibus, the well-connected pauper paying the smallest, and the socially ambitious and inexperienced American or Colonial the largest. Persons of the last-named class, by the way, have become woefully scarce of late years, and the appearance of a new one in the money-spending centres of London is the signal for a combined assault on his pocketbook not unlike that which ensues when a callow youth begins to waste his inheritance on Upper Broadway. The American millionaire is, of course, the favorite victim of this organized form of pillage, because he is generally easy-going as well as wealthy; but there are very few fortunes that could stand



OUR Style Book Poster is printed in the original colors of Mr. Abbott's oil painting; 16 by 21 inches, ready to frame; just right for library or den.

Black and white doesn't do it justice, but it tells the story: The lover; the maid; the stern-faced mother; the courtesy that keeps the right hand from knowing what the left is doing.

"All the world loves a lover," said Emerson; you're certain to love this one. There are a few of these posters left, to be sent to the appreciative. If you send ten cents, which about pays the cost of mailing, we'll send the poster.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Good Clothes Makers
Chicago Boston New York

VOSE PIANOS

[illegible]
[illegible]

Scientific in principles, accurate in construction, and therefore

SURPASSING IN MUSICAL VALUE

Critical comparison always increases the favor with which the Vose is universally regarded

¶ By our easy payment plan every family in moderate circumstances can own a VOSE piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange, and deliver the piano in your house free of expense.

¶ You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston. Send for catalogue and full information.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
160 Boylston Street, Boston

No Repairs

The **Chicago** is not only mechanically right at the start, but **keeps right.**

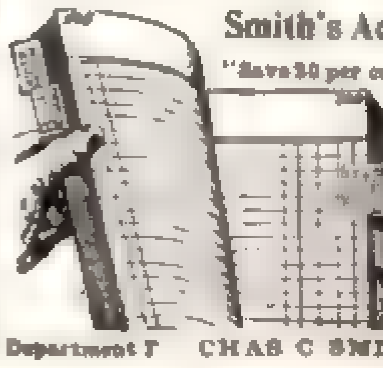
THE CHICAGO Only $35

Sent on approval, is unsurpassed for strength, speed, endurance and **writing quality.** The Chicago is the only typewriter that has interchangeable steel type.

Send for Booklet—FREE.

CHICAGO WRITING MACHINE CO.
193 Wendell Street Chicago

$10.00 WORTH OF ORIGINAL AND REFINED ENTERTAINMENTS
PLAYS, DRILLS, SOCIALS, GAMES, FAIRS
are published each year in "HINTS." Special Offer: Send [illegible] "HINTS," [illegible] free [illegible] Fairs, Fetes and Festivals. [illegible] ENTERTAINMENT SUPPLIES. Sample copy of HINTS sent for [illegible]
Hints Publishing Co., 57 Bible House, New York



Smith's Adjustable Index Tags

"Save 30 per cent. of a book-keeper's time."

Instantly applied or moved to meet changing conditions. 1000 kinds of [illegible] including Alphabets, Months, etc., kept in stock. Tags to write on. Used by U. S. P. O. and War Dept. *Cat. & Price List Free. Sample Tag 5 cents.*

Department F CHAS C SMITH EXETER NEBRASKA

the scheme of robbery in which servants, tradesmen, the impoverished relatives of nobility, women with pet charities, promoters and hangers-on of every description engage the moment one of our countrymen places himself in their power.

It should be remembered, of course, that the enormous prices charged in the guinea region, and vastly increased by various schemes of swindling and robbery, include not only the commodities themselves but also all that goes to make up the pleasure and glory of living in a quarter where the women of the family can at least rub elbows with fashion and where young men of title are on the lookout for suitable mates. He who desires to secure within the confines of this favored territory a house suitable for generous entertainment must pay an enormous price. The rent of such a house, handsomely furnished, for the season of three months in the vicinity say of Piccadilly, Park Lane or Berkeley Square, is from £4000 to £6000. Dorchester House, in Park Lane, was rented by the British Government for eight weeks at a cost of £1000 a week for the Shahzada, the son of the Ameer of Afghanistan, when he was in London some years ago as a guest of the nation; and the highest price ever paid, so far as I can learn, was £6000, given by a newly made Colonial peer for a mansion which he hired complete with servants, horses, carriages and so forth during Queen Victoria's Jubilee week, and in which he entertained royalties and representatives of royalties on a magnificent scale. The prices which I have named are, of course, for the very finest mansions. Smaller ones, well placed and suitable for entertaining in a moderate fashion, can be obtained for very much less, but the millionaire of the type that I have in mind, and whose wife has set her heart on "cutting a dash" in London society, is not likely to be content unless he does things on a very large scale.

Having rented his house and engaged a staff of from fifteen to twenty servants, he is given to understand that from £2000 to £5000 a year is considered a proper allowance for "pin-money" in an aristocratic family, and that there is no law that prevents this allowance from being supplemented from time to time by such gifts of jewelry, sables, laces and so forth that may suggest themselves to the mind of an indulgent husband and father.

Far be it from me to attempt to fix the price of dresses or the various adornments in which the feminine heart rejoices, but I am in a position to say that an average gown for the Ascot meeting or any similar function costs from £50 to £100, and that a fresh dress is worn on each day of the meeting. Dinner and evening gowns come to about the same, and there is absolutely no limit to what may be spent on underclothing, laces and jewelry.

Of course, the wife and daughters of the American Crœsus will be presented at court, and their dresses for this function will cost from £50 to £500, exclusive of laces and jewelry, which in the case of a noble family are generally heirlooms, but which must be purchased specially for this occasion, as the millionaire now learns to his cost.

Conspiracies of Tradesmen and Servants

Moreover, almost every item that enters into the sum of the millionaire's outlay is increased from ten to twenty per cent. by the extortionate conspiracy which exists between tradesmen and servants for the robbing of the employer and the enriching of his butler, cook, coachman, steward and housekeeper. Of course, the millionaire who settles in Mayfair and begins to spend his money in the fashion that I have indicated has one object in view, and that is social advancement. He and his family wish to get into Society, and if they are willing to pay the price they will find it comparatively a simple matter. How far into Society they will be able to buy their way, or what the sort of social position obtained in this manner is really worth, are questions which I shall not attempt to discuss here. I will say, however, that a family can easily spend from fifty to a hundred thousand pounds a year without attracting very much attention from any one except tradespeople and those needy members of the aristocracy who come buzzing around whenever a cask of newly-made dollars is broached.

I am quite sure that a socially ambitious family could accomplish a great deal more in fashionable New York by a judicious expenditure of not more than $200,000 a year, of which sum about $100,000 should be in cash and the remainder in conversation. Here a furnished house can be rented for $8000 for the season and maintained at a cost of $2000 a month for food, servants' wages and other

Is Your Nose on the Grindstone

[illegible] Your [illegible] a better salary. You have simply to gain the necessary special [illegible] and [illegible] we give you at a price that you can afford to pay [illegible] to [illegible] your present work.

The only qualification you need is ability to read and write, and [illegible] where there is a will we provide the way.

[illegible] that you have the will [illegible] fill in and mail to [illegible] the coupon [illegible] all that it costs [illegible] the way.

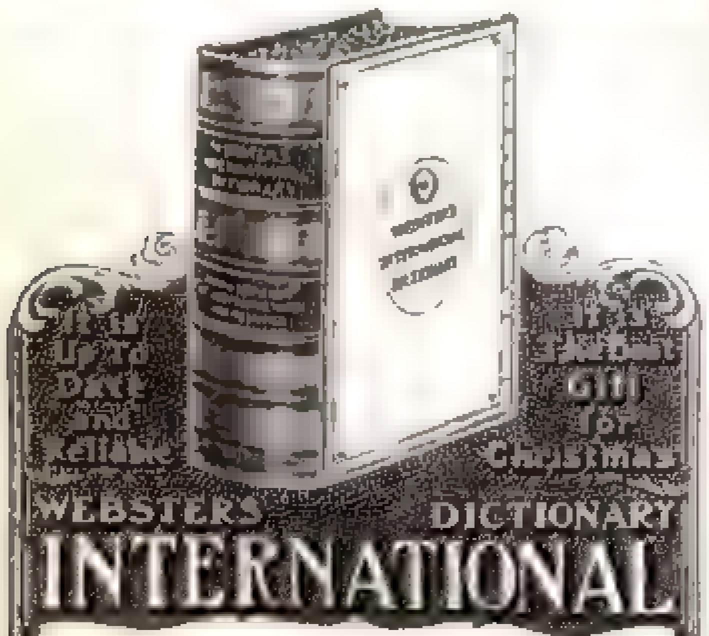
[illegible] of successful men and women point to the I. C. S. coupon as the starting place of their careers. The road is as open to you as it was to them.

[illegible] in the coupon now and receive free "[illegible] Stories of Success" and "[illegible]"

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 1171, SCRANTON, PA.
[illegible] X.

Advertising Writer	Electrician
Show Card Writer	Elec. Railway Supt.
Window Trimmer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Bookkeeper	Dynamo Supt.
Stenographer	Mechanical Engineer
Mechan. Draughtsman	Civil Engineer
Architectural "	Surveyor
Architect	Mining Engineer
Newspaper Illustrator	Building Contractor
Wall Paper Designer	Foreman Plumber
Civil Service	Gas Engineer
Chemist	Stationary "
Commercial Law	Bridge "

Name_
Street and No.
City State


It's Up To Date and Reliable
It's The Best Gift for Christmas
WEBSTERS DICTIONARY
INTERNATIONAL

Includes in the New Edition
25,000 NEW WORDS, Etc.
New Gazetteer of the World
New Biographical Dictionary
Edited by W. T. HARRIS, Ph.D., LL.D.,
United States Commissioner of Education.
2380 Quarto Pages. 5000 Illustrations.
New Plates. Rich Bindings.
GET THE BEST

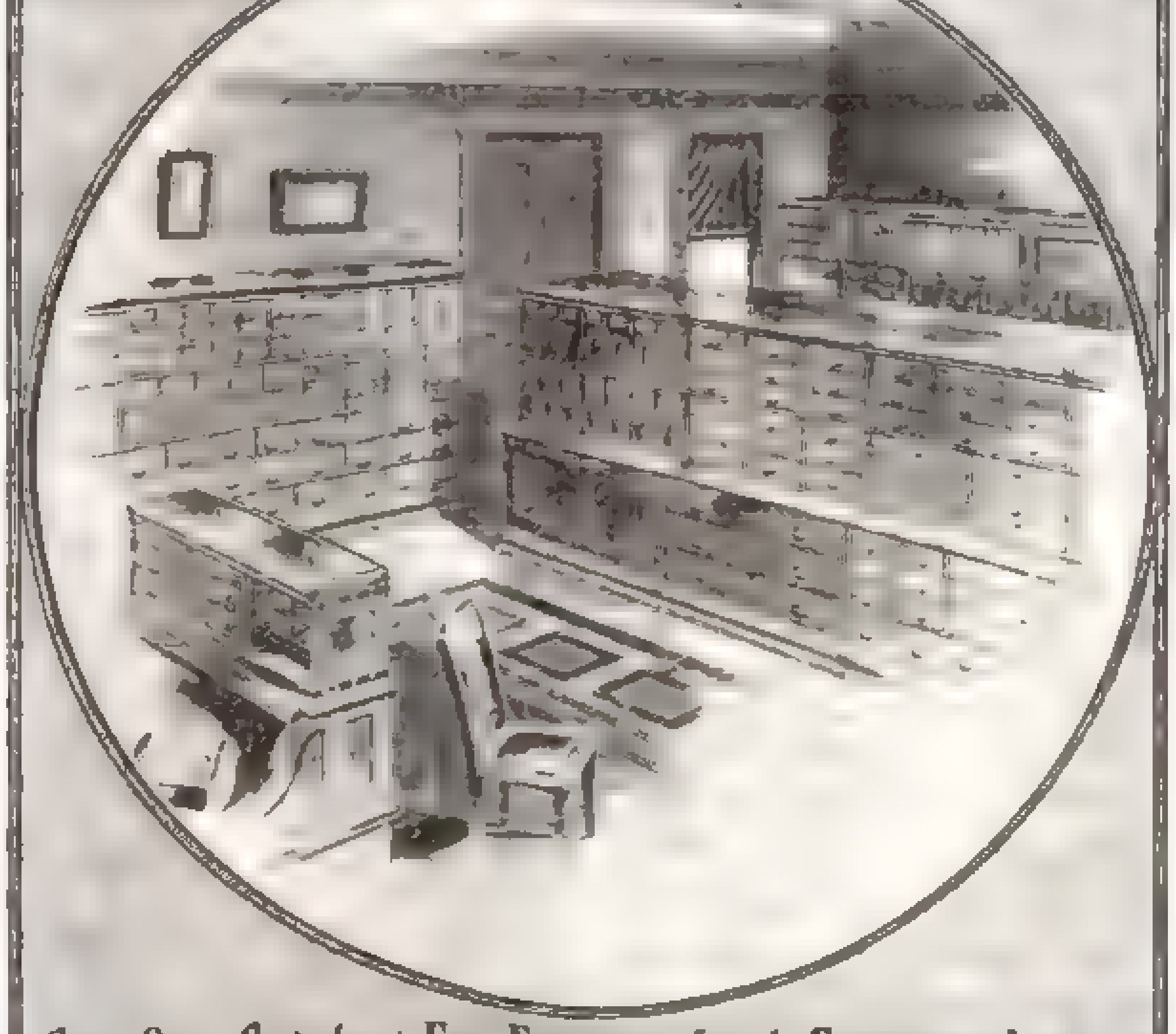
Also Webster's Collegiate Dictionary with 1116 Pages. 1400 Illustrations. Size: 7x10x2⅝ in.

A Special Thin Paper Edition De Luxe
Printed from the same plates as regular edition. It has limp covers and round corners. Size: 5¾x8⅝x1½ inches.

FREE, "A Test in Pronunciation," instructive and entertaining. Also illustrated pamphlets.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.,
Publishers, Springfield, Mass.

THE GREATEST BUSINESS
Cannot Expand Beyond the Sphere
— OF —
The Globe-Wernicke
"ELASTIC" CABINET SYSTEM



See Our Catalog For Economical Suggestions.

WRITE FOR CATALOG D 604
The Globe-Wernicke Co.
CINCINNATI
CHICAGO 224-228 WABASH AVE. NEW YORK 380-382 BROADWAY BOSTON 91-93 FEDERAL ST. LONDON 7 BUNHILL ROW
CANADIAN BRANCH STRATFORD, ONT.

1854-1904

WALTHAM WATCHES

ALWAYS FAITHFUL

It is not jewels that make a first-class watch; *it is brains.*
It is mechanical skill and precision first, and the jewels and other materials after, that have made WALTHAM watches the most accurate time-keepers in the world.

For sale by all Jewelers

AMERICAN WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY,
WALTHAM, MASS.

What Have I Forgotten? [illegible] forget engagements, appointments, [illegible] days, etc. Jot them down in HUEBSCH'S YEAR BOOK for 1905, [illegible] The Year Book [illegible] a Year Book [illegible] every avenue of activity [illegible] gift a person [illegible] for 25 cents.

No. 21 — FOR THE POCKET. [illegible]	$0.30
No. 25 — FOR MAN'S DESK. [illegible]	.75
No. 26 — A FINE GIFT BOOK [illegible]	1.10
No. 36 [illegible]	1.65

A Substantial reduction to purchasers of six or more books.

If none of these meets your requirements, send for circular describing the ten styles (30c. to $1.75) with commendations of Grover Cleveland [illegible] users of Year Books. Any stationer [illegible] Huebsch's Year Book for you if he [illegible]

B. W. HUEBSCH, Publisher, 1137 Tract Bldg., N. Y. City

Just Published "Moral Education"
By EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS
350 pp., cloth, gilt top, postpaid, $1.12. An ideal gift for thoughtful parents or teachers.

STARK FRUIT BOOK shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes 216 varieties of fruit. Send for our liberal terms of distribution to planters. STARK BROS. Louisiana, Mo.

SELL SHORT STORIES

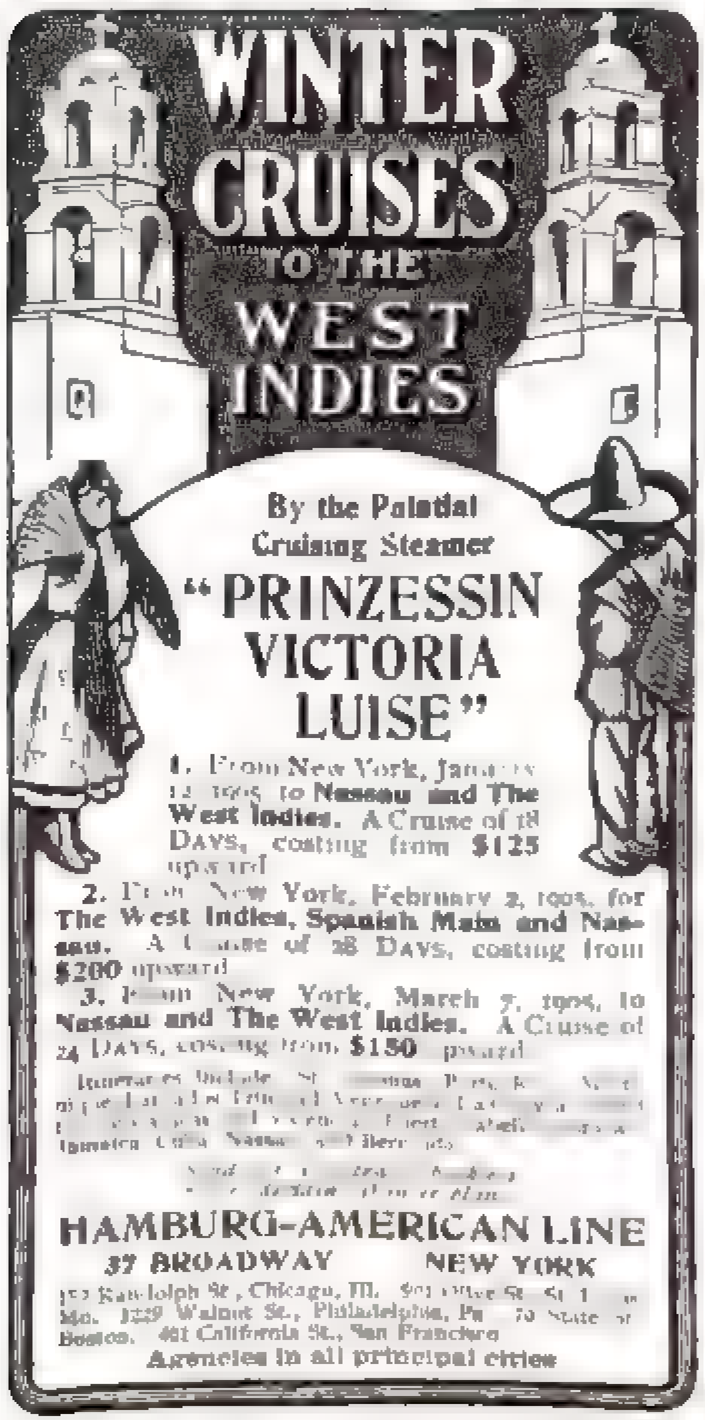
STORY-WRITING AND JOURNALISM
taught by mail. Short stories and book manuscripts criticised and revised; also placed on commission. Send for free booklet "[illegible]" tells how.
NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
67 The Baldwin Indianapolis, Ind.

Amid all discussion of the best roofing material, the fact remains that "Taylor Old Style" roofing tin has endured upon roofs for at least sixty-three years—how much longer we do not know. What other kind of roofing tin or other material has lasted so long?

N. & G. TAYLOR COMPANY
[illegible]
Philadelphia

Don't economize ten dollars on the roof because no one can see it, and spend a thousand dollars on interior decorations which simply appeal to the eye.

Our "Guide to Good Roofs" sent free on request, gives some good pointers on the roofing question.


WINTER CRUISES TO THE WEST INDIES

By the Palatial Cruising Steamer
"PRINZESSIN VICTORIA LUISE"

1. From New York, January 12, 1905, to **Nassau and The West Indies.** A Cruise of 18 Days, costing from **$125** upward.

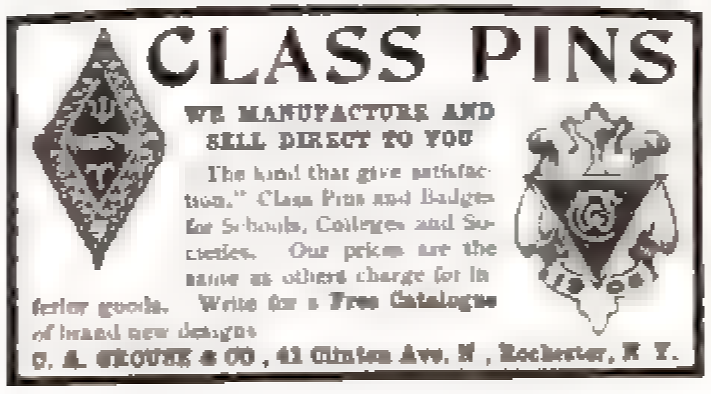
2. From New York, February 2, 1905, for **The West Indies, Spanish Main and Nassau.** A Cruise of 28 Days, costing from **$200** upward.

3. From New York, March 7, 1905, to **Nassau and The West Indies.** A Cruise of 24 Days, costing from **$150** upward.

Itineraries include St. [illegible] Jamaica, Cuba, Nassau and Bermuda.

[illegible]

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
37 BROADWAY NEW YORK
159 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill. 901 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo. 1229 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 70 State St., Boston. 401 California St., San Francisco
Agencies in all principal cities


CLASS PINS
WE MANUFACTURE AND SELL DIRECT TO YOU

The kind that give satisfaction." Class Pins and Badges for Schools, Colleges and Societies. Our prices are the same as others charge for inferior goods. Write for a **Free Catalogue** of brand new designs.

C. A. GROUSE & CO., 41 Clinton Ave. N., Rochester, N. Y.

household necessaries. Horses and carriages may be jobbed for $300 a week, and [illegible] amount may be spent in luncheons, dinners and suppers at the most expensive restaurants. For clothes, [illegible] and presents to impecunious persons who know how to make themselves useful, almost any sum from $5000 a year to $25,000 may be allowed, according to the size of the family, the depth of its purse and the discretion of its head, but whereas the much larger sum spent with a view to making an impression on London cuts no figure whatever in that great capital, the amount that I have named, judiciously laid out and supplemented with ingenious and significant conversation about the Mexican mines which are the source of the family wealth, the yacht that is to be built next year, and the dower that is to be set aside for each of the daughters, will, in the course of two brief seasons, provide the family with a visiting list calculated to amaze and impress any one whose knowledge of New York society has been gleaned solely from the pages of the Sunday journals.

Outside the golden portals of Belgravia and Mayfair, in the suburbs and in the quiet, respectable and shabby-genteel parts of the town we find the shilling a [illegible] with a name suggestive of real money the common standard of values. The shilling territory, if it may be so called, is of enormous extent, embracing fully one-half of London, and offering possibilities in the way of cheap and decent living which seem almost incredible to the uninformed stranger. No better illustration of the difference between prices here and in Mayfair could be offered than that of a certain London physician who maintains three distinct and separate practices, one in the West End, where he charges guinea fees, another at Bayswater, where he charges five shillings, and a third in Seven Dials, where he gets sixpence a visit. And in justice to this practitioner, who is a conscientious as well as an industrious man, I will say that his sixpenny patient receives exactly the same thoughtful treatment that is accorded to the countess in Berkeley Square, and [illegible] drugs of precisely the same quality as well.

It is customary to speak of the streets in London's great shilling quarters as commonplace and monotonous, but for my own part I never walk through one of them without wondering what tragedies of poverty, comedies of masquerading and farces of keeping up appearances are being enacted daily behind those dull brick walls.

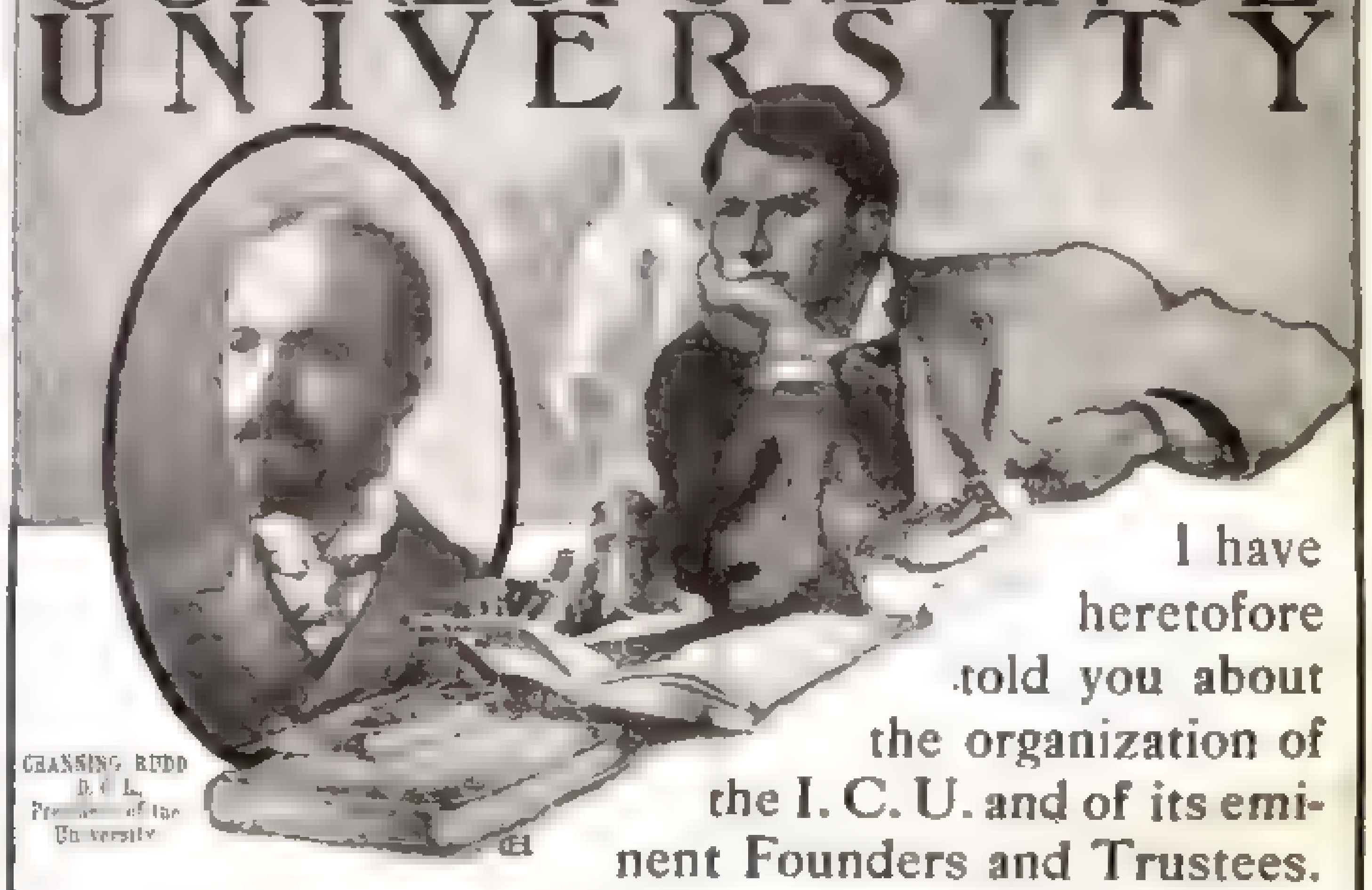
What Apartments and Lodgings Cost

In the matter of house rent one can do infinitely better in London than in New York. It is not an easy matter to find in the last-named city a small house in a good neighborhood for less than $1000 a year, and as a general thing from $1800 to $2500 is asked and obtained. In Kensington, a region which may be likened to the vicinity of Lexington Avenue below Forty-second Street, the price of a three-story house, including the rates and taxes, which in England are paid by the tenant, varies from $650 to $900 a year, and in St. John's Wood or near Regent's Park prices are about twenty per cent. less. Servants' hire is less in England than in America, but more are required, so that the total cost is about the same. The quality of the service, however, is infinitely better in the older country. A lady of my acquaintance who lives charmingly in the Kensington district pays her cook $150 a year and her two maids $100 apiece, and it would be difficult to conceive of finer cooking or better service than she enjoys.

Apartments in London are rather higher in proportion than houses, those of seven or eight rooms ranging from $750 to $1200 a year, while furnished suites of three rooms and bath bring from $1500 to $2500 inclusive of light, heat and service. In the old-fashioned lodging houses, which still flourish in every part of the town, one may live much more cheaply and, save for the deadly monotony of the food, more comfortably than in similar quarters in New York. A friend of mine paid for one good-sized first-floor room in Bloomsbury about $7 a week, which sum included breakfast and the usual charges for attendance and bath. Another friend lived in two rooms in a small apartment-house near the Strand, and his weekly bill for lodging, breakfast, attendance, electric light and an occasional cup of tea or trifling extra was about $12. These prices are at least one-third less than in New York.

In the matter of food comparisons are not easy to make, owing to the vast difference between those prevailing in different parts of London as well as to differences in materials

INTERCONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENCE UNIVERSITY



I have heretofore told you about the organization of the I. C. U. and of its eminent Founders and Trustees. I now announce the following courses. They represent only a portion of the subjects we shall teach. Read this list carefully and then write me a personal letter about the subjects in which you are most interested, whether or not they are given in this list:

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]—General, Tropical,
Architecture,
Banking,
Bookkeeping,
Chemistry,
Civil Service,
Colonial Administration,
Commerce, History of, Internal, Foreign,
Commercial Education,
Commercial Geography;
Consular Service;
Cotton Industry,
Diplomacy, History, American, European, Amer. in Orient,
Domestic Science,
Economics—Descriptive, Agricultural, Industry, Maritime, History;
Engineering—Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, Sanitary, Railroad, Highway, Irrigation, Water Works, Water Powers, Sewerage, Surveying, Materials of Construction, Steel Design, Heating and Ventilating;
English Language, Grammar, Composition, Rhetoric, History;
English Literature, American Literature, [illegible], English Novel, Short Story Writing, English Poetry of Nineteenth Century,
Ethics,
Forestry,
French,
German,
Greek,
History—Ancient, Mediaeval, Modern, American, English, European,
Jurisprudence,
Law—Citizens', Business, Cultural, Professional, Jurists',
Latin;
Library Science,
Logic,
Mathematics—Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Calculus
Mechanical Drawing,
New Wealth of Nations
Oratory—General, Forensic, Political, Pulpit
Pedagogy,
Philosophy,
Physics,
Psychology,
Sociology,
Spanish,
Textiles.

FOUNDERS AND TRUSTEES OF THE I. C. U.

David J. Brewer, LL. D., Justice United States Supreme Court;
Henry Billings Brown, LL. D., Justice United States Supreme Court;
Walter C. Clephane, LL. M., Member United States Supreme Court Bar;
Chauncey M. Depew, LL. D., United States Senator from New York;
Edward Everett Hale, D. D., LL. D., Chaplain United States Senate;
George F. Hoar, LL. D. (deceased), late United States Senator from Massachusetts;
Martin A. Knapp, LL. D., Chairman Interstate Commerce Commission;
Henry B. F. Macfarland, President District of Columbia Commissioners;
Channing Rudd, D. C. L., President of the University

OFFICERS OF THE I. C. U.

Channing Rudd, D. C. L., President;
David J. Brewer, LL. D., Vice-President;
Walter C. Clephane, LL. M., Secretary;
John Franklin Crowell, Ph. D., L. H. D. (ex-President Trinity College), Educational Director;
William Torrey Harris, LL. D. (United States Commissioner of Education), Chairman Advisory Faculty.

The chief aim of life is progress. No matter how high a position you occupy, you can progress. The purpose of the I. C. U. is to help you advance, to lead forth and crystallize your ambitions and aptitudes. I invite you into the field of intellectual growth.

Write me a personal letter. I shall reply promptly. In addition, I shall take pleasure in sending, with my compliments, a copy of "The Personal Statement of the President." This book tells what the I. C. U. can do for YOU.

Yours, for Knowledge,

Channing Rudd
President
For the Trustees

Address me
509 I. C. U. Building, Washington, D. C.

You Needn't Fear a Gun If You Know Jiu-Jitsu

If you would know how to defend yourself, unarmed against every form of vicious attack and render helpless your assailant with an ease and rapidity which is astonishing—if you would possess that physical strength and power of endurance which characterizes the Japanese soldier you must learn Jiu-Jitsu.

Jiu-Jitsu is the most wonderful system of physical training and self defense the world has ever known. Its practice develops every muscle, every [illegible] and [illegible] equal of men of their [illegible]. As a means of self defense, it is as [illegible] the most deadly weapon. The [illegible] knowledge of anatomy, and teaches how to produce temporary paralysis by a slight pressure exerted at one of the many vulnerable points. When once a person skilled in the art effects one of these "holds," it is utterly useless for an opponent to offer resistance. It makes no difference how unequally matched in point of size or strength the contestants may be, a knowledge of Jiu-Jitsu will enable a woman to overcome and render powerless the strongest man.

JIU-JITSU Successfully Taught By Mail

For over 2000 years the principles of Jiu-Jitsu have been religiously guarded. By an Imperial edict the teaching of the system was forbidden outside of Japan. The friendly feeling, however, existing between Japan and the United States has been instrumental in releasing Jiu-Jitsu from its oath-bound secrecy, and all the secrets of the Japanese National System of Physical Training and Self-Defense are now being revealed to the American people [illegible] by the **YABE SCHOOL OF JIU-JITSU**, at Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Y. K. Yabe, formerly of the Ten-Shin Ryu School of Japan, has formulated a correspondence course which contains full instructions in Jiu-Jitsu. It is identical with the course taught in the leading school of Japan.

FIRST LESSON SENT FREE

An intensely interesting book which explains the principles of Jiu-Jitsu has just been written by Mr. Yabe. As long as the edition lasts this book, together with the first lesson in the art, will be sent free to interested persons. The lesson is fully illustrated with [illegible] engravings, and shows one of the most effective methods known to Jiu-Jitsu for disposing of a dangerous antagonist. If you desire to know more about the closely guarded secrets of this marvelous science you should write today for this free book and free trial lesson. They will be sent you by return mail, postpaid. Address

The Yabe School of Jiu-Jitsu
380 D, Realty Building
ROCHESTER
NEW YORK

An Education Without Cash

The Saturday Evening Post offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for a little work done in leisure hours. You select the school—we pay the bills. If you are interested, send a line addressed to

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

MORE HEN MONEY

MANN'S Latest Model Bone Cutter gives hens food which makes them lay. Cuts all bone, meat and gristle, never clogs.

Ten Days' Free Trial

No money until satisfied that it cuts easiest and fastest. Return at our expense if not satisfied. Catalogue free.

F. W. MANN CO., Box 100, Milford, Mass.

and quality. I incline to the belief, however, that the raw materials cost rather less in London than on our side of the water, because the prices which prevail in all but the most expensive restaurants are smaller there than here. In one of the best of the few old-fashioned chop-houses that still remain the price of roast beef or roast mutton, including bread, butter and a baked or boiled potato, is about thirty-five cents as against fifty for the same thing in a similar place on Broadway.

In discussing the food question there is one fact that should not be lost sight of, and that is the woeful lack of variety which marks the British table. What is practically the same bill-of-fare will do duty month after month in club and restaurant, and a London waiter is never ashamed to assure you that they have some "very nice cabbage and potatoes, sir, to-day," for all the world as if these articles—and badly cooked at that—had not been on the bill-of-fare for 364 days previous. To dine day after day in a London restaurant is to think with longing and regret of the green corn, the new beets, the peas that are really sweet and do not rattle in the dish like shot, the eggplant, the thousand and one green and delicious things that are to be found in even the humblest of New York eating-houses.

And if the London dinner seems monotonous to one accustomed to the best that the New York market affords, what shall we say of the deadly and awful sameness of the British breakfast? For 365 mornings in the year the Englishman breaks his fast with bacon and eggs, save in leap year, which he hails with delight because it permits him to partake of these nutritious delicacies 366 times. The only bread that he knows is heavy and stale, and he curls his lip in scorn at the mere mention of the innumerable hot breads and cakes that play such an important part on the American breakfast-table. Smoked beef, which is to be found in every country store in America, and which can be made into a dozen different delicious dishes, is, for some reason, absolutely unknown to the English breakfast-eating public.

To sum up the oft-repeated inquiry as to the cost of living in London compared with that of New York, I should say that the guinea region can absorb a larger income and yield less of permanent value in return than any other place in the world, not excepting the Sahara Desert; that the man of moderate means will spend the same sum in either city with the possibility of getting a great deal more in London than here, and that the family which suddenly finds retrenchment a necessity can efface itself more effectually and secure material comfort and many little luxuries far more cheaply there than here.

Clark's Cruise of the "Arabic"
15,801 tons, one of the finest, largest and most steady steamers in the world

TO THE ORIENT

February 2 to April 13, 1905
Seventy days, costing only **$400 and up.**
[illegible]

SPECIAL FEATURES: [illegible] Algiers, Malta, **19 days in Egypt and the Holy Land,** Constantinople, Athens, Rome, the Riviera, etc. [illegible]

FRANK C. CLARK, 113 Broadway, New York

These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package.

GLUTEN FLOUR FOR DYSPEPSIA

SPECIAL DIABETIC FLOUR
K. C. WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR

Unlike all other goods. Ask Grocers.
For book or sample, write
Farwell & Rhines, Watertown, N.Y., U.S.A.

LEARN POULTRY CULTURE

We teach by mail thoroughly, successfully. Our [illegible] course of instruction [illegible]. **A safe guide to beginners,** invaluable to all poultry raisers. We teach you how to make any plant, large or small, **pay a sure dividend of from 25 to 50 per cent. on investment.** Individual attention given each student. Write for free booklet. **Many lucrative positions open to graduates.**

Columbia School of Poultry Culture, Box 529, Waterville, N.Y.

Missouri County Bonds

5½% Send for handsomely illustrated Brochure about Missouri FREE

I own and offer
Missouri County Bonds (Drainage) at 5½%
Missouri Mortgage Bonds at 6%
Missouri School Bonds at over 4%

Established [illegible] $1,000,000 bearing interest. No losses for [illegible]
Testimonials from Eastern [illegible]

WILLIAM R. COMPTON, 8 Wardell Building, Macon, Mo.

WASHBURN

Mandolins Guitars Banjos

Unequaled for Tone, Durability and Workmanship

We will gladly send free a beautiful Art Souvenir Catalogue and "Facts About the Mandolin" and "How to Play the Mandolin" if you will fill out this coupon and mail it to us.

Lyon & Healy

Makers of the WASHBURN
The World's Largest Music House — Sells "Everything Known in Music"

40 LYON & HEALY, Chicago
Please send me Art Souvenir Catalogue "Facts About the Mandolin" and "How to Play the Mandolin."

Name
St. Address
City State

Men of business prefer The

California Limited

Santa Fe

The train "wears well"; mainly because the service is faultlessly good every mile and every minute.

Santa Fe All the Way—that's the reason.

Daily between Chicago and Kansas City and Los Angeles and San Francisco.

For pamphlet of the train, and California trip book, address Gen. Pass. Office, A. T. & S. F. Ry., Chicago

EVER-READY ELECTRIC LIGHT

Gives instantaneous and intense white light. Perfectly harmless and safe in hay loft or surrounded by most inflammable substances. Send direct to us to insure getting the genuine and fresh batteries. A child can operate it. Gives 8,000 lights with one charge. Lasts indefinitely.

Price complete $2.50. Renewal battery 50c. postpaid.
Cut approx. quarter size. A USEFUL PRESENT

JAMES S. BARRON & CO. 339-343 Greenwich Street, N. Y.

AGRICULTURE,

HORTICULTURE, DAIRYING AND ANIMAL INDUSTRY

thoroughly taught at your own home by twelve of the finest experts employed by the United States Agricultural Department. If you wish to learn scientific farming but cannot afford to leave home to attend college, send for our Agricultural Catalogue and learn how you can secure this education by MAIL with very little expense. Mention this magazine.

Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C.

Electric Savings Bank

An Ideal Christmas Gift

A small handsome [illegible] of steel [illegible]

$1.00 [illegible] Opener. Price $1.00 including Electric Opener. 25c extra for express. Representatives wanted. Order now or send for circular.

LOUIS MFG. CO., Bank Dept., 51 Broadway, New York

A
Cushion for the Feet

Restu worn in any shoe by anybody. Comfortable and restful. Affords instant relief from rheumatism of the feet, weak ankles, cramp of the toes, or bunions. Prevents flat-foot and gives a graceful arch to the instep. Write for interesting booklet.

RESTU MFG. CO., 50 State St., Sharon, Pa.

The Speculations of John Steele

Continued from Page [illegible]

to get me at least one share over the 50,000 although to be on the safe side you may purchase at least 1000 in excess. Send the shares to me in Chicago as fast as you get them."

"Very well, Mr. Steele; I shall do the best I can."

Within a few days, shares in the Farmers' Railroad began to drop in on Steele in bulky packages, which he duly noted and placed in a safe deposit. Presently the packages became smaller and smaller, but as the total had already reached 49,630, Steele was not alarmed until he received the following letter from Hazlett:

> *Dear Mr. Steele:*
>
> About two weeks ago I became suspicious that somebody else was buying the shares of the Farmers' Road. I came across at that time several who had sold, although they did not know to whom, and a few days ago a young man called upon me to know if I had any shares for sale. I told him I had none, and, as I showed very little interest in the matter, I got some information, and find that a man named Dunham, of New York, is the buyer, and apparently he has agents all over the country trying to purchase shares. I would have telegraphed this information to you were it not for the fact that our telegraph office is a little leaky, and also because I had the game in my own hands.
>
> A young woman in this town, a teacher, Dorothy Slocum by name, possesses 1000 shares, which I felt certain I could purchase for a reasonable figure. I began at ten cents, but she refused, and finally raised to fifty cents and then a dollar. Higher than that I could not take the responsibility of going without direct authority from you. To my amazement, to-day she has informed me that she has been offered $10,000 for her stock. I have got her promise that she will not sell for a week. She telegraphed her decision to Dunham, and has received an answer from him saying he is on his way to see her. I learn from Miss Slocum that she is acquainted with you, and I surmise, without being certain, that you personally will prove the successful negotiator if you are on the spot.
>
> This letter should reach you in time to enable you to get here at least as soon as Dunham, and I advise prompt action on your part if we are to secure that thousand shares.
>
> Yours most sincerely,
>
> JAMES P. HAZLETT.

In reply, Lawyer Hazlett received a telegram:

> Will reach Slocum Junction at twelve to-morrow. Arrange special train on the Farmers' Road to Bunkerville to be at junction.
>
> STEELE.

The moment Dunham's name caught Jack Steele's eye in the lawyer's letter, he knew he had to deal with the most unscrupulous man in the railway business, which is saying much. Dunham was in the employ of the Rockervelt system, and as far as money was concerned could outbid him a thousand to one.

When the Greased Lightning Express stopped at Slocum Junction on this occasion John Steele had ample time to reach the platform, because the express detached itself from a private car before it pursued its journey farther west.

"Aha!" said Jack to himself; "Dunham travels in style."

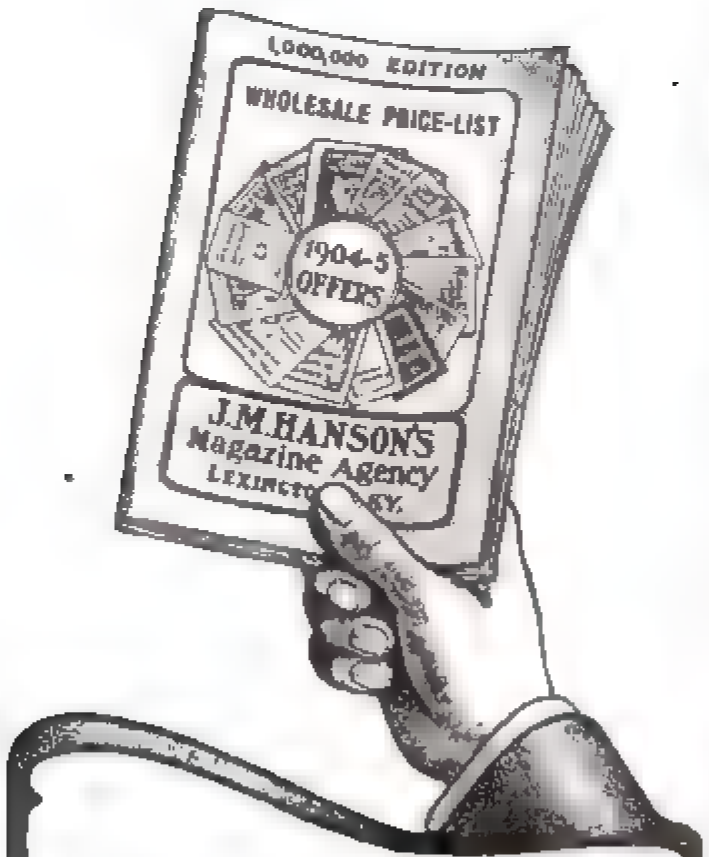
The station-master greeted Steele with the cordiality of an old friend.

"Here is a letter which Lawyer Hazlett sent out to be handed to you as soon as you arrived."

Steele tore open the envelope and read:

> I'm sorry about the special train, but Dunham had telegraphed from New York ordering it before your wire came. I have arranged, however, that Joe will return at once for you as soon as he has landed Dunham in Bunkerville. This will make no difference in the negotiations. Miss Slocum has promised to be away from home when Dunham calls, and will see you first.
>
> JAMES P. HAZLETT.

Jack Steele gave no expression of the annoyance he felt at missing the special. He distrusted the lawyer's optimism, and like a flash resolved to be in Bunkerville as



FREE

Our Large Catalogue

NEW EDITION of one million copies now ready. Embodies new ideas, new prices, new suggestions. Contains a list of over 2,500 magazines, periodicals and newspapers, quotes lowest obtainable prices, tells how our system saves you subscription money, and gives much valuable information that all magazine readers should have. You can

SAVE Magazine Money

by writing us, as we furnish any magazine, periodical, or newspaper in the world at lowest prices — much lower, maybe, than you believe possible.

Ours is one of the largest subscription agencies in the world, and we are known everywhere. Your address on a postal secures the facts.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE TODAY. IT IS SURE TO INTEREST YOU. Address

J. M. Hanson's Magazine Agency
210 Hanson Block, Lexington, Ky.

FREE This Sachet Free, until January 1, 1905, to every Embroiderer ordering our New Embroidery Book.

Send Today

Book is our latest "Embroidery Lessons with Colored Studies for 1905," just off the press. Contains over 100 pages, over 100 illustrations, complete instructions for everything new in Doilies, Centerpieces, Sofa Cushions, etc. Following features of special interest:

Colored Plates of over 20 flowers, fruits, etc. Complete Lesson teaching Hardanger Embroidery, Eyelet Embroidery Work, White, Tan and Ecru Centerpieces and Doilies, Mountmellick Embroidery Work, Popular Berlin Designs, Stylish Cross Stitch Designs, Designs for Embroidering Hosiery; Dainty Christmas Novelties, Extra Large Assortment of Sofa Cushions, etc.

10 cents pays for postage. Stamped Sachet given FREE to get your order in before holiday rush. Not more than one premium sent to same person. Duplicate sachets are 5c each. Send 10c. for 1905 Book. Be sure and ask for FREE SACHET in your letter. Book will reach you in one envelope and FREE SACHET in a separate envelope. Address

THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG COMPANY
81 Union St., New London, Conn.

Buy a package of Wheatlet, Franklin Flour, or Franklin Pancake Flour and learn how to secure this Franklin Universal Bread Maker free, or write for particulars.

The Franklin Mills Co.,
Lockport, N. Y.

In Selecting Holiday Gifts

DO NOT LET IT ESCAPE YOUR ATTENTION THAT

Columbia Graphophones

Always favorite presents for Christmas and New Year's are better this year than ever before and so are the records. Hence they are even more desirable than in previous years.

GRAPHOPHONES range in price from $5 to $100

Type AY $50

Send for Catalogue 61

The records embrace every description of musical compositions from the Grand Opera songs of Marcella Sembrich and her associates to the latest songs of the popular singers of the day; from the full brass band selections to the solos on the cornet, xylophone, etc. Records running into the thousands and completely covering the vocal and instrumental music of every country, including China and Japan, furnish an inexhaustible source of entertainment and make the Graphophone the Holiday Gift par excellence.

A Great Advantage The plan of exchanging new records for old, on the basis of turning in old records and paying half the list price in cash for the new ones, enables users to increase their collection on terms never offered them before.

Seven inch disc records 50c each; $5 per doz. Ten inch disc records $1 each; $10 per doz.

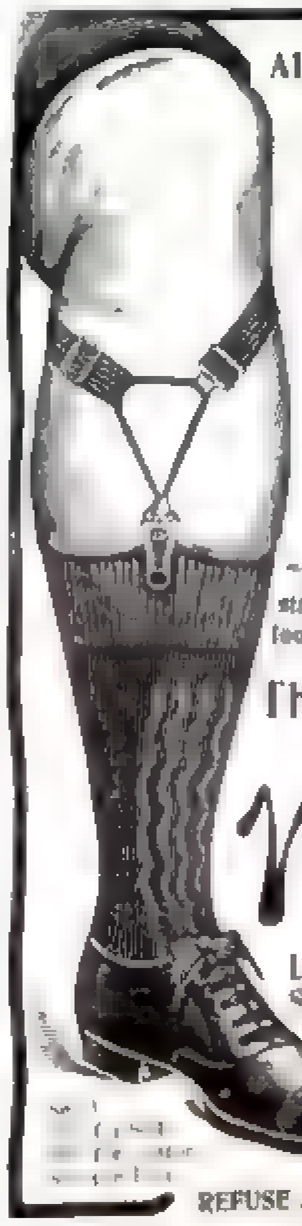
Columbia Gold Moulded Cylinder Records, 25 cents each

FOR SALE BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE AND BY THE

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, Gen'l

Pioneers and Leaders in the Talking Machine Art. Grand Prize, Paris, 1900

NEW YORK: [illegible]; Retail only, 872 Broadway
CHICAGO, 88 Wabash Avenue
PHILADELPHIA, 1019-1021 Market St.
[illegible]
BOSTON, 164 Tremont Street
[illegible]
CLEVELAND, [illegible] Street
BUFFALO, 645 Main Street
SAN FRANCISCO, [illegible] Street
CINCINNATI, 117-119 West Fourth St.
PITTSBURG, 615 Penn Avenue
NEW ORLEANS, 628-630 Canal Street
DETROIT, 272 Woodward Avenue
MILWAUKEE, 391 East Water Street
WASHINGTON, 1212 F Street, N. W.
TORONTO, ONTARIO, 107 Yonge Street
[illegible]
INDIANAPOLIS, 48 N. Pennsylvania Street
KANSAS CITY, 1016 Walnut Street
[illegible]
ST. LOUIS, [illegible] Street
OMAHA, 1621 Farnam Street
LOS ANGELES, [illegible] South Main Street
MEMPHIS, [illegible] Street
SCRANTON, 403 N. Washington Avenue
PORTLAND, ORE., 128 Seventh Street
ATLANTA, 41 Peachtree Street
SEATTLE, WASH., 1311 First Avenue
BRIDGEPORT, CT., 1161 Main Street
OAKLAND, CAL., 512 Thirteenth Street
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., [illegible] Main Street
[illegible]
SACRAMENTO, [illegible] Street
LONDON, [illegible], 89 Great [illegible] Street
[illegible] Oxford St., W.
PARIS, [illegible]
BERLIN, [illegible]
[illegible]
GLASGOW, [illegible]
HAMBURG, [illegible]
MILAN, 9 Via Dante
CITY OF MEXICO, Calle de Santa Clara 18½



All over the civilized world

THE IMPROVED

BOSTON GARTER

IS KNOWN and WORN

Every Pair Warranted

The Name is stamped on every loop

The Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

Lies flat to the leg — never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens

ALWAYS EASY

Geo. Frost Co., Makers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

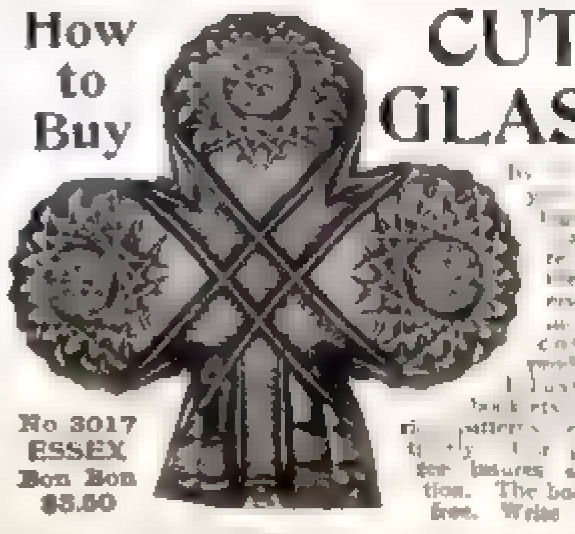
BACKED BY A MACHINE OF MERIT

Why emphasize just one good point about The Smith Premier? The man who buys this, The World's Best Typewriter becomes the owner of equally distributed excellencies in the most modern of writing machines.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co.

HOME OFFICE AND FACTORY
SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

BRANCH OFFICES IN ALL LARGE CITIES



How to Buy CUT GLASS

[illegible] booklet illustrates the rich patterns [illegible] guarantee insures satisfaction. The booklet is free. Write to-day.

No. 3017 ESSEX Bon Bon $3.50

Lackawanna Cut Glass Co., Box 6, Scranton, Pa.

The SUN Typewriter No. 2

PERFECT IN MECHANICAL ACTION

It is a type bar machine. It has visible writing in its truest form. It has unlimited speed. It has an anti ribbon inking mechanism. It is a heavy manifolder.

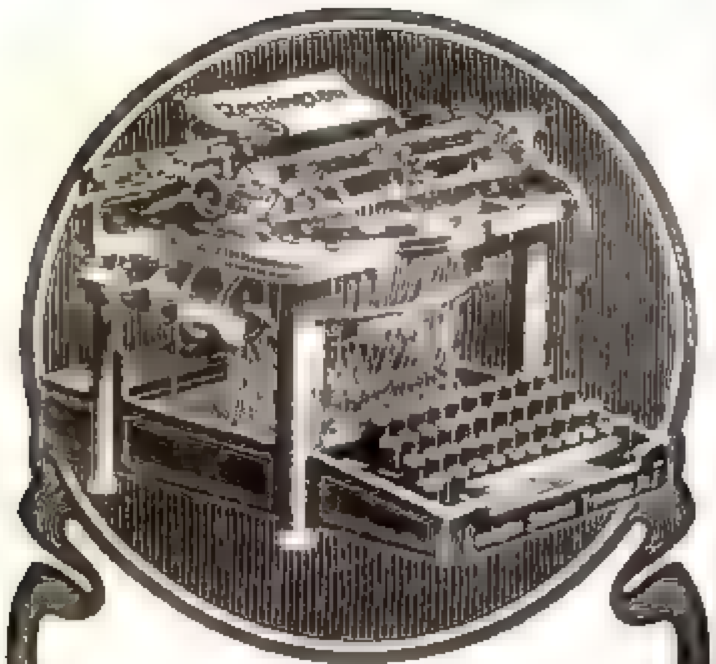
A high grade writing machine at the $40.00. Call and inspect, or write for catalogue.

SUN TYPEWRITER CO.
239 Broadway
New York

WARM FEET ASSURED if COMFORT SLIPPERS

are worn. Made of heavy Knit-Fabrics, Wool fleece lined. To be worn in or out of bed. Particularly adapted for the Nursery, Sick Room, Bath [illegible]

Hygienic Comfort Co.
Middletown, N. Y.



The buyer of a
REMINGTON TYPEWRITER
expects good service—and gets it.
Remington Typewriter Co.
327 Broadway, New York

WEDDING INVITATIONS
and Announcements [illegible]
75c Samples and [illegible]
J. W COCKRUM 527 Main Street Oakland City Ind

Special Offer

The Real Madame Du Barry

French Court Memoirs

The private lives of Madame Du Barry, Josephine Marie Antoinette, Madame Pompadour, Louis XIV., XV., XVI., and their contemporaries, comprise the back stairs and kitchen gossip side of French Court History. And where so much was set afoot with secret design, and so little was done above board; where boudoir councils dictated treaties and appointed ambassadors; where statecraft was practised and laws were made in private dining-rooms, it is impossible to comprehend the curious events of that period without knowing the intimate details of these underlying causes. *"Cherchez la Femme" (and the woman) was the key to the understanding* the relations between government and the rise and fall of ministers of State and Church.

Marie Antoinette

Mme Maintenon

The Bastile opened so easily and closed so tightly that the penning of personal memoirs which laid bare the secrets of the most scandalous and profligate regime in the history of the world was a very serious matter; still some of the most influential courtiers and favorites have told the real facts about their own lives and those of their fellows with a frankness and abandon that have never been matched. Madame Pompadour's favorite phrase, "After me the deluge," expresses the devil-may-care attitude of the time.

Some of these memoirs were secretly hidden until after their authors died, others were confiscated by the police and burned by the common hangman in Paris. Under the editorship of Dr. Leon Vallee, librarian at the National Library of France, the twenty volumes of these memoirs have been gathered, translated and illustrated.

The undersigned has secured a few sets of these personal French Court Memoirs from a limited registered de Luxe edition, bound up to sell at $10 a volume. Through a mistake at the bindery they were bound in American morocco instead of French, and will be sold to the first inquirers at considerably less than half that price, upon monthly payments if preferred.

A booklet describing the edition, together with price particulars, will be sent you if you mail the inquiry slip at once.

J. B. CHADBOURNE,
11 East 16th St., New York.

Please send me booklet and particulars as advertised in Nov. 19 SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Name .....

Address

soon as his antagonist. Dunham had stepped down from his private car, asked the station-master where the special was to be found, and quickly ordered his car to be placed on a side track. When he had entered the Bunkerville train, and Joe had started up his wheezy engine, Steele darted from the shadow of the station, caught the last car, and sat down on the rear steps outside, well concealed from the sight of any one unless that person stood by the end window.

All went well until they were about five miles from Bunkerville, when Steele thought he recognized a lady's figure on the highway ahead, and, forgetting that he might expose himself to the sharp eyes of Dunham, he rose to his feet, clutched the stanchions, and leaned forward. An instant later the rear door was thrown open, a foot was planted energetically in the small of Steele's back, and that young man went hurtling over the embankment, head over heels. There were no half measures about a man like Dunham.

Steele sat up, bruised and dazed, not knowing whether he was hurt seriously, or had escaped practically unscathed. It seemed to him as he fell through the air that he heard a woman scream. When he was somewhat stupidly debating whether this was real or imaginary his doubts were solved by a voice he recognized.

"Oh, Mr. Steele! Are you hurt? What a brutal thing for that villain to have done!"

"Why, Miss Dorothy, you of all persons; and here was I trying to sneak into Bunkerville to see you first! I thought you were teaching school?"

"Not on Saturdays, Mr. Steele," said the girl, laughing. "I see, after all, you are not very much hurt."

"I'm all right, I think. Fortunately, Joe doesn't run sixty miles an hour. Dorothy, I want you to marry me and come to Chicago."

Again the girl laughed.

"Dear me," she said, "I thought you had come to buy my stock. I couldn't think of taking advantage of a proposal that had been literally shaken out of a man. I'm afraid your mind is wandering a bit."

"My mind was never clearer in my life. What is your answer, Dorothy?"

She sat down beside him, still laughing a little. The rivulet was at their feet, the railway embankment behind them, the highway, shrouded by trees, in front.

"Suppose we talk business first, and indulge in sentiment after?" said the girl with a roguish twinkle in her eye. "I have been offered $10,000 for my shares. Are you prepared to pay as much?"

"Yes."

"I imagine Mr. Dunham would never have come all the way from New York to see me if he were not prepared to pay a much larger sum. I have therefore two further provisos to make. First, you will pay me $10,000 down. Proviso number two is that you will give me ten per cent. on the profits you make in this transaction. Of course, in spite of Mr. Hazlett's caution I know there is something very large going on, and naturally I wish to profit by it."

"You are quite right, Miss Slocum, and I agree to the ten per cent. suggestion; in fact, I offered you a hundred per cent. in the beginning, and myself into the bargain, which proposal you have ignored. What is the third proviso?"

"I am told you have a great deal of influence in railway circles in Chicago."

"Yes, I have."

"Can you get a good place for a capable and deserving young man?"

"I think so. Does he understand railroading?"

"Yes, he is the station-master at Slocum Junction."

"Oh, the station-master! Certainly, I should be delighted to get him a good position. He is a splendid fellow, and I like him exceedingly."

"I am charmed to hear you say so," said Dorothy, pulling a flower and picking it to pieces with downcast eyes, "for that brings us to the sentiment, and I show my confidence in you, and the great esteem in which I hold you, by telling you this strict secret, that I am engaged to be married to the station-master, and am anxious to get to Chicago."

THIS COMPLETE LOOSE LEAF LEDGER
Your Choice of 38 Record Forms
SENT PREPAID FOR $2.00
Your Money Back if you Want it.
PATENTED 1903

Our Books Are Indexed BOTH Alphabetically and By Date — No Other Method Permits This!

All Kinds of Records can be arranged better and found quicker in our Loose Leaf Binders than if kept in any other way. **It will cost you absolutely nothing to prove this!** An outfit will convince you that our method COSTS LESS MONEY AND SAVES MORE TIME than any other; it is rapidly taking the place of Card Indexes, Bound Books, and other out-of-date systems. Upon receipt of $2.00 we will ship, Express PREPAID in this country, the following outfit:

One Improved Flat Opening Loose Leaf Binder — Covered with Imported Buckram, size 5¾ in. high, 8 in. wide, 3 in. thick; filled with 400 Linen [illegible] Sheets and Indexes.

Four Hundred Sheets — (Your choice of 38 different forms, including 5 different Ledger Rulings), printed on a fine quality of white bond paper, size 5 in. high by 8 in. wide.

One Set of Daily Indexes — 31 Sheets.

One Set of Monthly Indexes — 12 Sheets.

One Special Heavy Index Sheet — Numbered from [illegible]

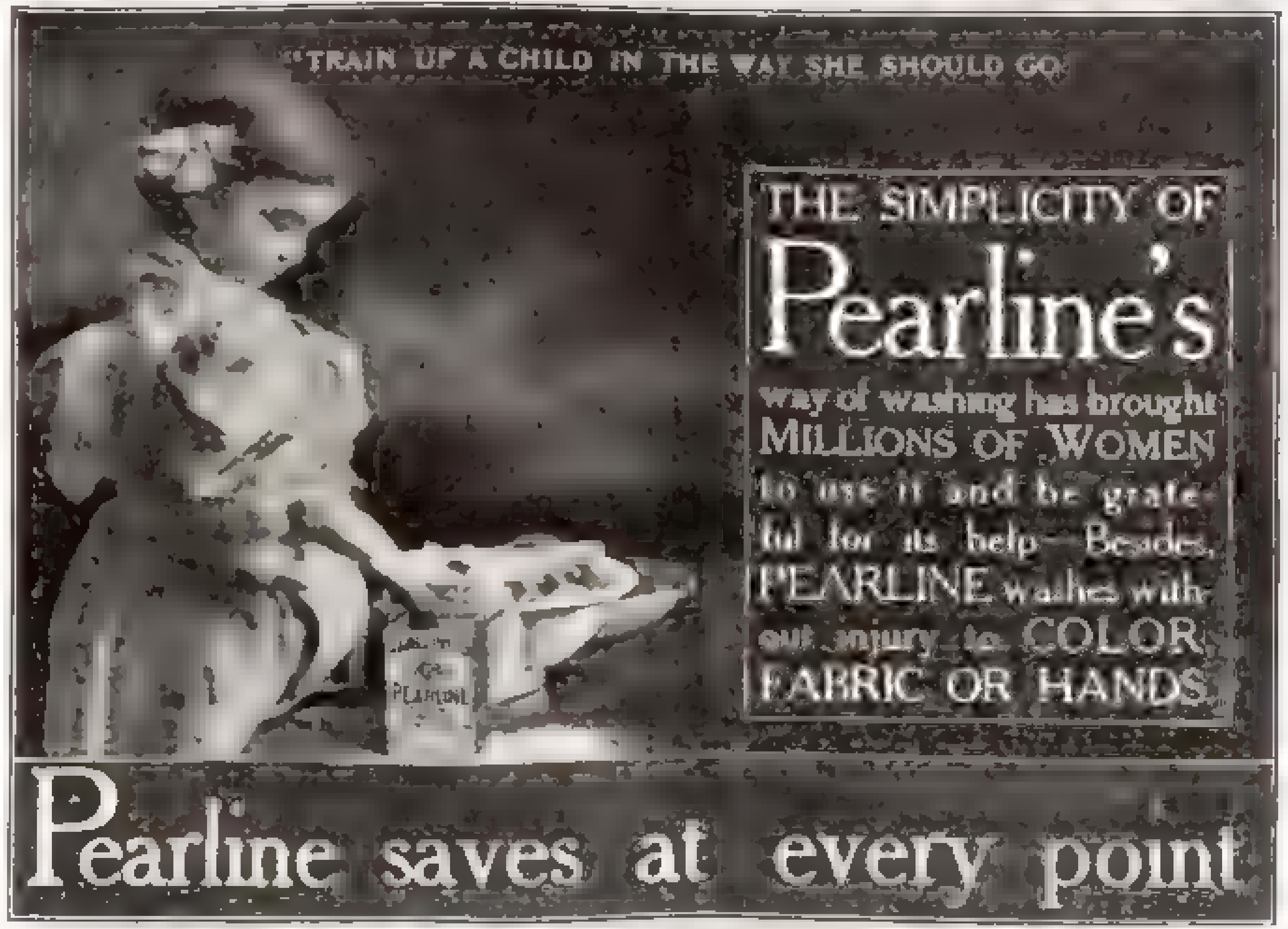
One Complete Set of Alphabetical Index Sheets [illegible]

Fifty Moore's Movable Metal Markers — For indexing records According to Date.

OUR FREE BOOK "MOORE'S MODERN METHODS" [illegible] 20 pages of valuable information [illegible] the subject of Bookkeeping and Loose Leaf Accounting. It illustrates and describes the various ruled and printed record forms which can be furnished with this outfit. A Postal brings it.

JOHN C. MOORE CORPORATION, 258 Stone Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Established 18[illegible] Makers of everything in the line Blank Books, Loose Leaf Binders and [illegible]


"TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY SHE SHOULD GO"
THE SIMPLICITY OF Pearline's way of washing has brought MILLIONS OF WOMEN to use it and be grateful for its help. Besides, PEARLINE washes without injury to COLOR FABRIC OR HANDS.
Pearline saves at every point
PEARLINE

Get Your New Overcoat
From Our Wholesale Department

To introduce you to our house and our method of selling the latest New York styles in clothing by Mail, we [illegible] Scotch Cheviot Belt Overcoats, [illegible] made in the latest Fall style.

For $10.00

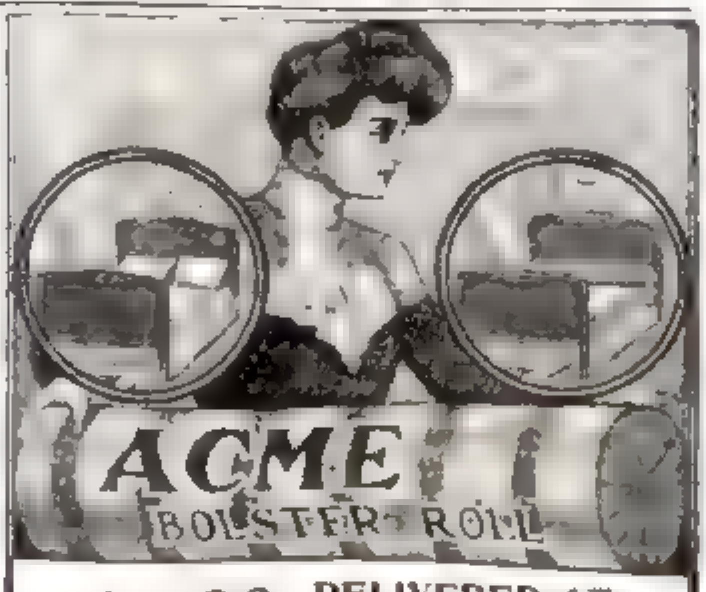
A very distinguished-looking and comfortable-feeling coat. It is the most fashionable [illegible] garment seen in New York this Autumn.

We sell these coats to the jobber for $10. The jobber sells them to the retailer for $15. He sells them to his customers for $20. Any retail store [illegible] will charge you $20 for this identical coat. [illegible] can buy direct from our factory and save this $10. It makes no difference to us whether we sell to the jobber at $10 or to you at $10. Your $10 is just as good as his.

[illegible] chest and waist measurement and length of sleeve. State whether you prefer light, dark or medium mixture. We will send you coat by express, C. O. D., the same day your order is received. Samples of cloth on request.

ATLAS CLOTHING MFG. CO., Dept. 33
721-723 Broadway New York City

MAKE MONEY
hatching chickens with the Gem Incubator, that low-priced [illegible] simple, absolutely-reliable, up-to-date Hatcher. Sure profits. Now is the time to prepare for the early hatching season. Write to-day for a beautiful catalogue FREE.
Gem Incubator Company, Box 417, Dayton, Ohio



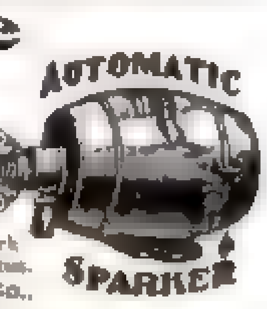
$2.00 DELIVERED AT YOUR HOME

Made of corrugated jute board, clean and sanitary; weighs only four pounds (it's hollow); never wears out; an immense improvement over clumsy hair or excelsior-stuffed bolsters. Cover an Acme to match your bed spread, put the mussed and wrinkled pillows away during the day, and your bed will look stylish and handsome.

If your dealer will not supply you, write us, stating width of bed, and [illegible] express or [illegible] order for $2. We will ship an Acme [illegible] and pay charges to any express point on or east of the Mississippi. Money back if wanted.

68-Page Book Free shows and describes all styles Acme Bolster Rolls and gives valuable home furnishing plans. Write for it.

H. and D. Paper Co., 644 Water St., Sandusky, O.



The Apple
For Gas Engines, Launches, Automobiles, etc.
No more belt, battery, commutator troubles. Dirt and water proof. Easily attached, increases power and speed. Send for full particulars on our storage batteries, spark coils, timing devices, spark plugs, and all kinds of ignition apparatus.
The Dayton Electrical Mfg. Co.,
123 Reibold Bldg., DAYTON, OHIO

Suit Made to Measure $12

Suit Case Free *WITH SUIT*

Fine All-Wool Tailor-Made Cashmere or Worsted Suit

Your choice of a variety of colorings and weaves, and all the newest patterns just from the woolen mills. We direct special attention to the fabrics. The cloth is specially woven from new, high-grade wool; it is close woven and the wool is full of "life," so that the cloth is elastic and the garments will hold their shape. Before cutting into the cloth for each suit, the suit pattern is thoroughly shrunken. Our cutters are first-class workmen, who incorporate into the suit the latest style, and take into account the various little differences in build each man possesses. The suit is lined throughout with "Bullis" serge and the sleeve linings are of the celebrated "Fowler" silesia. All trimmings are the very best, and buttonholes are hand finished. The pants pockets are made of strong drilling, and all the findings are such as only can be secured in the high-grade merchant-tailor article. Our measure and order blank will enable you to take your own measurement accurately, and a perfect fit is guaranteed. We are manufacturers, importers and custom tailors, and guarantee our $12.00 suits to be equal in wear to the best suits you can obtain from your local dealer for Twenty Dollars, while in style and fit our garments are incomparably superior to any but the product of high-priced city tailors.

FREE Suit Case

In order to establish customers throughout the United States we are giving on the first order received from any one person, a handsome suit case, which we use to ship the suit. The suit case that goes with each suit is most presentable and would cost in your local store from $3 to $5.

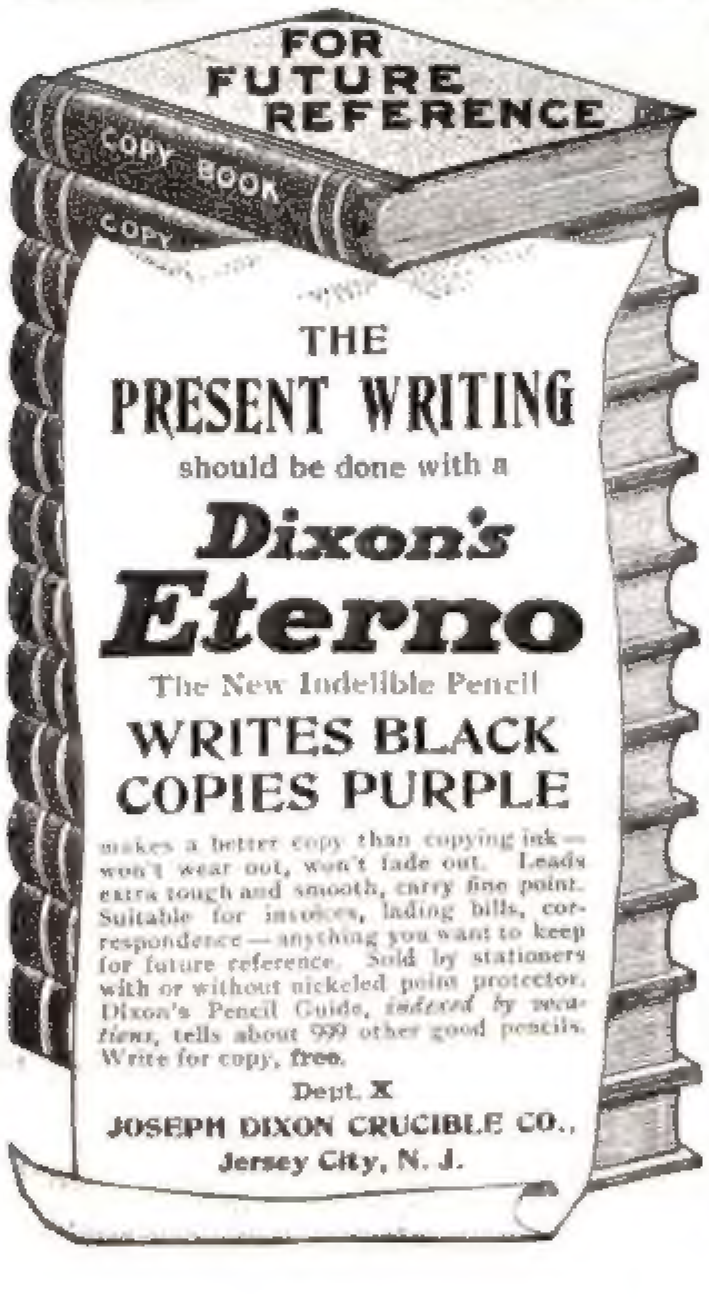
A trial is all we ask. You run no risk in ordering from us, as we guarantee absolutely a perfect fit. We do not ask you to pay for the goods before seeing them. We send them by Express C. O. D., with the privilege of examination at Express Office, and if the suit is not satisfactory in fabric, finish or fit, you need not accept it; it will be returned to us at our expense. The suit shown in the picture is our No. 251 and is a sensible, becoming suit to most gentlemen. The price is $12.00. It is entirely new, out of the ordinary and very stylish. Samples of cloth that make up nicely in this style are shown in our new catalogue, which contains styles and samples varying in price from $12.00 to $20.00. Our catalogue and

SAMPLES OF CLOTH FREE

will be sent you the very day your request for same reaches us. Remember, we have no agents, no branch stores, and no connection with any other clothing concern. Our business has been established 40 years. Write to-day for samples. Address

MEYER LIVINGSTON SONS, Dept. 85, South Bend, Ind.

Reference: Citizens National Bank, South Bend, Ind.



THE PRESENT WRITING should be done with a

Dixon's Eterno

The New Indelible Pencil

WRITES BLACK COPIES PURPLE

makes a better copy than copying ink—won't wear out, won't fade out. Leads extra tough and smooth, carry fine point. Suitable for invoices, lading bills, correspondence—anything you want to keep for future reference. Sold by stationers with or without nickeled point protector. Dixon's Pencil Guide, *indexed by vocations*, tells about 999 other good pencils. Write for copy, **free**.

Dept. X

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.

The Passing of "Third Floor Back"

(Concluded from Page 11)

decided answer. The stranger would one day depart. Indeed, he had told himself, he was but a passing traveler. When he was gone it would be easier. So she thought at the time.

One afternoon the stranger entered the room where she was standing by the window, looking out upon the bare branches of the trees in Bloomsbury Square. She remembered afterward it was just such another foggy afternoon as the afternoon of the stranger's arrival three months before. No one else was in the room. The stranger closed the door and came toward her with that curious, quick, leaping step of his. His long coat was tightly buttoned, and in his hands he carried his old felt hat, and the massive, knotted stick that was almost a staff.

"I have come to say good-by," explained the stranger; "I am going."

"I shall not see you again?" asked the girl.

"I cannot say," replied the stranger. "But you will think of me?"

"Yes," she answered with a smile, "I can promise that."

"And I shall always remember you," promised the stranger, "and I wish you every joy—the joy of love, the joy of a happy marriage."

The girl winced. "Love and marriage are not always the same thing," she said.

"Not always," agreed the stranger; "but in your case they will be one."

She looked at him.

"Do you think I have not noticed?" smiled the stranger, "a gallant, handsome lad, and clever. You love him and he loves you. I could not have gone away without knowing it was well with you."

Her gaze wandered toward the fading light.

"Ah, yes, I love him," she answered petulantly. "Your eyes can see clearly enough when they want to. But one does not live on love in our world. I will tell you the man I am going to marry if you care to know." She would not meet his eyes. She kept her gaze still fixed upon the dingy trees, the mist beyond, and spoke rapidly and vehemently: "The man who can give me all my soul's desire—money and the things that money can buy. You think me a woman. I'm only a pig. He is moist, and breathes like a porpoise; with cunning in place of a brain, and the rest of him mere stomach. But he is good enough for me."

She hoped this would shock the stranger, and that now, perhaps, he would go. It irritated her to hear him only laugh.

"No," he said, "you will not marry him."

"Who will stop me?" she cried angrily.

"Your better self."

His voice had a strange ring of authority, compelling her to turn and look upon his face. Yes, it was true, the fancy that from the very first had haunted her. She had met him, talked to him—in silent country roads, in crowded city streets: where was it? And always in talking with him her spirit had been lifted up: she had been—what he had always thought her.

"There are those," continued the stranger—and for the first time she saw that he was of a noble presence, that his gentle, childlike eyes could also command—"whose better selves lie slain by their own hand and trouble them no more. But yours, my child, you have let grow too strong; it will ever be your master. You must obey. Flee from it and it will follow you: you cannot escape it. Insult it and it will chastise you with burning shame, with stinging self-reproach, from day to day." The sternness faded from the beautiful face, the tenderness crept back. He laid his hand upon the young girl's shoulder. "You will marry your lover," he smiled. "With him you will walk the way of sunlight and of shadow."

And the girl, looking up into the strong, calm face, knew that it would be so—that the power of resisting her better self had passed away from her forever.

"Now," said the stranger, "come to the door with me. Leave-takings are but wasted sadness. Let me pass out quietly. Close the door softly behind me."

She thought that perhaps he would turn his face again, but she saw no more of him than the odd roundness of his back under the tightly-buttoned coat before he faded into the gathering fog.

Then softly she closed the door.

Quicker to talk than walk

TELEPHONES ARE A STEP-SAVING – LABOR-SAVING SOUL-SAVING NECESSITY

THEY REACH FROM

Chamber to Kitchen - Parlor to Pantry - Boudoir to Barn -

A PRIVATE LINE SAVES TIME

The Anders Push Button Telephone is the best and least expensive. Two Telephones complete, ready for service, with wiring for 100 feet, batteries, bells or buzzers.

Price $10.00

Will operate any distance and any one can install with our simple instructions in hand. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Write for descriptive catalogue. We also quote on systems for offices, homes, hotels, or factories for any number of stations.

EDMONSTONE COMPANY, 105 Chambers Street, NEW YORK CITY

THE "ONEITA" PAT. APR. 25 1893

Fit the entire form perfectly, yet softly and without pressure. No buttons down the front. The acme of comfort in underwear, most convenient to put on, being entered at the top and drawn on like trousers. No other underwear will permit the wearing of as small a corset, or allow such perfect fit for dresses. Made in great variety of fabrics and weights, and for men and young people as well as for ladies.

Sold at Popular Prices

by best dealers everywhere.

Send for Illustrated Booklet.

ONEITA MILLS,
Dept. Z.
1 Greene St., New York.

UNIFORM TEMPERATURE

It makes no difference whether you have furnace, steam, or hot-water apparatus, or whether it is new or old. All you need is the

MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR

It automatically controls the drafts. A change of one degree at the thermostat is sufficient to operate the dampers. This device is as simple and no more expensive than a good clock. It embodies economy, comfort, and health. Has proven its merit for 24 years.

Sent on 30 days' absolutely free trial

If not satisfactory in every way return at our expense. Write to-day. *Booklet free.*

W. R. SWEATT, Secretary
1st Ave. and F St., Minneapolis, Minn.

NEW ENGLAND OFFICE:
197 Pleasant Street Holyoke, Mass.

ADJUST HERE
IT'S AUTOMATIC

Successfuls

Succeed with a Successful

Automatic in everything. Accidents impossible. The most chicks hatched, brooded the best, least care. Get the standard of years. Incubator catalog free. Poultry book 4c. Poultry paper 1 year 10c.

DES MOINES INCUBATOR CO.
Dept. 548 Des Moines, Ia.

Here's your chance 5%

to invest your money safely and profitably.

An investment that pays right from the start. Your money earns 5% from the day it reaches us and the interest is

compounded semi-annually

Additional deposits can be made at any time and immediately earn 5%. No advance notice necessary to withdraw any amount.

Write for booklet and get fully acquainted with our proposition.

Calvert Mortgage & Deposit Co.
Dept. A, Calvert Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

Your Idle Money Should Earn 5%

Estab. Over 11 Years
No Speculation
Under N. Y. Banking Dept. Supervision

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO. 5% PER ANNUM

But place it where you are sure it will be free from speculation.

The Industrial Savings & Loan Co. will be pleased to furnish full information regarding its methods. Endorsed by the most conservative authorities upon investments.

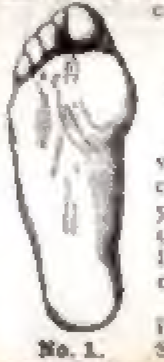
We will pay 5 per cent. per annum on your savings. Earnings commence at once and paid for every day in our care. Subject to withdrawal at any time. Write to-day for particulars.

Assets, ... $1,700,000
Surplus and Profits, 160,000

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO., 1135 Broadway, New York

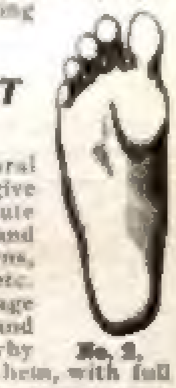
DO YOUR FEET HURT?

Are they like cut No. 1? If so, you are needlessly pinching and torturing them with shoes that are not right. You can give your feet instant relief and keep them in proper condition (like cut No. 2) by wearing



No. 1.

PETERSON'S ANTI-TENDER-FOOT SHOES



No. 2.

which conform to the natural curves of the foot and thereby give you continued ease and absolute comfort, including positive and lasting relief from bunions, corns, callouses, ingrowing nails, etc.

Send 2-cent stamp for 20-page illustrated booklet "Foot and Shoe Pointers," which tells why your feet are tender and how to care for them, with full description of our shoes; also what our customers say.

M. F. PETERSON & CO., 148 Fifth Ave., Chicago

To Owners of Gasoline Engines Automobiles, Launches, Etc.

The Auto-Sparker

does away entirely with all starting and running batteries, their annoyance and expense. No belt—no switch—no batteries. Can be attached to any engine now using batteries. Fully guaranteed; write for descriptive catalog.

MOTSINGER DEVICE MFG. CO.
18 Main Street Pendleton, Ind.

How I Doubled My Salary

Some few months ago I was a saleswoman earning $6.00 a week. Being dissatisfied with my position I answered an advertisement of The Commercial Correspondence Schools of Rochester, N. Y., and accepted their offer to teach me bookkeeping free. They also assured me they would endeavor to place me in a position as soon as I was qualified to keep a set of books. Every promise made me has been carried out to the letter. When I decided to take a course in bookkeeping I knew absolutely nothing about that subject, yet by the time I had completed my eighteenth lesson, the Schools procured for me my present position as head bookkeeper with a large manufacturing concern, at exactly double the salary I was formerly earning. I cannot say too much in favor of the thoroughly practical and yet simple course of instruction in bookkeeping as taught by The Commercial Correspondence Schools. I could not have learned what I did in a business college in six months. Besides, if I had taken a business college course, it would not have only cost me $60.00, but I should have had to give up my daily employment to attend school. As it was, I was able to study in the evening and earn my living during the day, and I did not pay one cent for instruction until I was placed in my present position. I have said all this for The Commercial Correspondence Schools out of pure gratitude for what that institution has done for me and entirely without solicitation on their part. (Signed) *CLARA DONER.*

Our Free Book Helped Her

Miss Doner studied less than two months, yet in that time qualified herself for a responsible position and doubled her income. Any ambitious young man or woman can do as well as she did. Miss Doner started on the road to success after reading The Commercial Correspondence Schools free book "How To Become An Expert Bookkeeper." This book tells you how you can learn bookkeeping and pay your tuition after a position has been secured for you. If you are without employment or if you are engaged in uncongenial or unremunerative employment, a copy of this book will be sent you absolutely free on receipt of your request. Write for it to-day to

The Commercial Correspondence Schools
380 C, Commercial Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

FAMABELLA
HAVANA CIGARS
"ARE THE PERFECTION OF BLENDS"

Made in nine sizes from the finest tobacco. Try the **Famabella,** "Puritanos" size, ten cent straight. "Conchas" size, three for twenty-five cents. If not on sale in your City, we'll supply you direct.

The names of the **Presidents** and their **Cabinets** from **Washington** to **Roosevelt** up to date are contained in a beautifully illustrated booklet that we will send you FREE, on request.

THE INDEPENDENCE CO., Dep't. "D," Detroit, Mich.

THE FASTENER WITH A BULL-DOG GRIP

WASHBURNE'S Pat. Imp. FASTENERS

Men find comfort and utility in their use. Applied to

Key Chain and Ring, 25c | Scarf Holders, - 10c
Cuff Holders, - 20c | Drawers Supporters, 20c

Sent Postpaid. **Little, but Never Let Go.** *Catalogue Free.*
Sold everywhere.

American Ring Company, Dept. 74, Waterbury, Conn.

Rose of the World

(Continued from Page 13)

the hills—all that was left to them of their handsome young lord. They could not carry Rosamond back her dead; what soldier's widow can hope for that last tragic comfort? But the few tangible traces he had left behind him: these were hers by right, and to her they were brought, with scarcely less reverence than if they had been his honored remains—the journal he had kept for her during yonder endless months of siege; the letters he had written her, never to post; his notes; sundry trifling belongings, marked with that poignant personal touch which seems to inflict the hardest pain of all.

One can kneel in uplifted resignation beside the awful grandeur of the soul-abandoned clay. But the old pipe, burned down on one side, the worn glove . . . . over these trivial relics the heart breaks. Rosamond English, in her nausea of misery, her rebellion against the unaccepted, unrealizable sorrow, could not look at them, could not touch the poor memorials. She thrust them back into the battered box away from her sight, and with them all the garnered treasures of her brief girlhood and of her briefer wifehood: the simple keepsake, the dried flowers—sprig from her wedding bouquet, bridal wreath—the letters to the betrothed, the first letters to the wife. Things of no worth, yet full of hideous potentialities of grief: symbols of what had been, what might have been. "Away, away with them!" cried her sick heart. "Out of my sight forever!"

And now she was to break open the coffin, to look upon the horror of the murdered thing that was her youth; she who had nailed it down so fast, buried it so deep!

Jani laid the box at her mistress' feet and loosened the cords slowly and with protest.

"Go, leave me now," said Rosamond; "and let no one disturb me. Leave me!" she ordered sharply, as once more the ayah hesitated. And Jani slunk away, dragging noiseless feet, her dim mind filled with inarticulate foreboding.

Rosamond drew a long breath as the hangings fell. Surely, surely, if there be anything to which one has a right, in this grinding world, it is to be alone with one's dead!

. . . .

She took the key from where she had herself placed it ready to her hand on the table: a black, rusty thing amid all the jewels and costly trinkets which it was Sir Arthur Gerardine's pleasure to provide for the adornment of the most beautiful of all his attributes—his wife. She knelt down and inserted it in the lock; and then she paused, passing her hand across her damp forehead.

Inexorable fate! She for years had walked in the company of some creature of horror, the face of which had been mercifully veiled; she had carried a mortal anguish cunningly lulled to sleep. Now her hand must lift the veil. . . . Now no opiate would further serve her: she must face the pain.

. . . .

The breath that rushed at her from the gaping box seized her by the throat. The unfading scent of the faded orange blossom; the very atmosphere of the lost presence, of the tobacco he had been wont to use, of the Russian-leather pocketbooks she had given him; a faint, faint whisper of the English lavender her hands had been so careful to set for him, since he loved it. And, over all, through all, some odor of the siege: of strife, fever, bloodshed and death—Eastern, indescribable, terrible! Her soul sickened.

No, the past was not dead! It had but lain in wait for her all these years. It had but gathered force to spring upon her in the fated hour. None can escape destiny. Here was the cup she had refused to drain; here were the tears of which she had cheated her heart; here, even, was the intensity of her lost youth, that she might mourn the husband of her girlhood as it had been written she must mourn.

She rose to her feet. A cry rang in her ears like the cry of an animal hurt; and she never knew that it had come from her own lips. Through gathering mists she saw Jani reappear and run toward her; and, summoning all her failing energies in one supreme effort, she called out in distinct tones:

"Close the box and let no one touch it."

Then she fell like a mown lily, straight and long, beside it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

NOTICE To bring to the attention of those interested in Electricity the high standard of our instruction in this subject, we have compiled from our instruction papers a practical treatise on this subject under the title of

Cyclopedia of Applied Electricity

We have made a special reservation price at just one-half the regular price of $25.00 for advance orders. This offer will be

WITHDRAWN DECEMBER 15th

Positively the last chance to reserve a set at a bargain price. Five volumes, 2,500 pages, size 8 x 10 in., ¾ Morocco binding. 2000 illustrations. Fully indexed. Regular price, $25.00. Special reservation price, up to and including December 15th, $2.50 with application and $2.00 on the first day of each month, beginning Jan. 1st, until the balance, $10.00, is paid.

Books will be sent, express prepaid, and may be returned at our expense if not entirely satisfactory.

Some of the Writers:

PROF. F. B. CROCKER, head of Dept. of Elec. Eng., Columbia University.
PROF. WILLIAM ESTY, head of the Dept. of Elec. Eng., Lehigh University.
H. C. CUSHING, Jr., Wiring Expert and Consulting Engineer, New York.
PROF. GEORGE C. SHAAD, University of Wisconsin.
J. R. CRAVATH, Western Editor Street Railway Journal.
CHAS. THOM, Chief of Quadruplex Dept., W. U. Tel. Co.
WILLIAM BOYRER, Telephone Expert and Consulting Engineer.
PROF. LOUIS DERR, Mass. Inst. of Tech.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
at
Armour Institute of Technology
CHICAGO, ILL.

Grape Punch
(UNFERMENTED)
WELCH'S
GRAPE JUICE.

Use Welch's Grape Punch Thanksgiving Day

Welch's Grape Juice makes a delicious light refreshment for special occasions. Served clear or try this dainty punch: Juice of three lemons and one orange, one pint Welch's Grape Juice, one quart water, one cup sugar. Serve ice cold, if punch bowl is used add sliced orange and pineapple. You will find this beverage unequaled. Be sure you get WELCH'S when ordering of your druggist or grocer. IT'S PURE. Booklet with forty recipes free. 3oz. bottle by mail ten cents.

Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y.

PETER'S
PETER'S MILK CHOCOLATE

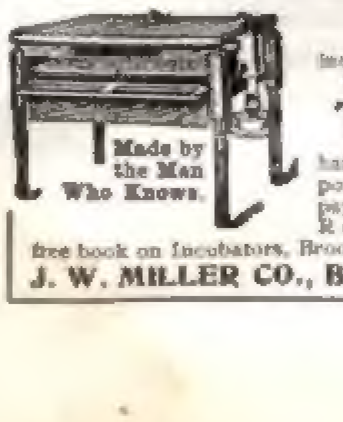
THE ORIGINAL Swiss Milk CHOCOLATE

There are many kinds of Swiss Milk Chocolate, but *only one* PETER'S

"Irresistibly Delicious"

FREE SAMPLE and illustrated booklet, "An Ascent of Mont Blanc;" write LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Importers, Dept. 4, 78 Hudson St., N. Y.

FOR EATING ONLY


Made by the Man Who Knows.

Automatic incubators by a practical man. Simple and easy to operate.

THE IDEAL

hatches in a way that makes poultry pay. 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Results guaranteed. Send for free book on Incubators, Brooders, Poultry and Supplies.

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 34, Freeport, Ill.

MAKE YOUR SHOES LOOK NEW
AMERICAN Adjustable SHOE TREES

For Well Dressed MEN and WOMEN
(Patented)

Note screw adjustment while in shoe.

Retails 50 Cts. Per Pair, at all Leading Shoe Stores

ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS

Sent prepaid to any address, 60c per pair, or two pair, $1.00. Send for Booklet.

American Hardware Mfg. Co. Dept. D Ottawa, Ill.

100 CANDLE POWER

LIGHT FOR YOUR HOME TEST IT FREE 2¢ PER WEEK

Furnish one good reference, if you don't want to remit with order, and we will express this beautiful lamp, giving 100 candle power of opalescent, white light. Not equipped with chimneys or shades which break, but with imported air hole globes, impervious to heat and a mantle which will last six months with just ordinary care. Permitted by National Board of Underwriters, making it absolutely safe; simplest construction and each lamp accompanied by directions that a child can read and operate. Tank holds two pints gasoline. No dirt, no wicks, no odor, no smoke. The best reading light, next to sunlight. You can't afford to be without one or more in your home. **POSITIVELY GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED.** Each **$2.15.** Double Lamp **$3.50.**

STANDARD GAS LAMP CO., Dept. 16
Established 1898. 141 Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.

HARK! Can You Hear

There is relief for almost every case of Deafness, whether caused by Sickness, Catarrh or other causes. Hearing is relieved and head noises stopped by

"The Way" Ear Drums

Most scientific, most perfect substitute for the natural drum. Comforting to wear, Invisible, Safe. No irritation. Conducts all sounds to the vital seat of hearing. A welcome Christmas present for all who are deaf.

Write to-day for Treatise on Deafness, and proof of our claims.

Way Ear Drum Co., Room 312, Valpey Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

"Keystone" Fire Extinguisher

DOES THE WORK OF 50 PAILS

Examined and approved under the standard of the National Board of Fire Underwriters. Helps secure lowest insurance rates.

Superior to water pails, powders or grenades, because it quenches *all* fires (including oil or varnish) *anywhere.*

At your dealer's, or of us direct. Send for free booklet. Liberal proposition to agents.

JAMES BOYD & BROTHER
12 NORTH 4TH STREET, PHILADELPHIA
Mfrs. of FIRE PROTECTION EQUIPMENT

The Reason Why Most Men Do Not Accomplish More is Because They Do Not Attempt More.

SURE SYSTEM OF SOLID SUCCESS
Sheldon School Scientific Salesmanship

A Soliloquy

Business— A Professional Life

¶ Being a business man, I am practising a profession. It is possible that I have not examined the literature which forms the basis of my profession.

¶ Inasmuch as I desire to prepare ***myself*** for greater opportunities and to increase ***my income,*** it is my duty to investigate every reasonable proposition that comes to my attention.

¶ The Sheldon School has proven beyond the possibility of contradiction that ***all men,*** as well as ***every Institution,*** are salesmen; that ***salesmanship*** is a ***science*** and that the fundamental principles, together with the natural laws that govern in the realm of business, have been logically arranged, systematized and thoroughly tested and made a ***practical thing*** for everyday application in ***all lines*** of business.

¶ ***It has received the endorsement*** of many of the greatest business Institutions and organizations in the world, and, therefore, must have something of value, and it is my determination to make request ***at once*** for literature and investigate carefully what it is that is creating such a stir in the business world.

¶ I owe it to myself to attend to this matter at once and I will immediately write for the forty-eight page illustrated Prospectus, enclosing ***three 2-cent stamps.***

¶ I can afford to risk ***six cents*** to find out what may be worth ***thousands of dollars*** to me. I will do it now.

Sheldon School *of* Scientific Salesmanship
1051 McClurg Building, Chicago

At Hearts—
Wish I could give you my heart.
LOOK FOR "CONGRESS" ON EVERY BOX.

Two Grand Prizes, St. Louis, 1904. Again classed "above competition."
Highest awards — Buffalo, 1901; Paris, 1900; Chicago, 1893.

The charm of card playing lies in the handling of snappy, ivory-white cards.

Congress Cards

Cards of quality. Gold edges.

add zest to the game. Stylish—artistic—elegant. Pictorial, Club and Initial series, for Whist, Euchre, Poker, etc. Dozens of designs in gold and rich colors. **Send us 50c.** a pack, for backs wanted. Illustrations of designs sent free. Bicycle Playing Cards—high quality at low price; wear well; highly enameled. **Send us 25c.** a pack, for backs wanted. Illustrations of designs sent free

Duplicate Whist—played with Paine's Whist Trays. 12-tray set, $5.00; extra fine set, $10.00. Whist Lessons FREE with each set.

Card Game Rules, [illegible] p.; Entertaining with Cards, 64 p.; Whist and Duplicate Whist, 104 p.; each, paper, 10c.; cloth, 25c. Vest Pocket editions—Cinch, Hearts, Pinochle, Poker, Skat, Bridge, Euchre, Fan Tan, each, paper, 5c.; cloth, 10c.

We send all of above goods, prepaid, on receipt of price, if your dealer does not supply them.

Address Dept. 10. The U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, U. S. A.

2/3 ACTUAL SIZE

6 Fine Souvenir Tea Spoons $1.50

One of the most pleasing souvenirs of the World's Fair, St. Louis, is the set of **Six Full Size Teaspoons,** made especially to order for the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway by the Oneida Community. Each bowl contains engraving of a different World's Fair Building, and handles are handsomely engraved. They are of best material, finely finished, ornamentation is rich and deep. The spoons are fully guaranteed, thoroughly serviceable for every day use, if desired, and will last for years. Do not fail to order a set. The spoons will please you.

For Christmas A set of these spoons makes an appropriate and a very pleasing Christmas gift, either for children or grown folks.

HOW TO ORDER. Entire set will be sent, postpaid, in satin-lined box for $1.50 (to Canadian points $1.75). Remit by express or postoffice money order direct to **Oneida Community, Niagara Falls, N. Y.**

For really pleasant, comfortable journeys between the East and St. Louis use the Lake Shore. It affords the most complete service of any line. Send two-cent stamp for World's Fair folder and boarding house list to A. J. SMITH, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, Ohio.

Pettijohn

THE ALL-WHEAT BREAKFAST FOOD

Aside from its rich, nutty flavor, Pettijohn has real food value. Wise parents, realizing the good health it has given them, give it to their children, because they want their little ones to grow up strong in mind as well as body. Good health and Pettijohn are inseparable.

Valuable Cereta (money saving) Check in every package. Send for beautifully illustrated Catalogue.

CUT THIS OUT

THIS COUNTS AS ONE CHECK when returned with other Cereta Checks taken from packages, as called for in Catalogue.

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

Send to THE AMERICAN CEREAL CO., Department S.
CHICAGO, ILL.

S. E. P. Nov.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

Over 1,200 Large Pages a Year **Not a Dull Line from New Year's Day to New Year's Eve** **Always Full of Bright Pictures**

Published 52 Times a Year (**Including Our 15-Color-and-Gold Beauty Calendar**). **$1.50 per Annum** Louis Klopsch, Proprietor

The Queen of American Weeklies

Copyright, 1904, by Pach, N.Y.
HON. GROVER CLEVELAND
Special Contributor

JACOB RIIS
Special Contributor

AMONG the Giant Weeklies with Enormous Circulations, **The Christian Herald** is Conspicuously and Deservedly Prominent, and During the Coming Year it will Still More Firmly Establish itself in the Honorable and Enviable Place it has held for **Twenty-seven Years,** in the hearts of the American People.

As Heretofore, but in a Much More Pronounced Manner, it will Appeal to all Lovers of a Beautifully Illustrated, Remarkably Well Edited, Very Wide-Awake, Healthy Family Magazine of Exceptional Attractiveness.

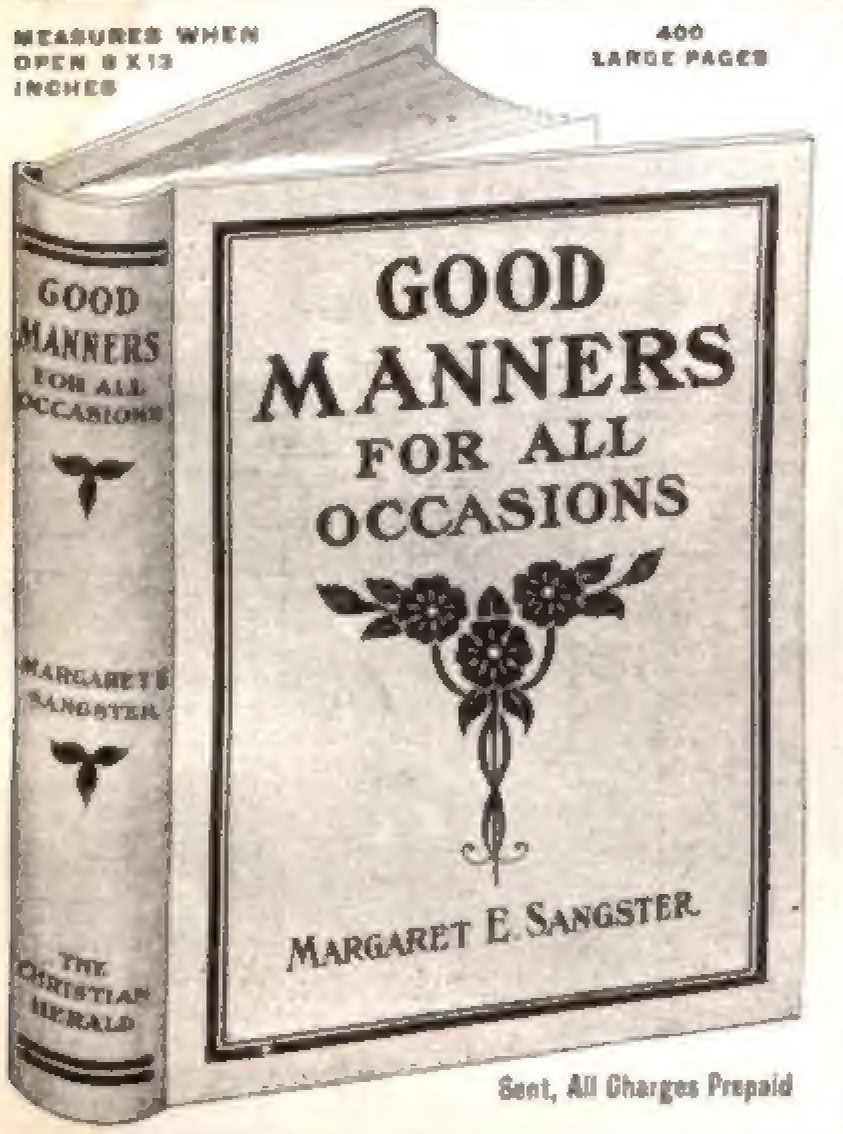
Its **Twenty-four Large Pages,** equal to **120 pages** of the ordinary Monthly Magazine, will abound **weekly** in Literary and Artistic Surprises of the Most Delightful Character.

Among the Contributors to its pages during 1905, **we have the Honor to Announce,** in addition to the Eminent Authors Illustrated on this page, such illustrious writers as **Octave Thanet, Amelia E. Barr, Mary Lowe Dickinson, Margaret E. Sangster, Lady Henry Somerset, Irving Bacheller, Rev. Dr. Frank DeWitt Talmage, Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, Florence Morse Kingsley, Rev. F. B. Meyer, Rev. E. Ryerson Young,** and many others.

Our SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY Offer

MEASURES WHEN OPEN 9 X 13 INCHES

400 LARGE PAGES



GOOD MANNERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS
MARGARET E. SANGSTER
GOOD MANNERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS
MARGARET E. SANGSTER
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

Sent, All Charges Prepaid

In order to Induce You to Afford **The Christian Herald** an Opportunity to Demonstrate its Many Excellent Qualities, We Will, on Receipt of **ONLY $2.00,** Send You this Queen of American Weeklies **Free to Jan. 1, 1905,** then Weekly for One Whole Year, and **Margaret E. Sangster's** Beautiful Presentation Book, Entitled

Good Manners for All Occasions

MARGARET E. SANGSTER
Author of Good Manners, etc.

Consisting of **400** Large Pages, Richly Illustrated, Superbly Printed and Exquisitely Bound in Dark Olive Vellum and Gold, Cream and **Red Side Stamp and Gilt Top. A Veritable Gem of Bookmaking.**

This Volume is the One and the only Authority on Matters of Etiquette and Good Manners of to-day. It embraces Every Phase of Social Life, and brings Good Form within easy reach of the Humblest Home. It tells all about Etiquette of the Family, Etiquette of Correspondence, Etiquette of Travel, Etiquette of Introductions, Etiquette of Courtship, Etiquette of Weddings; Good Manners in Hospitality, in Receptions, in House Parties, in Entertainments, in Dinners, in Luncheons; Etiquette of the Visiting Card, Mourning Customs and Funeral Etiquette; Good Manners in Church, Good Manners in Dress, Good Manners for Men, Good Manners for Women, Good Manners for Children. No matter how intricate the problems of Good Manners that may be presented, Mrs. Sangster's Book invariably solves them instantly and correctly.

Our 15-Color-and-Gold Beauty Calendar FREE!

In Addition to All of the Above, we will send Our Magnificent **Drop-Leaf Beauty Calendar,** the Finest Ever Issued, Measuring **300 Square Inches** and Superbly Lithographed from an Original and Copyrighted Design in **15 Colors and Gold,** with **No Advertising Matter** whatsoever. The Limitations of Space will Not Admit of Detailed Description, but that is Not Necessary, as **The Christian Herald** Guarantees to Immediately Refund Your Money if you are not entirely delighted.

RALPH CONNOR
Special Contributor

REV. S. C. SWALLOW
Special Contributor

* * * * *

Remember, please, **The Christian Herald** Every Week from Date to January 1, 1906, Mrs. Sangster's Superb Book, **"Good Manners for All Occasions,"** and the Marvelous **Beauty Calendar,** for **ONLY $2.00, All Charges Prepaid.** For **The Christian Herald and Calendar,** Without the Book, **Send ONLY $1.50.** Bear in mind: **The Christian Herald Makes Sunday the Happiest and Brightest Day of the Week and Irradiates Every Week Day. Money Refunded If Too Late.** Address To-day:

The Christian Herald, 290-298 Bible House, New York City